

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

VIAREGGIO.

AN ITALIAN WATERING-PLACE.



SUN-BATH.

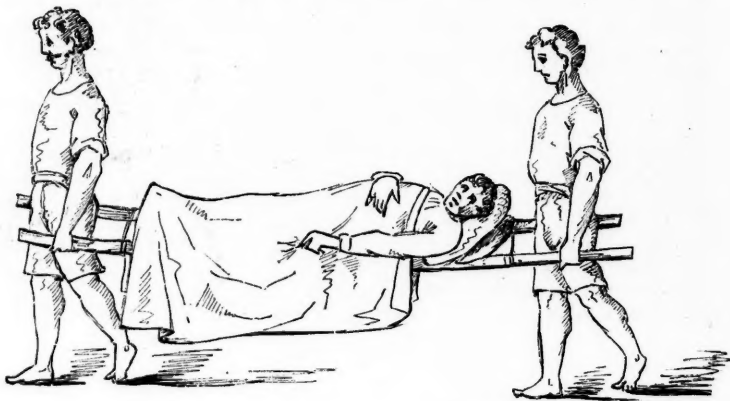
I AM writing in a small capanna on the shores of the Mediterranean. The capanna is a form of architecture peculiar to this part of the Italian coast, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended,—namely, sea-shore life. For the Italian idea of sea-side life is not confined to bathing and spending one or two hours perhaps on the shore. It is to *live* on the sands from dawn to dark, and from darkness until bedtime, if possible. Now, capannas render this more than possible—even comfortable. They are from six to eight feet in height, and about five feet wide, by seven or eight in length, sometimes larger. The frame of the capanna is of slender sticks, the walls and ceiling of straw, the floor the sand. A strip of matting opens into an inner capanna or dressing-room, furnished with a wooden bench, a huge bowl of common green majolica-ware, and a row of pegs for hanging clothes. The outer

room is furnished with a table of unpainted deal, two rustic arm-chairs, and two common wooden chairs. A window-space opens on the sand, and another into a large circular barracca,—much as a *loge* at the opera looks into the pit. In this barracca are gathered all the bathers belonging to Felice's establishment who have not been able or willing to procure private capannas. In the barracca they sit during the day, and they dress and undress for the bath in the cells which surround it, which are all numbered and are built and furnished much as the inner capanna which I have described. The inhabitants of the private capannas, on the other hand, bathe from the *casatte*, small houses built

out into the water and furnished with something like luxury. The sketch on the opposite page gives a very good idea of Felice's establishment when the bathing is at its height,—that is, about mid-day; but in looking at it it is necessary to remember that the buildings are not crowded together as those represented. The distance from the water's edge to the capannas is twenty metres; the diameter and circumference of the large barracca, thirty metres; the distance from the barracca to the viale, twenty metres; the width of the viale itself, twelve metres, and of the trottoir,

one and a half metres: so that nothing is crowded. There is ample space and air.

Less than a century ago, Viareggio was a little hamlet of fishermen's huts, with a sickly population of three hundred people. Now it is beyond all question the favorite place for sea-bathing in the kingdom of Italy. The port boasts three hundred and eighty vessels, and its trade has been extended to Africa and the Levant; oil and salt fish are exported, and corn is imported. The population—exclusive of *forestieri*—amounts to fifteen thousand souls. And



CARRYING A CRIPPLE INTO THE WATER.

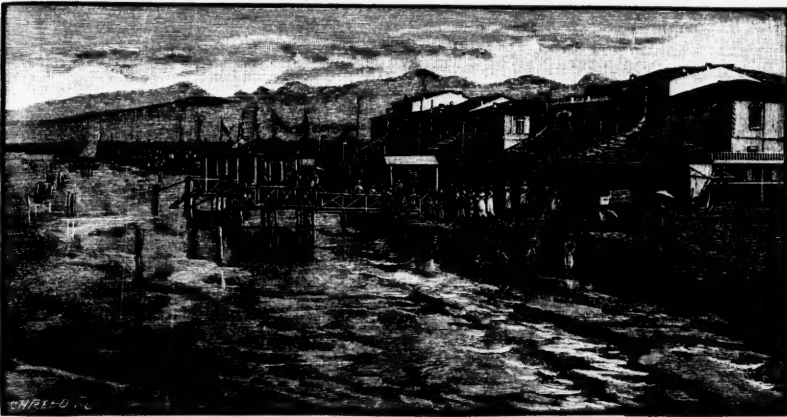
eight hotels have been built,—four in the newer part of the town, facing the sea, and four near the Molo. The prices in these hotels vary from six and a half to eight francs a day, according to the season, and this price includes everything except lights and fire. Most of the hotels are excellent,—clean, airy, spacious, well managed, and boasting an admirable *cuisine*.

They are mainly occupied by *forestieri*, it being difficult, except in the very height of the season—July and August—to find an Italian, or even an Italianized *forestiere*, there. The Italians, and the Italianized *forestieri* also, are usually to be found in some of the numberless furnished houses with which Viareggio abounds. These houses are all exactly

alike, and there are rows upon rows of them in Viareggio, each with a wide straight hall running through to a pretty walled garden at the back, and with four rooms on each floor. There are rarely more than two floors; but the rooms are invariably lofty, so that, though not large, they are very cool. The walls are roughly frescoed, or white-washed, as the case may be, the floors brick, or cement on brick, and the furniture of the simplest; but the beds—spring beds, *bien entendu*—are exquisitely clean, and every house boasts two easy-chairs, if not more, and an ample *batterie de cuisine*, besides glass and china, and everything necessary for a *ménage*, except linen and silver. The rent of houses varies with their situa-

tion, size, style of furniture, etc., and amounts, during the height of the season, to from two to five or six hundred francs a month. Before and after July and August houses are much cheaper. I have known a really pretty and elegantly-furnished house—one which rented in July and August for six hundred francs a month—to rent in the winter for sixty francs.

Slowly but surely Viareggio is becoming a winter as well as a summer resort. It possesses the power to heal many ills, the sand of the shore containing a certain proportion of iron, so that sand-packs are invariably a part of the cure if the baths are taken under medical direction; while the winter climate is peculiarly adapted for all persons suffering from throat or asthmatic affections,



BARRACCA AND CAPANNA OF FELICE BARSELLA.

or for croupy children. In the latter case, a residence of two winters in Viareggio sometimes works wonders.

Indeed, Viareggio is a paradise for children. Its noble sands, along which one can walk, if time and strength serve, for many hours, as far as the mountain-spur which slopes down to the blue water and bars the entrance to the Bay of Spezzia, are dear to the heart and delightful in the memory of every child who has ever revelled on them.

And what a scene of delight they are! Looking along them this bright July morning, I see for a mile or more circular barraccas such as I have described, with their small adjoining capannas. The colors of Italy and the cross of Savoy float above each; but, in addition, nearly every private capanna sports the flag of its occupant, if, as frequently happens, that occupant be a foreigner.

The flags of the United States, Russia, France, Germany, England, are all displayed, besides many *bandieri di fantasia*, for the Italian sailor delights in bright colors.

Near me are piled wooden spades, bowls, and cups, and all along the sands barefooted and barelegged children are dancing, leaping, digging in the sand, building sand forts, or wading knee-deep in the water, in all the wild freedom of joyous childhood.

Just before me a party of nine children, the youngest a baby girl of two years, gravely protected on either side by two little cavaliers of five and seven, have pushed off in a row-boat, under the charge of one of the bath-men. He has been seriously instructed by his father, the padrone of our barracca, not to go farther than three feet of water, so that there may be no possible danger to the *bimbi*. Slowly, slowly, most

good-humoredly and patiently, he rows along, keeping a sharp eye on the children the while, and begging them to be as happy as they like, but to sit still. Their silvery, joyous laughter comes to me across the water as I write, for this going in the boat is an immense though almost daily treat.

Farther on, a wherry is darting out to sea, propelled by two graceful bronze figures,—their only clothing a short loose pair of drawers confined at the waist by a belt and not reaching halfway to the knee. Suddenly, with a shout, they fling aside the oars and dive into the water, the wherry being instantly seized upon by another half-naked bather. Meanwhile, a party of youths in the same infinitesimal costume have rushed into the water a few yards off, and are there giving an impromptu athletic exhibition, going through all the *tours de force* ever seen or heard of, and ever and anon diving into the water, until all together they emerge, and, wet as they are, begin to run races on the beach, their slim, well-turned, lissome figures glittering in the sun like polished bronze as they rush along. Another joyous group have begun to dance a sort of savage ring in the surf.

But let us look at home. It is eleven o'clock, and Felice and two of his sons are in the water,—Felice himself in charge of a horribly frightened and extremely naughty little boy of three years old. This young gentleman is evidently not accustomed to aquatic pursuits of any description, not even the morning nursery bath-tub. He resists his first introduction to the wonders of the deep with frantic yells, kicks, and bites. The deep brum-brum of Felice's musical bass voice—one of the finest speaking voices I have ever heard—is distinctly audible as he soothes, coaxes, admonishes, encourages by turns, all the while gently bathing the boy's head and shoulders and advancing inch by inch into deeper water. His eldest son, a tall, powerful sailor of twenty-five, has a pleasanter task. He is teaching a darling little girl to swim,

and most skilfully, carefully, and tenderly he does it, his dark serious face lit up by a kindly smile the while.

Meanwhile, Felice's youngest son, a handsome, merry youth of seventeen, is bathing a baby six months old; nor could any old monthly nurse handle an infant more deftly and carefully than he: he is tenderly supporting its little downy head, and drawing it gently along, so that the water ripples deliciously about its round, pearly limbs, and baby is gurgling and splashing and highly enjoying the bath.

Pipo, the third son, is differently—and, to the eye of a person not accustomed to Viareggio, most singularly—employed. He is on the blazing hot sands to the south of the barracca, an immense spade in hand. Four mounds of sand (each with a parasol or umbrella planted at its head) surround him, and he is shovelling sand with no niggard hand upon a fifth recumbent figure. Then he pats down the mound with his spade, and surveys his work with satisfaction. It would look like a gloomy occupation enough, but for the fact that a bathing-hat as well as a parasol surmounts each mound, and that Pipo walks about exchanging jokes with the buried figures, until at length he exclaims, "The signora's time is up!" and disinters a fat old lady, whom he helps to rise, and who, unwieldy, muddy, and sandy, is a most extraordinary object. One by one, as the proper moment arrives, Pipo disinters all his charges, and they hurry over the burning sands and disappear in the water.

After the bath, and before drying and dressing, many of the bathers put on bathing *peignoirs* with hoods, and walk about the beach enjoying a sun-bath. Others who have private capannas have coffee or tea brought down to them; but the majority, if in need of refreshment, adjourn to one of the *stabilimenti*, as they are called. There are four of these,—the Balena, Nettuno, Oceano, and Colombo. In general style the *stabilimenti* are much alike. They are wooden houses built out into the sea. They all have wide covered gal-

leries overhanging the water; where the members may sit all day, read, write, smoke, play cards,—in short, do nothing, or do a great deal, just as they like,—and where they may also breakfast, lunch, and dine, if they choose, for both the Balena and the Nettuno have capital restaurants attached to them. In the evening they are lighted up, the band plays, and people go there to eat ices, dance, or gossip, as the case may be. The Oceano and Colombo are alike in architecture, but are simple bathing establishments, having no restaurant attached to them. The prices per month are—for the Colombo, twenty francs; for the Oceano, twenty-five; for

the Nettuno, thirty-eight; and for the Balena, thirty to thirty-five. This price secures to the bather a private room, with staircase going down into the water, and the attention of the bathman, who will, however, expect a present at the end of the season. It also includes bathing-towels, if they are needed, and gives the subscriber a right to occupy the galleries and attend the *fêtes* of the establishment. On the sands—I give the prices of Felice as a sample, not only because he is a thoroughly honest man, but also because his barracca is the most *recherché*—the price for the private capannas is thirty-six francs a month; for the use of the casattas



THE SAND-PACK.

overhanging the water, thirty francs a month; and for the use of the barracca and one of the inner dressing-cells which surround it, twenty francs a month. In all cases a present is expected by the *bagnajuoli* for their attendance in the water and the care of the costumes and private capannas. Your *bagnajuolo*, however, does not confine his attentions to the mere performance of his duties. He is always ready to fetch and carry for you, to give you his counsel as to the best walks and drives to take, the best weather for sailing, etc.,—in short, to be your adviser and protector in all ways. And one needs protection at Viareggio, though only from the beggars, an infinite variety

of whom, afflicted with an infinite variety of ills, haunt the sands perpetually. From morning until night, too, there is an unending procession of venders on the sands. Dressed in gay and picturesque costumes, and with the trays containing their wares suspended from their shoulders by straps, they are delightful to behold. It is hard to say what one may not buy on the sands of Viareggio. All kinds of Italian and French pastry are sold,—from the *carnetti*, a kind of dry twisted biscuit, greatly in favor with Italian children, down to macaroons, *meringues*, *buccellate di Lucca* (large round rings of slightly-sweetened white bread), buns, pound-cakes, cream-puffs, *galette*, and

pasta sfaglia di Sultane. Each kind of pastry has a different vender; but the *pasta sfaglia di Sultane*—which is in fact the excessively light, rich, sweetened pastry upon which the fair Circasians belonging to the Sultan's harem are said to be fattened—is the only pastry sold by a woman.

On the other hand, fruit and fish are sold almost exclusively by women. Beautiful girls the fruit-sellers generally are,—dark-eyed, ebon-locked, bearing with stately grace wide panniers of cherries, plums, figs, peaches, and grapes on their heads. The fish-women are generally as ugly as the fruit-venders are pretty: they move along the beach in couples, holding their wide shallow baskets of fish between them. Close upon their footsteps come the clam-girls, the oyster-men, venders of poultry and game, innumerable little girls with shells to sell, boys with live rabbits, white mice, or sparrows, men with toys of every description, venders of alabaster wares, of imitation jewelry, of stationery, of soaps and brushes, of patent medicines, of perfumery, straw hats, silk handkerchiefs, hosiery, shawls, laces, bathing-suits,—down to the Neapolitan coral-boy, a handsome youth of sixteen, whose merry impudence, good humor, and unfailing repartee make him the delight of the *spiaggia*.

From each and all of these your *bagnajuolo* is ready to protect you if he can, coming to your aid if summoned, and doing his best to prevent your getting quite the worst of a bargain. In short, he is as faithful and perhaps a more disinterested friend than a courier, and is for the nonce quite as useful,—able to turn his hand to anything, from swimming and sailing, to mending your bathing-suit or cooking you a dish of *caciucco*. Everybody who comes to Viareggio is expected to eat *caciucco* at least once in the course of the season, and it is only the sailors and *bagnajuoli* who know how to prepare it. It is the *bouillabaisse* of the Italian coast,—a curious and, to the uninitiated palate, horrible combination of all kinds of fish, bread, oil, garlic (in profusion),

wine, red peppers, spices, etc. *Caciucco* supper-parties are the fashion during the season, and very pretty the barraccas look, lit up with graceful lucerne brass lamps with hanging chains, which do not give light enough to spoil the dreamy beauty of the night, a centre-table spread with clean though coarse linen (it is etiquette for the *bagnajuolo* not only to cook the *caciucco*, but to provide everything for the entertainment), and duly laid with plates, knives, and forks, long brown loaves, and flasks of red wine. Then imagine, outside, the mysterious beauty of the night, the deep silence broken only by the music of the waves lapping softly the sandy beach close by, or by the rich sweet voice of some serenader, which, mingled with the notes of the mandolin he plays, drifts in upon the ear as he strolls by, and admit that the poetry of the scene is complete. If, in addition, you should happen to like the *caciucco* which waits, smoking hot, in the red earthen-ware *casserole*, covered close and wrapped round with many white napkins, which the *bagnajuolo* is waiting the proper moment to serve, why, then the prose of the occasion will be perfect also. If you happen to be a capital sailor, and not too fastidious, you may eat *caciucco* amid surroundings even more absolutely *en règle*. You may take a sailing-trip, and have your *caciucco* prepared on board by the sailors, who declare that it is never so good as when prepared and eaten on shipboard. Sailing is one of the favorite amusements at Viareggio, and a large number of sail-boats is at the disposition of pleasure-seekers, most of them clean, trim, taut, and well fitted up, besides being capitally managed. The charge for these boats is a franc and a half an hour. For a sailing-trip of a day or more, the price is a matter of arrangement, but is never very large.

The immediate environs of Viareggio—environs which a century ago were marshy and unhealthy—are now thickly planted with rice and flax, with vegetable-gardens and fruit-trees, and are intersected by canals, and also by charming drives

bordered by tall Lombardy poplars, to which the grape-vines are trained. On

roughly clad, and often hatless, they are none the less a pleasant sight, for they are a singularly handsome race, and the custom of carrying all burdens on the head gives to men, women, and children a peculiarly noble and graceful carriage. I remember once seeing a young husband and wife walking along with a free, swinging step: they were superb speci-

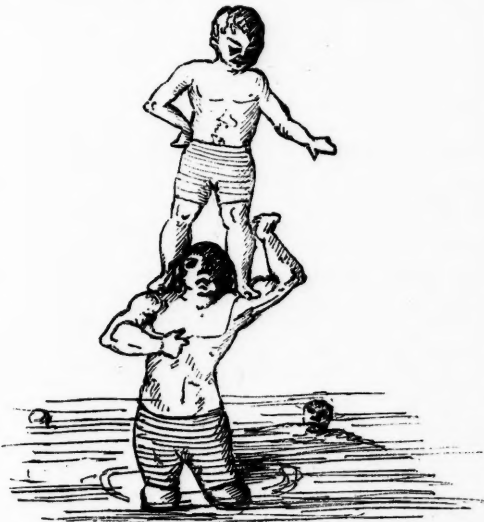


BATHER AND CHILD.—NO. 1.

the raised grassy paths which border these wide, straight drives, the peasants may be seen every evening going home from their day's work. Barefooted,



BATHER AND CHILD.—NO. 2.



BATHER AND CHILD.—NO. 3.

mens of the Tuscan peasant, tall, broad-chested, straight, and finely formed, with dark olive complexions, blooming cheeks, and large, well-opened dark eyes. The man carried a bunch of fagots on his head; the woman, a wide, shallow pannier with a high wicker-work border, in which, on a square of linen, lay her four-months - old baby, sleeping calmly and comfortably.

The vast plain through which these lovely drives extend is dotted with numerous walled villages, which are most curious and picturesque. The mountains, planted as far as vegetation reaches with olive- and chestnut-trees, are in outline the most exquisitely grace-

ful in the world, and their color changes with every passing hour. "Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" in the morning, misty opaline toward mid-day, heavenly azure at evening, they are a perpetual joy to the eye of the beholder, and enhance incalculably the beauty of the sea. It is all color, life, light, beauty, at Viareggio, from dawn till dark, when the large white stars come out one by one, and the night, that

marvellous luminous night of Italy, imparts to sea and mountain a new, mysterious charm.

And yet there are some people who do not like this earthly paradise, who see neither its beauty nor its poetry, and find the life here quite unendurable. And, in truth, Viareggio is not the best place in the world in which to display a succession of sumptuous toilets or gorgeous equipages,—the one wide, straight



AFTER THE BATH.

boulevard which runs along the shore for a mile or more being as little adapted for the display of the latter as is the Molo—nightly crowded with people who come to see the fishing-smacks glide in like lovely ghosts—for that of the former. Nor is the little town possessed of anything remarkable in the way of architecture,—the old square, moss-grown tower, which is now used as a soldiers' barrack, being the only picturesque building it can boast. And yet the place is lovable, for it possesses in a supreme degree "the secret of the sea." No real lover of the sea will ever say that he does not care for Viareggio. He will rather ask when he loves it most, and will not know, perhaps, whether it is when the sea is of that

deep, unequalled blue which belongs to the Mediterranean alone, and the sails of the outward-bound ships glimmer like silver wings against the pale azure of the horizon-line; when it is delicate dappled green, deepening and changing continually to every shade of blue and purple; when it is dark amber, and the white horses rear their crests; or when twilight—the marvellous twilight of Italy—blends into one ineffable, ever-changing opal the glory of sea and sky.

In the northern curve of the bay, just within the point where the deeply-wooded mountain-spur dips down to the glittering water, is a spot which must be forever sacred to all who speak the English tongue. On that lone sandy

beach Shelley's body was burned. His was no defined, dogmatic belief in immortality, as we all know; and it would not be hard to believe that his fine, Ariel-like spirit had blent itself forever

with this strange beauty of sea and sky, even as the dust which shrined it is mingled perhaps with the sands on which we walk to-day.

M. L. T.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COMING DOWN.

WHILE Father Segneri and Glenlyon talked together in the drawing-room, and Aurora consoled her sad heart with the flowering Italians in the garden and cooled her tear-flushed eyes with Italian dews, Aurelia told the whole story of her sentimental episode with Don Leopoldo to her Scottish lover.

It hurt him to the quick. He respected her for her frankness, he could find excuses for her imprudence; but the charm of his first happiness was gone. He was not so material as to think a woman spoiled because the breath of love had come so near her,—Aurelia was something higher than a pretty animal to his mind,—but he could no more think that during their separation she had been thinking of him and gradually melting to him. In her earnestness to convince him that there had been no element of real love in what she had felt for Don Leopoldo, she had dwelt only too eloquently on the magic of that moonlight scene and the intoxication of that life into which no dull realities had obtruded themselves. The result had been other than she intended; for to Robert it seemed that he was but the humdrum husband whom her prudence had chosen, while the Italian was the fairy prince of those Cinderella festas of the imagination where he had no place.

"Remember, Robert, that at least I have not attempted to deceive you," she said, watching his smileless face, on which a shadow lingered after all her protestations.

"It would have been unworthy of you

to conceal this, Aurelia," he replied gravely. "I should have expected you to tell me, if I had known that there was anything to tell."

"If you had already known it, you would not have renewed your offer!" she exclaimed.

"Probably not," he said calmly. "I should have waited for an explanation."

"Then you are free!" she cried out, rising. "You no longer love me. A man's love is half vanity. He will overlook nothing, while we must forgive everything. Let all be as if you had not spoken." And then she burst out crying.

He followed her to the door, where she had paused to wipe her eyes, and took her hand in his. "I am not free, for I love you as well as ever," he said seriously. "But you must forgive me if, for a while at least, I cannot be quite so happy as I was."

A message from Glenlyon interrupted them. His visitor had gone, and Aurora was with him. She had met Father Segneri on the stair in coming up, and had knelt to receive his blessing. They all remained for half an hour together, talking, each one too grave to notice the gravity of the others.

When they were about to separate for the night, Glenlyon asked Aurelia to remain with him.

"My dear," he said, when they were alone, "I have to speak to you of a wish which has sprung up in my mind to-day. I wish that you and Robert would marry without delay,—in a month if possible. Be quiet, dear, and listen; then you can answer. I had not thought of the mar-

riage taking place before spring; but many things have come to my mind in favor of an earlier day. My life is uncertain, for one reason. If we were in England, that would not matter so much, because I should leave you with my sisters. But here you would be left among strangers, and be obliged either to return to England and give Robert the trouble and expense of going after you, or to marry here in sorrow. I want to see you married in joy, and to be able to see you happy in your married life. I shall not be left alone. Aurora will be here, and perhaps her mother. Besides, you know, I have little need of company. There is another reason yet. Do you not feel that this interrogation concerning Don Leopoldo's whereabouts is a good reason for your showing them all in the most unmistakable way that you do not care for him? What do you think of it?"

"But Robert might not wish it," she said, all confused. "How could it be proposed to him to hasten?"

"Trust me not to offer you to an unwilling spouse," Glenlyon replied. "You cannot believe that I shall let him think that *you* hasten him! I only tell you my wishes, and the reasons for them. I will leave him to persuade you. I will even tell him that you object."

"And then he will believe that I do not love him, and will refuse to ask me," Aurelia exclaimed, and burst into tears.

Her guardian was astonished. "Why! what is the matter?" he asked.

"I have been telling him all that affair of Don Leopoldo, and what a fool I was that night," she sobbed; "and he is all changed. He says that he forgives me, and loves me just the same; but he is changed."

"You told him!" repeated Glenlyon, and for a moment looked disconcerted.

"Certainly I told him!" she returned almost angrily. "Do you think that I would conceal anything from my promised husband? Do you think that, when he asked me if I had ever thought for an instant that I loved any one else, I would tell him a lie? Do you think

that, when he asked me if—if I had—oh, dear!—if I had ever kissed any one else, I would say no? I hate myself, but of course I told him."

Glenlyon had never before seen his ward in an impassioned mood, and it made him smile. For a moment it made him forget the "horror of great darkness" which had fallen upon him when Father Segneri had left him alone.

"That's my true girl!" he said, patting her on the shoulder. "I wish that Robert could see you now. He would be consoled for that little folly."

His laugh comforted her. It seemed to promise that all would be arranged; and when he bade her go away and think no more of the matter, she wiped her eyes and went with something of her wonted calm.

Of course she went and told the whole story to Aurora. "Words cannot tell how dear Robert is to me," she said, after a long discussion of the matter. "I did not know before."

And it was true. The fear of losing him or his esteem, the sight of a cloud on that face which had always worn a smile for her, the having had to sue to him whom she had before commanded,—all had raised him to a pinnacle in her mind. Her gentle, tolerating love of the past had become an anxious and even impassioned affection. She was willing to do anything if only she could see again the old look of adoring tenderness. The remembrance of that face grown suddenly grave and pale, of the eyes looking down, and the lips closed for long seconds which had seemed hours while she begged him to speak, the manner from which all the life had gone,—they weighed upon her heart with a dull pain. How well he looked when he was proud! But, oh! that he should be proud toward her!

"How could he care about such a capricious, fickle, immodest girl?" she cried. "I should not blame him if he were to go away to-morrow morning and make me wait for him years and years!"

And then she recollected with a secret

joy that Glenlyon would not let him go.

They both of them passed a tolerably miserable night. Robert had not the resolution to tell himself to go to sleep. He wanted to consider what he should think of it all, and he wanted to torment his own heart, in true lover's fashion, by imagining to himself everything which had occurred. And the longer he considered, the more commonplace he became in his own eyes. He could not play the mandolin, nor would he ever have dreamed of climbing to the top of a tree under a lady's balcony, unless the house had been on fire. It occurred to him that if the house had been on fire perhaps this moonshiny lover would not have been so ready for the feat.

And so in the morning two pale faces confronted each other at the breakfast-table, and Glenlyon and Aurora had the talk very much to themselves.

But when, on leaving the table, Glenlyon asked Robert to remain in the dining-room with him a few minutes, Aurelia ran to hang on her guardian's arm. "Don't ask him!" she whispered vehemently. "I won't be offered to any one. I will marry Don Leopoldo first!"

Her guardian pinched her cheek. "Go down and get me some lemons," he said. "And see if some of the mandarini are not ripe."

She was glad to get out of the house, and with Aurora went, basket in hand, down the terraces, searching out the finest lemons in that garden of the Hesperides, and feeling for those mandarini which should, like the King Charles spaniels, seem to be too small for their skins. She went to the lowest terrace, and wished that there were a lower. She had half a mind to rush back to the house and dress, and go out for the longest walk ever taken by a reasonable young woman. Aurora's consolations and assurances were all flung aside; yet when she ceased to utter them her friend reproached her with a want of sympathy. "Tell me the truth!" she cried. "Am I not despicable? I am disgraced forever, and there is one man

coaxing another man to marry me! And the other—"

"The other" was coming down the terraces, hat in hand, in the soft sunshine, and he was whistling a certain tune which made her heart beat quicker yet and lose a little of its load.

She glanced up at the windows, and saw Glenlyon looking at her. He waved his hand, and nodded his head. It occurred to her that they might both of them have been looking down, and that she had been gesticulating, and wiping her eyes, while Aurora caressed and consoled her. It struck her, too, as she glanced furtively up at the young man who came whistling, and pausing in the most cold-blooded way, descending quite at his leisure, that he had a certain mocking expression in his face which showed that he despised her from the bottom of his heart.

"You sing?" Aurora said to him when he came nearer. "We must all sing together some time. Why should we not sing here? This garden is lovely for music. Those rocks take the sound and toss it out like a ball."

Aurelia was quite pale. Robert had not once glanced at her. He seemed to be looking at Aurora with admiration.

"Tosses it out like a ball?" he repeated. "Let me hear." And, raising his pleasant voice, he sang the song he had been whistling,—

"O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,

And I drink up joy like wine;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,

For the lovely girl is mine!"

And when he stopped, and there was not a sound or movement for so long a time that Aurelia was obliged to look up and see what it meant, Aurora had disappeared, and Robert stood there with both hands held out to her, and his face overflowing with tender joyfulness. She went to him and stood humbly by his side, her eyes downcast to hide the tears in them.

"If only you could make up your mind to consent, dear," he said, "I should be so happy! I can get everything ready. I have already a house taken. I will rush

to Rome to-morrow night and engage a temporary place for us, and we will furnish our house together. That is the way the birds do. We must have a room for my uncle which he can occupy whenever he comes."

He went on rapidly, as though all were settled; and after a while Aurelia forgot that it was not settled properly, and joined with him in domestic discussions and artistic plans, and had promised to send at once to London for a box of books and bric-à-brac, when she recollected her dignity.

"But who says that we are to be married in a month?" she asked. "It is impossible!"

He only looked at her. But it seemed as if his eager, joyous face were taking on that terrible cloud again.

"I will marry you whenever you say!" she exclaimed. "Only don't look like that!"

"Willingly, Aurelia?"

"Gladly, Robert!"

"But there is the luncheon-bell ringing," she said presently; "and we have been staying here the longest time!"

"How glad I am that it wasn't he who first noticed the luncheon-bell!" she thought, as she went to her room to smooth her hair. "And how glad I am that I wasn't so silly as to own that I didn't dream it was so late! I've come down quite enough for one twenty-four hours."

"Though, to be sure," she added presently, with a sweet smile at her pretty reflection in the glass, "Robert is worthy that a queen should come down to him!"

And then she considered a little longer; and then she said, "Not that it is *coming down* for any woman on earth to marry such a man as he is!" And, lifting her head very haughtily at some invisible impertinent, she went out to luncheon, and sat down proudly by her lover's side.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ONE MAN HAVE I FOUND AMONG A THOUSAND."

ONE of the most delightful of occupa-

tions for a woman is to prepare and plan for her first housekeeping, when she is not so rich as to be obliged to delegate those labors to others. Aurelia had a modest competence, and was wise enough to be content with it. It did not lessen her pleasure to think that she must begin with an imperfect establishment and improve it little by little. The quiet good sense of a well-balanced though limited nature reminded her that "enough is as good as a feast," if she had not that wisdom of a larger soul which knows that they have not enough who lack a sweet wish unfulfilled.

They talked over their plans quite freely before Aurora. She had risen to leave the room when the topic was first introduced; but Glenlyon called her back again. "Have you any secrets from her?" he asked of the other two.

"No, indeed!" said Robert cordially.

"Certainly not!" Aurelia added, and made room for her where she sat on the sofa with her lover.

"You are so good!" she murmured, and felt that she could never be loving enough or faithful enough to fitly reward their generous confidence.

Later, the three young people went out, leaving Glenlyon, at his request, to take his afternoon exercise alone on the loggia.

The superior of a convent where Aurelia was having a piece of fine lace repaired had sent a note requesting Aurora to come to her, if possible, that afternoon, as she did not quite understand what was to be done with the work.

"I do not know what there could be to understand," Aurora said; "but I will go. You will want your laces sooner than you thought, Aurelia."

Robert and Aurelia accompanied her to the convent door, and left her there, and Gian was to come for her in half an hour.

This convent was an immense pile on a slight elevation at the southeastern part of the town, its large gardens, full of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, falling down around it to the plain. From the lofty windows could be seen the landscape far and wide, with the convent *vigne*

and grain-fields. Twenty or thirty young girls went to school here, and now and then some lady came recommended to them as a guest, or some friend made her *villeggiatura* with them instead of going to a public house. Plenty and ease reigned in the place. Poor, and even well-to-do, families thought a daughter fortunate if, with a small portion, she could be willing to make herself a nun and secure a life of ease and dignity in this establishment. There were lay-sisters to do the most of the work; and the teaching, which was of the most superficial and worthless kind, would not have taxed the brain of a child. Perhaps the most arduous labor performed was that of making a needle-work imitation of a steel engraving with fine black sewing-silk on white silk ground. The girls were taught something of deportment and a great number of little exterior "devotions,"—"practicue," a famous priest has slightly called them, to the wrath of the teachers, seeing how likely they are to materialize religion, and satisfy the conscience in place of real virtue, making an end of that which should be merely a means.

But, above all, these girls were guarded from any possible love-affair; and to this end they were closely watched. Writing-materials were jealously overlooked, and boxes and pockets searched with a view to finding possible love-letters; and if a girl should stand in a window a moment, a pair of eyes were instantly set at some hidden peep-hole to discover if there were a young man beneath, or beyond, or to right or left. Thanks to this system, of which the girls were all more or less aware, the thought of lovers was kept very vividly before their minds, associated, too, with the slyest modes of communicating with them; and, their education finished, they went to their homes with very clear ideas on the subject of intrigue, and a good many new lights on the ways and means of evading discovery or of playing the spy.

It was this system which had provoked in Aurora herself, when she was at school, those ebullitions of fury which

the nuns had complained of and had expressed themselves astonished at finding side by side with moods of almost saintly elevation. The one made them wish sometimes that she should join their community; the other quite frightened such a wish out of their minds. For, indeed, had she become a nun she must have been ruined and wretched, or have become one of those whitely-glowing saints that scantily and singly in the centuries have sprung out of these Italian convents, like tall and solitary lilies rising from a bank of ignoble weeds or from the unclean mire. What right had they to read her mother's notes? she asked. What did they want to find in the bottom of her boxes? What did they think to see or hear when they hid behind the vines and listened to her simple talk with a school-fellow? And when she stood before a window wrapped in the contemplation of a sunset or a sunrise, or gazing at flocks of birds gathering at twilight to blacken all the top of a near campanile, till, the last wanderer arrived, some winged general gave the signal, and they all swept in a rustling cloud across the sky to fold their wings in sleep beneath the ilex-branches of a villa,—what did it mean, when she leaned forward with a smile to watch that sweet heavenly society, where crows and doves and all the dear downy Christians of the air flew side by side, that a veiled head suddenly protruded from some one of the many screened loop-holes, and, with eyes full of the sharp eagerness of a low suspicion, scanned all the space about?

"If you are doing no harm, then you need not mind being watched," the duchess had said to her once, when there had been a grand fracas and Aurora had declared that she would leave the convent. People whose minds are accustomed to a vitiated moral air always do wonder at those who cannot bear it.

"Being observed, when observation is not sympathy, is just being tortured," says Mrs. Browning; and any one not mean can understand in some degree that fine, proud sensitiveness.

Suor Benedetta received Aurora with open arms. She was a rather pleasant-faced woman of middle age, and had all the cordial grace of her country. She asked about the family, and, by a few well-directed questions, learned everything that was going on in the castle, except the time appointed for Aurelia's marriage, and Father Segneri's errand to Glenlyon. These two items Aurora reserved: the rest she thought best to tell.

But Suor Benedetta knew as much of Father Segneri's errand as Aurora did, the duchess having written to her, and more of Father Segneri himself than the duchess knew when she made him her ambassador. In fact, she had sent for Aurora in order to speak of him.

"What! has he been here? and at the castle?" she exclaimed, with an air of surprise. "What did he say? How did he act?"

"Say? Act?" repeated Aurora. "Why, as usual."

The nun shook her head and looked piteously upward. "Poor, deluded man!" she sighed. "I pray that Almighty God may have mercy on him, and show him the error of his ways; though there is little chance for reform when a person of that age goes astray. It is to be feared that he never was quite what we thought. And now, Signorina Aurora, I must ask a great favor of you. Join with us in a novena which we are going to begin to-night for his conversion. You can say the prayers at home: an Our Father, a Hail Mary, and a Glory be to the Father."

Aurora had grown very pale. "What does it mean?" she asked faintly. "What has he done?"

"He has made a terrible scandal, signorina," the nun replied. "He has disobeyed his superiors in such a manner that they have been obliged to turn him out of the order. The Holy Father is so grieved about it that he will not see him. It is a terrible scandal,—and now, of all times, when the enemies of the Holy Church are doing all they can against it! Oh, my dear contessina, how careful we should be of ourselves,

when we see how even an old man who was held to be a light in the Church can fall so into the power of the enemy!"

"How could he?" Aurora exclaimed, distressed and confused by all this vague accusation. "It seems impossible. He was most kind to me, and he looked good. I met him on the stair when he went away last night, and I knelt and asked his blessing. His hand trembled when he laid it on my head. I felt that he was moved. Perhaps he was repenting of what he had done."

The nun shook her head: "I am afraid not. They say that he shows a most disobedient spirit. Still, he must have been unhappy. No one can be happy when doing wrong. No one can have any peace who goes against the Church in such a way. But you should not have kissed his hand, nor asked his blessing. To be sure, you did not know. Try to keep out of his way if he goes to the castle again. If you can't help meeting him, be civil, of course,—we must always be charitable,—but don't ask his blessing. And you had better let the Signor Glenlyon know that he has been degraded. And tell the servants that it would not be becoming to kiss his hand. They can keep back a little when he passes."

"Oh, poor Father Segneri!" Aurora exclaimed. "I feel as if I could fall on my knees to him and beg him to return! His hand trembled so! Do you think that they were very kind and patient with him, *Suora mia*? Do you feel sure that they understood him? Do you know, there is something in a thin, pale hand—when it trembles so, too!—that makes my heart ache?"

The nun looked somewhat scandalized, and a little stiff. "It is to be supposed that the authorities in Rome know how to do their duty," she said.

Aurora sighed. "How bad mamma will feel!" she said tearfully.

The nun made no reply. Among her clique it was suspected that the Coronari was tainted with liberalism and given to forming her own opinions rather too boldly. Had she not once taken a very disagreeable tone with Suor

Benedetta herself, when the nun had set certain dishonest Catholics higher in the scale of being than certain honest non-Catholics they spoke of, and advanced that dexterous argument which treats contemptuously the "vulgar integrity" of an unbelieving person as compared with the ineffectual faith of a sinner?

"The devils believe, and tremble," the countess had said. "They are the worse for that very belief. On the other hand, God always chose the upright man for favors. There is no acceptable Christian charity which is not founded on Jewish righteousness. Our Lord did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil."

To be sure, one never knows what a poetess may mean, if she mean anything; but the suora had found this a very disagreeable speech.

But she had nothing, as yet, against Aurora, and, seeing her deeply troubled, took her down for diversion into the garden, where to a sunny arbor, ringed about with mandarin orange-trees in boxes, she had sent a tray with a little bottle of sweet wine and some cakes. She strove to cheer her guest, whose eyes filled with tears again and again, and whose face had not regained its color. She examined the mandarin trees to see if any of the fruit were ripe; she pressed the little treat upon her; she gathered her a great handful of roses, red, pink, and white, that bloomed profusely in the warm sun, shielded from November chills. She did all that the most cordial hospitality could do. But she sent the girl away with a pain in her heart, to do a wicked errand. The Suor Benedetta knew that Father Segneri had not uttered a heresy, that his life had been blameless and devoted, and that he was, humanly speaking, ruined,—since all the interests of his soul had been in Italy and in the life of a religious, and he was too old to change. She knew, too, that he was sincere. Yet she could set thorns in his path when he came her way, to draw a few more drops of blood from his already bleeding heart; she could poison the few more pleasant minutes he might have

passed with persons who, she supposed, knew nothing of his story; and she could teach even servants to despise him. Verily, a "vulgar integrity" would be a safer neighbor and a more trustworthy friend than such a supernatural zeal and charity!

Aurora went directly to Glenlyon and told him all. She had more confidence in him than in the suora, though she had not doubted her honesty. Who knows? she thought. Perhaps he may see some way out of the difficulty. Perhaps even he may talk with Father Segneri on the subject.

She did not understand the exclamation he uttered when he knew her errand, for it was in English. "What!" he said, "are the bloodhounds already on his track?"

When she was done speaking, and stood there before him with her hands clasped, her eyes imploring help, he considered for a few minutes.

"Aurora," he said then, "do just as I bid you. Go to Fra Antonio, Father Segneri's friend, and tell him what you have said to me. If he is not at home, don't go to any other priest in town. Lose no time. I will wait for you here."

Ah, Fra Antonio, we bend to kiss thy shadow!

He is by birth a Roman, he is a monk, and at the head of a community, and he is a Christian. What words can describe his perfect life,—the more perfect that no one talks about it? Can you describe the circle so that it shall seem to have a soul in it? You might say that all his outward acts and seeming group and turn themselves in equal harmony around some centre that attracts and holds them. You feel a quiet, steady strength in him. No mocker ever mocks him when he passes by. A momentary seriousness comes over them when they see him. "That is a good man!" they say when he is out of hearing. "*He* is no impostor!" A young man yet, not more than forty, and you scarcely notice that he might be called beautiful. His brown robe and black hat are neither fresh nor shabby,

but decent. If you could see him in the time—once in ten years, perhaps—when he has bought a new *sottana*, you would almost believe that if you could but touch the edge of it unknown to him a healing virtue would flow out to you. He takes the garment seriously and treats it with care. It has cost the price of many dinners for the poor; and he has bought it only after much consideration of its predecessor, which will still be worn in private for a while, then be laid by for patches when this also shall be old; and the patches he puts on himself, and tells no one, and no one knows it save those who scarce would tell. A new grave-stone would show more vanity. He does not strike you any way unless you look him full in the face and watch him unperceived a little while. Then you would learn what “recollection” means, and what it means to have “recess of soul.” His lips, locked and forgotten, seem never to have smiled, yet are not stern. His eyes are guarded, yet not furtive; and in all his quiet ways there is no taint of sneaking or of oily stealthiness. He gives you a faint sense of hidden asceticism, you scarce know how, even as you scarce know where to find that knot of violets hidden by the humble grasses, but which yet send out a delicate breath to you as you pass through the forest. He makes no useless visits, and no useless talk, yet answers to the point, and not too briefly, when you speak to him. Tell him of scandals where holiness should be, and no haughty anger betrays or guilt or worldliness rising up within him to trample down the truth. “I know it but too well,” he says, and drops his face, as if the fault were his, silently humiliated, and makes no comments or excuses.

His speech is clear and honest, and his counsel sound. He seeks to form neither ascetics nor hypocrites, but honest men and women who have a hope of a heaven won by no crooked means. The poor are ever about him. He makes no show of charity with other people's money, but what his own small means can do is done. He may now and then

draw aside some merchant, and, whispering, ask for a piece of flannel on credit, or for cloth to make a straw bed. He will pay next month, he says; and next month he does pay. He is even a little ashamed, God love him! to ask credit, but must because a family or some sick one is suffering.

May holy reverence ever follow in the footsteps of such a man as this! There are a few such living yet in Italy, ashamed and silent. The world knows little of them, but we must believe that angels “love the letters of their names.” May human love shine round them ever, coming not too near! And when the Tempter comes to them with his insidious “Ye shall *not* surely die; but ye shall be as gods,” may the Archangel Michael's sword flash burning lightnings in his face!

Glenlyon, left alone, never ceased to walk the terrace, till, just as the Avem-maria bells began to ring, Aurora returned to him with a faint smile upon her face.

“Well?” he said.

“He says that Father Segneri is guilty of no heresy, and that the only difficulty is a difference of opinions, which need not trouble me. He says that I should treat him with as much respect as ever, and say not one word against him to the servants.”

“What did he say of Suor Benedetta?” Glenlyon asked, with that anxiety you might feel to know if a pure white robe had anywhere a least small stain upon it.

“He said that it would be better to avoid speaking on the subject with her again, but that I was not to judge her, for I could not know how she might have been influenced. He told me to kneel and ask Father Segneri's blessing when he should take leave of us, for it was not probable that I would ever see him again on earth.”

“Aurora,” said Glenlyon, “treasure every word that man says to you; and speak of him but little. Never praise him to his face, and carry him only the serious business of your soul. He is sacred.”

And, meantime, they had all forgotten the duchess, except that Father Segneri had written at once to say that the family at the castle evidently knew nothing of him, and that the Suor Benedetta had set several servants on the watch, and whispered the story to two or three persons, who would carry the whisper in a wider circle, and nodded her head up and down to each in mentioning the English girl at the castle, which set other heads nodding up and down. She would not say anything against Aurelia, because it would not be charitable,—maybe in her heart she knew that it would not be safe,—but her nodding and grimaces were worse than words, since anything might be imagined from them.

All the duchess's friends to whom she had confided her alarm were of one mind. They thought that she alarmed herself unnecessarily. Don Leopoldo was probably amusing himself in some other city, or he was hanging about in disguise to see the English girl at the castle, whom they all held to be a very sly and subtle creature. He would appear in time, and be annoyed by all this searching and inquiry.

But the mother had more reason than they gave her credit for, and those convictions of the instinct which can never be conveyed to another. It was true that she and Leopold had had more than one stormy interview, and that he had absented himself from the family dinner-table, where he had been wont to appear. It was true that he had defended Aurelia, and declared that, though she had refused him, he would never cease to hope to win her till he saw her the wife of another. Nevertheless, he had shown a desire to conciliate, and he had promised that he would neither engage himself nor marry without his mother's knowledge.

That he might slip away to see the girl, was no more than probable; but he would have accomplished the visit quickly. His valet's story confirmed this; and the anxiety of the valet himself, who persisted in declaring that he did not know where his master was, proved that something must have gone wrong. Even the duke owned

this, though at first he had paid but little attention to his wife's talk on the subject; and when a few days had passed, he thought best to set the secret police to making some inquiries.

By this means Don Leopoldo was traced to a railway-station a few miles from Rome; but there all signs of him ceased. The sleepy guardians of the place did not know the young man's face. At the station of Sassovivo, the man who sat up for the night train was a new-comer, and could neither recognize nor remember who had come every night for a week, the less so that all trains had been crowded with soldiers and officers coming for the grand manœuvres. If some one had slipped through unseen and without giving his ticket, who could wonder?

At this mention of the army the duchess's mind conceived a new terror. Colonel d'Rubiera had been at Sassovivo; Colonel d'Rubiera was the next heir: he had assassinated her son! She had at last found out the truth, she declared. Nothing would convince her that she had not. The most that could be done was to prevent her making an open accusation.

"Colonel d'Rubiera is not capable of such an act," the duke said.

"What! not to win a dukedom?" his wife cried. "Is there anything a man will not do for that?"

"I really think there is nothing in that, dear duchess," the Countess Emilia said soothingly. "He could not have known if Leopold was there. Besides, his mother died while he was in Sassovivo, or the news reached him there, and he must have been too much preoccupied with his sorrow to think of anything else except his duty."

"How do you know all this?" demanded the duchess.

"Aurora wrote me. The colonel, with another officer, had rooms at the castle."

The duchess threw up her arms and uttered a scream: "It is enough! Leopold went to the castle. That brigand saw him. He has soldiers at his command. He has killed my son! The girl

knows, and this sudden engagement of hers is got up to hide the truth!"

It was useless to reason with her. The best that they could hope to do was to quiet her.

"If such a suspicion gets out, dear," said her husband, "it will put the criminals on their guard, if criminals there be. Trust me to do everything that can be done, and that without delay."

Later, meeting the countess alone, the duke looked at her with sharp inquiry. "Can you think this possible?" he said.

"No," she said abruptly. "He is a Piedmontese, and a soldier."

His eyes dropped. "You think, then, that we Roman civilians—" he began; but she struck in cordially,—

"I think that *you*, Duke Marcantonio, are noble enough to understand him."

And she fled from him like a shadow; for his quickly-lifted face was all too bright.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA SPERANZA.

THERE is a region among the mountains not far from Sassovivo where no land has ever been cultivated. Wild rocks, steep, pointed mountains almost as regular in form as pyramids, where even sheep and goats can find no footing on the crumbling, gravelly sides, and torrent-beds for valleys,—these make up a savage nature which no agriculturalist has ever had the courage, or the folly, to attack.

On one of the least exaggerated of these heights is an arid little town called the Rocca,—a cluster of ancient stone houses beside the crumbling ruins of what once was a mediæval fortress-castle lifted high above the clouds into the blue crystalline air. A poor and hardy set of people live here, and there is a pretty church, and a fatherly old priest, who, while yet young, fled away from honors and temptations to live a life of simple usefulness upon the heights. They call him the Canonico. It was this Canonico whom Father Segneri had gone to spend a day with.

The public road, taking an easy, round-about way from Sassovivo, is long; but there is a shorter path across, which the priest chose. A donkey took him half-way in the early morning; the remainder of the journey was two miles of difficult walking. He sent the man and his donkey back, and stood where they had left him, in a spot known to artists as the Punto del Paradiso, and but little visited by any one else. For those who go on foot all the way from Sassovivo to the Rocca there is a still shorter way; and this Punto leads to nothing but a vision. It is a vision of near fantastic mountain-peaks, and melting distances of pearl and purple, and of certain green valleys flowing like fused emeralds not so far away but that in summer you can catch light rippling shadows where the breeze touches the corn-tops, and the blossoming lentils, that are tall enough to hide a horse wandering among them. Round the bases of the mountains and down their riven sides the torrents froth and flow when the great rains come, and their dry beds gleam white, like skeletons, when the hot sun is out. There are little fairy nooks among the rocks,—small verdant hollows full of sweet mountain-pinks or crocuses, which you may find in February when the year is kind. Southward from the Punto a long ravine cleaves all the heights with a great gash, and shows the plain round Sassovivo, and the railway-station, in a line as straight as an arrow. Only a step above this dark ravine there are some caves where, many a year ago, a few tons of red *pozzolana* were dug out. But the mine has long been exhausted, and, being so hard to reach, never paid well.

Father Segneri paused on the height above these deserted caves, and looked off toward the plain and the south. Just at his feet a thick, rough, evergreen bush grew against a protruding rock. The bush was so thick that only the sides of what seemed a single ledge were visible to right and left; but one pushing away the spiny foliage would see that two rocks were bowed together, leaving a large crevice between them next the earth. It was large enough for a man

to push through, and as black as an ink-bottle.

Such holes seen in the mountains make one think of vipers, and draw back, shivering; but Father Segneri had other thoughts. A small, white-haired old man in a long black robe that made his pallid face look still more pale, he stood alone upon the mountain and looked out in search of heaven, if indeed some peaceful meadow of it might be seen from hence more clearly off beyond the rough dark rocks and torrent-beds of life.

As he looked, two eyes gazed out at him from the rocky crevice, eyes brighter than a viper's, and a man drew himself slowly up by one hand, a dagger in the other; and a breath hot with desperate hate and fear half syllabled the words, "So you have tracked me, you cursed spy! I know you!"

If the priest had turned his back then, his earthly troubles would have soon been over. He only stood and gazed until tears quenched his sight.

"Oh! how cruel man can be!" he cried. "But should I, my Lord, complain, who took upon my life thy crucified name?"

He wiped his eyes, and spoke again, as if he spoke to one quietly, face to face: "The Canonico is unworldly. He turned his back long years ago on all that pride and vanity. He is sure to say some comforting, strengthening word."

He sighed, restored his handkerchief to his pocket, and gathered himself to continue his journey. "I seem to grow weak and childish," he said, and sighed again. "I never felt such need before of human comfort." And, turning, he went on his upward way.

While he spoke, the creeping form had become fixed and listening, and the knife was drawn back. A soul upon the verge of hell looked up and saw upon the verge of heaven a soul which wept. What! did they suffer too, these men who claim for their own the goods both of earth and heaven?

"I will not harm him," said poor Lorenzo, whose rage was ever close upon tears; and, after watching for a moment and making sure that the priest went on

up the steep neck that led toward the Rocca, he drew softly backward down through a rough passage, rock to rock, till he reached a small chamber, half natural cavern, half excavated. This chamber was lighted by a tiny fissure in the ceiling, and at this hour a fine, splintered sunray made a lamp of gold in the dark rock vault. Two heaps of straw and corn-husks, one at either side, were covered with coarse gray blankets. There was a shelf formed of a board laid across two projecting points of rock, and on the shelf were various articles and food,—half a large loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, some salted and dried fish, a tumbler, a knife, and a spirit-lamp and coffee-pot. On another projecting bit of the rock, which made a small natural shelf, stood a flask half full of wine. Two rifles, wrapped in woollen rags to keep them from becoming damp, hung on the wall.

While Renzo, startled by the sound of steps and voices on the mountain, had crawled up the long tortuous passage to see what was going on, the chamber had not been left untenanted. Martello stood there listening, with open mouth and suspended breath, his two hands grasping the two rifles and ready to snatch them down at a word, and his eyes glancing with sharp watchfulness from the hidden entrance of the upward passage to a rough door, covered with skins, at the opposite side of the chamber.

Presently his companion appeared, coming backward down the passage, which was too narrow to turn in, stepped out into the open space, and rubbed his knees, that had been bruised on the rocks.

"It is nothing," he said. "A priest is going to the Rocca, and he came on a donkey to the Punto. I have seen him at the villa. But it is nothing."

Martello let go the rifles, and seated himself on his straw bed. The sounds had disturbed a conference. They resumed it. Martello had been urging, even insisting rather imperatively, that a certain letter should be written, and Renzo, after postponing it as long as he

could, had been brought to that point of silence which precedes consent or is taken for consent.

"And who, then, is to carry it?" asked Martello, taking the letter as a matter settled.

A long silence followed. These two men had no confidential agents abroad; they were alone in their enterprise, and neither of them wished to be seen. Martello studied over the subject sitting motionless, with his arms on his knees, and his face sullen and drooping,—Renzo with an electric snapping of his nervous system, his eyelids winking while his eyes seemed to be occupied with the straw he twisted in his fingers, his lips twitching now and then, his head giving now and then a jerk. It was their different ways of doing the same thing.

At length Renzo lifted his eyes, and found the other looking at him. Only the steady black eyes had raised themselves: the man had not moved hand, foot, nor head. Renzo made a motion with his hand to indicate that Martello must perform the task.

"*Già!*" replied Martello, having already arrived at the same conclusion.

Renzo got up and went to the shelf. He took down the spirit-lamp and set it on the stone floor, and, filling a small tin saucepan with water, proceeded to make some coffee. Not a word was said. Martello, his task assumed, was studying how he should perform it.

The fragrance of coffee began to diffuse itself about the place, and the splintered sunray above, that had been a mere spray of golden flame, began creeping along the air in a golden line, as the sun moved. As Renzo stood up and moved about, this creature of heaven touched his head. It shone in a star on his black curls, it touched his forehead and showed a ruined face, it alighted on his lips and made them seem to smile, it hung just above him. Tiny as it was, it beautified the place. Renzo, busy with the breakfast, did not notice it. But after a while Martello, having apparently made up his mind what was to be done, lifted his face, and looked

at that bright thing in the air. For years he had seen it come in there on cloudless days, and he always lifted his dark face to look at it. He had named it "*La Speranza.*" It was all the bright hope he knew. To him it was like a child in the house, or an angel, or a promise. It was the dearer and greater for being so vague. He used to say in the morning, when he saw a nebulous star begin to glow in the ceiling, "*La Speranza is coming;*" and when that line of beautiful radiance entered unafraid, "*Ecco La Speranza!*" he would say. He never smiled at it, but only stared with a dull confused sense of adoration; but, as he stared, a bright vague ray of something, he knew not what, stole into the dark cavern of his brain and softly dropped a golden star into his gloomy heart. When, but a little after noon, that sunray, having signed the segment of a circle through the cavernous air, disappeared all at once, the man's face grew darker, for his hope had gone. There was a calendar marked on the wall of its coming and going, and when he was not in hiding he kept a line of roses set from the first point where it alighted on the rocks round to the last, so that the creature should step daintily and softly, like a queen. Roses were never lacking the year round in the gardens down below; but he had not dared to go for them in these days. Only, the night before, in coming through the ravine where Betta met him with a loaf of bread and a flask of wine, he had snatched a daisy from the ground. It shone against the rock now, a tiny sun, with the light in its golden heart.

Renzo poured out a cup of coffee for Martello, then for himself; and when they had eaten their breakfast he prepared coffee again, and poured out a third cup, his face growing bitter as he did so, as though he hated the task.

Martello, meanwhile, had put some bread and fish and cheese in a piece of paper, and had carefully tied a black crape veil over his head, covering both hair and throat. He then changed the shabby coat he wore for a ragged one,

and pulled the cuffs of the sleeves down so as to almost cover his hands. Next he thrust an ink-bottle, paper, and pen into his pocket, and, taking the breakfast, went toward the skin-covered door. Renzo softly opened it, drawing a wooden bar, and stood with his head thrust out, listening. There was nothing visible beyond the door but a wall of tufa, such as one sees in pozzolana caves, at the other side of a passage scarcely two feet wide; and the reddish hair of the skin on the outside of the door had been wet with some gluey substance and encrusted with fine gravel.

Renzo drew back and nodded, and Martello passed the door, stooping and edging sideways along a dark passage, stooped again still lower, and came out into a pozzolana cave where an arched opening could be dimly seen leading downward into still another cave. Here he paused while Renzo, who had followed him closely, slipped quietly down the rude steps and disappeared. He had gone to look out at the lower entrance. In a minute he returned, lighted a candle, and unbarred and unlocked a rough, strong door near which Martello had waited, standing back out of sight as he opened it, and closing it when his companion had entered.

All the centre of this upper cave was full of water, and a second below, and still a third, the lowest, through which Renzo passed again to keep his watch at the outer entrance, had each a pool of muddy water in the centre. Looking in from without, one would not have expected to find human beings living in such a place, and, searching not too closely farther on, the third chamber would have seemed the last, so artfully the doors had been disguised and hidden. Even flashing a light along the upper corridor, without entering, nothing but two rough walls would have been discovered.

These caves appear frequently in Italy, sometimes at the roadside, sometimes with strong doors, showing that they are used as storehouses, sometimes gaping open with their wide-arched entrances which show other dark arches inside and

pools of muddy water in the floors. They are rather uncomfortable places to pass when the road is lonely.

While Renzo stood keeping his stealthy watch at the cave's mouth, Martello had entered a small side-chamber, and set the candle on the floor. A movement in the place, all flickering with deep darkness, and the feeble, swaying light, would have attracted attention toward a straw bed covered with a gray blanket, like those above, and with the addition of a coarse skin with the hair turned downward. Some one rose up in this bed as the man entered, and a face as white as marble showed in the shadows.

Martello set the cup and paper containing the food on the floor beside the bed, and held up the candle. As if accustomed to this programme, the occupant of the room held out two manacled hands. Martello silently examined them to see if the fastenings had been tampered with, then released them, and gave his prisoner the food he had brought.

"Thou mayst write the letter," he said in a whisper.

An exclamation broke from the other. Then he caught the cup and drained the coffee at a draught. "Give me the pen and ink," he said eagerly.

"Eat!" said Martello.

"I can eat in the dark," said his prisoner impatiently. "It will amuse me. Give me only two inches of rope. The letter! the letter!"

Martello produced the writing-materials from his pocket, smoothed a place on the stiff skin for a writing-desk, held the candle, and dictated the terms of one of those brigand letters which demand ransom for a captive; and, with his delicate white hands trembling with eagerness, Don Leopoldo wrote it.

"Thou knowest the conditions," said Martello, in the whisper with which he always disguised his voice when speaking here.

"Yes! yes!" was the shivering reply.

"If they attempt to search for thee," the man went on, with cold precision, "or if they set a trap for him who takes

the money, or if they do not send the money, thou wilt be found with a knife in thy heart."

"Am I likely to forget any particulars?" exclaimed the prisoner, shuddering. "Now go! and make haste to give the letter, for I shall die here. How long have I been in this place? A month?"

Martello made no answer, but prepared to tie his prisoner's hands again.

"Leave me a little rope, that's a good fellow," the young man begged. "What difference can it make to you? I can't escape. See how my wrists are almost bleeding! And promise me that you will make haste with the letter. I cannot bear this much longer."

"I will give thee a little rope," Martello said, and tied his hands so that a few inches of free rope were left for moving them. "Stand up now."

The prisoner stood up, and showed a second rope tied tightly about his waist, and fastened to the wall, where a large spike had been driven in far out of his reach. This allowed him to take a few steps.

"If I took a man so," he said, "I would treat him better. The brigands are not always so hard. Sometimes men have a gay enough time with them till the money comes. But to shut one up in darkness! To keep one tied! It isn't *da galantuomo*."

Martello put the letter, which he knew not how to read, carefully in his pocket, and gathered up the cup and inkstand and the candlestick.

"If thou freest thy hands to-day, I will tie thee hand and foot in the bed to-night, and keep thee so," he said then, and went out.

At the sound of the door closing, Renzo came up from his watch, and the two returned to what Martello called his *casa*. The little chamber under the rocks was the only home he had ever

known. Born in a prison, where his father and mother were both serving their sentence for having, as they mildly called it, *menato* a woman,—that is, for having beaten her almost to death,—living a wandering, precarious life as long as they had lived, and alternating between seasons of honest labor and seasons of lawless adventure, with more than one visit to some prison, he had at length, in his stealthy searchings for a hiding-place, found this cave, and for long years kept its existence a secret. In those volcanic heavings which threw up the beautiful peninsula and gave the world all that we mean by Italy, the glowing bubbles cooling into stone around three great masses of crumbling matter had formed the walls of these three chambers, from which, later, the red rock sand had been dug out. But the upper one had been a heap of common earth between firm rocks as hard as flint. If long rains had washed the place out hollow, or some other fugitive had made his home there, matters not. Martello, searching for a dryer and more secure abode, had found the chamber, and had, little by little, made a habitable place of it. He had widened the upper egress, and dug away the earth outside that no water might flow in, yet so cunningly that nature herself seemed to have done it. It was his home, and he had a sort of pride in it, and a feeling of security. He lived there as bears live in their caves, scarce wishing for a better. If they should succeed in this adventure, into which Renzo had gone even more readily than he, so that he should find himself the master of more gold than ever had been his, even in his wildest dreams, still he felt that in the end he should come back as poor as ever to his solitary cavern and his one sweetness,—La Speranza.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR SUMMER COURT IN SCHOHARIE.

ON a bright, warm day the judge and I take the train, and are whirled away from the toiling city to the rich, fertile, grassy valley of old Schoharie. It is sunk deep among the highlands, far back in a remote corner, behind the blue Catskills. The judge has to submit to being lionized a little as we draw near the end of the journey; for a justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, on his way to hold a circuit in this slumberous valley, always finds himself an exceedingly great man. The little hotel at Schoharie has been dreaming of him and of the coming circuit for weeks past. The lawyers and the people from all parts of the county are waiting to do homage to the Supreme Court and to his honor. Court-week is a prodigious affair in Schoharie: it comes but twice in the year. The fat of the land has been gathered in at the hotel to feed the court and the multitude who come to the county-seat for justice.

When we reach the nearest railroad-station and step off the cars, our eyes discover a large, old-fashioned carriage and a pair of magnificent grays drawn up in state ready to receive us. The alert hotel-proprietor has come all the way from his house to greet us, and his cheery voice says, "This way, judge, with your friend, if you please."

As the grays prance along, the little valley opens to our view. It seems hardly more than a mile wide. The heights on either side are clothed with bright-green woodlands, and along the highest line is a dark, rich fringe of pines. A sluggish stream winds through the middle of the valley. Just before us sleeps the hamlet, and soon we see the gleaming tin upon the church-spire, and then we distinguish the court-house and other buildings. A dreamy blue in the air hangs sleepily over the landscape, imparting a sense of deep repose.

We turn a corner of the road, and

here we are, right at the hotel. What a crowd of people! and what hand-shaking from the chief men of the county! The crowd smile a vast, substantial welcome as the judge is ushered into the house and conducted to the best apartments. How could there be a warmer reception? The shining black faces of the servants are unctuous with good nature and the desire to please. The servants are natives of this valley. The negroes have clung to this rich, warm spot ever since the days when the old Dutch farmers owned them as slaves. They still have a corner of the little village for their own, and upon great occasions a few of the comeliest are gathered in with the other supplies, to add to the magnificence of the hotel.

After an hour comes the dinner. The lawyers have been called, and are gathered in a huddle around the outside of the dining-room door. But no one is admitted until the judge has made his appearance. Then the group parts to the right and left, his honor passes through, the door is opened, he goes in and is seated at the head of the table, and then the lawyers are admitted and assigned seats in the order of their supposed rank and importance.

From dinner there is an adjournment to the court-house. The temple of justice is densely packed with people. In the little niche of a gallery high up in the wall, opposite the bench where the august court is seated, are groups of beautiful country-girls and women, gazing in rapt wonder at what seems to them, doubtless, the brilliant pageant below. The lawyers also, at the bar, concede in a pleasant way, by their dress and manner, the importance of the occasion. Nate, who is, legally speaking, the pride and flower of Schoharie, appears in a bright new suit, with blue coat and gilt buttons. He is known far and wide as one of nature's noblemen. If Nate would only try, the people

say, he would be a giant. As it is, he is regarded as another Daniel Webster, with a great dash of the impulsive, wayward, reckless boy in him that too often defeats him in the far-reaching, solemn purposes of life.

The business of the court proceeds. Several petty matters are disposed of. Then the prosecuting officer of the county comes forward with a case that requires a trial by jury. Nate is counsel for the defendant. The utmost politeness prevails. It is very pleasant to see the lawyers so kind and brotherly in their treatment of each other. It is a relief to the judge and his comrade, accustomed as they are to endure the rasping manner which is popularly supposed to be professional.

The case turns out to be merely the taking of an old coat and a turkey by a black boy from his employer. As the evidence is given, the names of localities mentioned by the witnesses are provocative of curiosity. They are also enjoyable. One has need to suffer for months from the dreary aridity of proceedings in the city courts in order to comprehend how such morsels of verbal greenness as Clover Way and Polly Hollow can refresh the legal mind. It appears that Clover Way is a nook where the clover grows in great luxuriance. Then the judge desires to know about Polly Hollow; but it would be simply dreadful for the great court to express publicly its curiosity upon such a trivial matter in Schoharie. A lawyer is therefore privately interviewed, and states that Polly Hollow is a clove in the mountains having the general style and description of a breech-loading gun-barrel, inasmuch as things going in at one end must go out at the other: there is not room in the clove to turn around. He says the hollow was named after Aunt Polly,—a negress who resided there for many years. He further takes occasion to point out to us a young man who has been brought into court charged with a misdemeanor, and whose face has a curious expression of sheepishness and low cunning. That man, he informs us, is a Sloughter. He explains that the

Sloughters are a band or tribe as marked and peculiar as the gypsies. They have developed into a distinct people in this valley during the present century. They are so immoral that to be seen frequenting the Sloughter settlement is a disgrace to any citizen. To call an upright man a Sloughter is a provocation that greatly mitigates an assault and battery in the eyes of a Schoharie jury.

As the case draws to a close, Nate pleads for his client with a good deal of feeling. His fine eyes melt into tears when he urges that old Schoharie may not be disgraced by having a citizen sent to the State prison.

Just as Nate is waxing eloquent, a very pretty little girl, about six years of age, with brown cheeks, and a sun-bonnet dangling by its string from her hand, comes in at the large open doors, walks up the aisle and into the enclosure of the bar, and, going up to Nate, pulls at his coat. Nate stops and glances downward, begs in his courtly manner to be excused for a moment, and pours out a glass of water for the little maiden from a large white pitcher on the table before him. She drinks it, and goes tripping away down the aisle again, utterly unconscious of the eyes looking at her or of any impropriety in asking Uncle Nate at such a moment for a glass of water.

The case takes a favorable turn: the black boy escapes with only a light sentence of confinement in the county jail.

In the next proceeding we see how Cupid appears in this temple of justice.

The prosecuting officer says, "May it please the court, we must see about this man who refuses to support his wife. It is a matter for our county authorities, of course, but there are circumstances which—"

A small, active attorney from the city springs to his feet, and, interrupting, says, "If the court please, I appear in this case. The learned and ingenious gentleman need not explain how he gets this matter here. It is a proceeding that ought not to be tolerated anywhere. This man that the prosecuting officer

talks about is Georgie Wilson, and he is hardly fifteen years old."

The judge whispers with the associate justices of the county, who sit with him, and then says, "Where is the accused? let him be brought forward."

"Stand up, Georgie," says his counsel.

A dandyish, sprightly little fellow, tastily dressed in handsome clothes from the city, with a bright face, light clustering curls, and blue eyes, jumps up and stands before the court.

"Won't take care of his wife, hey?" says the judge, with an amused smile.

The girls and women in the gallery lean forward with their mouths half open and titter. A light breeze from the meadows back of the court-house comes in at an open window, and tosses Georgie's light curls very prettily.

"If your honors please," says the prosecuting officer in a solemn voice, "this man has persistently refused and entirely neglected to support this woman, although proceedings have been taken against him."

"What woman? where is his wife?" inquires the judge, interrupting.

A bright-eyed and prettily-dressed little girl is sent forward from the back seats, and comes and stands by Georgie. A glance at her face reveals the fact that she may be fifteen, but she is very *petite* for so many years. As they stand together, Georgie takes hold of her dress, pulls it, and whispers to her. The little beauty jerks away coquettishly, and will not look at him.

"Now, your honors, look at these children," says the counsel for Georgie imploringly. "Is this a case to bring before the Supreme Court of the State of New York? This boy, who is well connected and respectable, has been kept in jail two weeks on this charge. His relatives, who are in good circumstances in the city, are of course very much annoyed by these proceedings. The boy came out here into the country one sunshiny day and was entrapped into this marriage."

The prosecuting officer replies sharply to this, and a discussion springs up

which continues for ten minutes. Meanwhile, the two children are apparently making up their quarrel. Lucy begins to whisper to Georgie, and they sit down close together in two chairs handed them by counsel. Georgie's light curls look very pretty as he nods his approval of what Lucy is saying to him. Instead of listening to the counsel, all are slyly watching the manœuvring of this little pair of robins. Georgie makes advances, and Lucy chirps and twitters in a very bewitching way. Counsel, in whispers, compare them to the Babes in the Wood. As the prosecuting officer fulminates and thunders, the little romance in progress just in rear of his position is the real subject to which the court directs its attention. The judge, on the sly, is absorbed in the way Georgie manages the making up, and is observing how the little beauty reveals her inborn tendency to be "flirtatious." The curl of Lucy's lip and the flash of Georgie's eyes are much more potent than the eloquence of pugnacious attorneys.

The reconciliation seems happily completed, to the great enjoyment of the spectators who have been feasting upon the scene, just as the wordy contest of the legal athletes closes.

"I think I will have the woman sworn, and see what the court thinks about it," says the prosecuting officer. "I do not like to do it; but, after what has been said, I feel that I must show how this man has treated this woman. Mrs. Wilson, take the stand, if you please."

Either because she is not yet accustomed to the title "Mrs. Wilson," or more likely because she is too much absorbed with Georgie to hear the request, Lucy pays no attention to it.

"Go around there by the judge and be sworn, Sissy," says Georgie's counsel persuasively.

Lucy hears this, and obeys, and the clerk mumbles the oath to her. At the close of the formula "You will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—kiss the book," her cherry-red lips meet the calf-skin cover of the

ancient volume with a delicious smack, while she looks sweet and smiling at Georgie. Then follows her examination. The prosecuting officer persuades her into the truthful acknowledgment that she has made complaint against Georgie for not supporting her. She admits that soon after they were married, about a month ago, Georgie left her at the hotel and went away home to his mother, "and did not come back for a week," she says, pouting; but she adds that when he did come back he gave her two dollars and paid her board at the hotel besides.

She admits also that he often asked her to walk down by the creek after they were married, and that she would not go, because she thought he had got tired of her and wanted to push her into the river. This touch of nature slightly amuses the bench and bar; but the public prosecutor assumes a horrified aspect, seeming to regard it as evidence of a very serious character.

Lucy concedes also that Georgie finally went away home to his mother, and did not come back at all; and then she had no way to pay her board, and had to leave the hotel and work out, as she used to do before she was married, and so she complained of him to the authorities.

Then Georgie's counsel takes the witness and cross-examines her. She admits that she is older than Georgie, and that she is a little French girl from Canada and accustomed to work out. She claims that Georgie told her he was rich and that she could live like a lady at the hotel. She says she would not have cared for not having much, if he had only told her the truth, for she was quite able to take care of herself, she thanks fortune; but she was angry at Georgie for acting so; but now they have made it up, and she would like to have him set at liberty, if they please.

Lucy comes down from the stand and sits by Georgie again, and he takes her hands, and they look wonderingly into each other's faces, as children do.

"Now, your honors," says Georgie's counsel, "you must see how this is. This little girl, who is older than she

appears, and was a servant, has caught this boy and privately married him. He is of good family: he could not take this girl home with him, probably because his mother would not want her there. Let this proceeding stop, and Georgie and his friends will make the best of it. He is married to the girl, and they will try to take care of her in some way. I am authorized by them to say this to the court."

The court takes a lenient view of the case. Georgie is directed to stand up, and the judge delivers a lecture to him in regard to his duties as a husband. Georgie is informed that it is perhaps unfortunate for him that he has married "this girl" (the little beauty's cheeks burn at this), but that he must nevertheless take care of her. He is permitted to go at large for the time being without punishment; but he must remember that he is on probation and under the watchful eyes of the officers of the law.

Georgie and Lucy, happy and side by side, go chirpingly out of the courtroom, and many kind wishes and the mirth of the happy hour go with them.

Other cases are presented and disposed of, until the business of the day is closed. It is said that to-morrow a breach-of-promise case will come on for trial.

In the evening there is a pleasant walk along the one street of the town, and a chat in our rooms with the lawyers. We are reminded by them of the fact that one of the associate justices, coming from a remote corner of the county where the people still continue to vote for General Jackson, presented himself with his boots unblackened. It is remarked also that he wore no cravat, and not even a paper collar, as he sat in dignity upon the bench with the judge of the Supreme Court of the State. We are informed that he has been mischievously notified that a committee of the Democratic party will be appointed to consider the matter. It is said that we will see the result in the morning.

We retire to rest. The fragrance of grasses and clover is wafted in at our

open windows. Across the meadows back of the hotel, in a grove, we see lights flitting here and there, and the sound of far-off tinkling music is borne to our ears. It is the negro population enjoying a dance, as part of the festivities of the week.

The lawyers of Schoharie County are found to be wonderfully pleasant fellows. The judge and his comrade discover that these gentlemen sleep but little. It is a habit with them to spend their nights in the valley upon great occasions in hilarity and good-fellowship. The judge and his comrade virtuously keep aloof from these nightly carousings. But how can this sanctimonious pair, with their faces pale and worn with city life, foul air, and excitement, hint to these strong, healthy, vigorous gentlemen that nightly rejoicing is not calculated to promote health? Their ancient owlsh custom has its poetic side. It is pleasant for a cheerful person to awake in the night and faintly hear the deep voice of a distinguished lawyer pronouncing a solemn discourse in some remote room of the hotel. The voices of many members of the bar, and of the black servants, and a far-off clapping of hands, are occasionally distinguished, as the orator bears down with mock solemnity upon the vanity of earth and the folly of all human affairs. When the oration is completed, the long-drawn notes of "Old Hundred" steal solemnly along the dark halls of the hotel to the ears of the lodgers. Then all is quiet, and the Schoharie County bar retires to rest.

Next morning at breakfast we are informed that the ceremonies of a grand initiation of a new member into the strange mysteries of the "Schoharie Circle" were performed at some hour of the night.

After breakfast we have an hour before court-time. Shall the sheriff take us for a ride, or will we have Esquire John to show us the curiosities of the place? We elect to have John, and soon he comes to the hotel. He is a robust, medium-sized man, a quaint scholar, and a genuine lover of nature. His contributions to geological science

have been very considerable, and are known and valued throughout the State. He is more than seventy, but does not look it by twenty years. He has the quick step and merry eye of a boy. He tells us that he had part in the grand initiation we overheard in the night. When we compliment him upon his vigorous health, he suggests that it may be due to the fact that he eats a meal of delicious oysters every night at eleven o'clock.

John takes us first half a mile away through the green fields back of the hotel, up to a shelf or natural terrace projecting from the steep hill-side that walls in the valley. Here we find ourselves among the white marble slabs of a cemetery; and John points out the graves where the German forefathers of the hamlet sleep. He tells us that some of the Palatines came across the country from the Hudson in 1710 and discovered this beautiful valley, and in 1713 they came here and settled. Then he traces the history of monumental art in the valley, pointing out the old gray limestone cemetery slabs of ancient date with their queer carvings, and then the lighter sandstone, and at length the monumental marble. He calls our attention also to the cedar-trees and the arbor-vitæ in the cemetery grounds. Forty years ago, he tells us, he planted these trees with his own hands, and they are his gift to the people.

John points out a place hard by where the first settlers erected their church in 1750. All their names, he assures us, were carved upon the foundation-stones of the sacred edifice.

From the cemetery John takes us higher up the hill-side to a rocky place, and a stone-quarry. Here he points out abrasions and long scratches in the surface of the polished rock. These, he explains, are glacier-marks. He demonstrates with the fine enthusiasm of a true lover of science where the icy stream must have flowed in the dim and faded centuries of an unknown past. He pictures very vividly the glacier in its grinding progress over the rock when the Catskills were as high as the

Alps and Schoharie a mass of ice. He paints with glowing words an unknown world. The judge politely asks him how he knows all that he describes to be true. John points triumphantly to the scratches in the rock, and his eloquence is renewed with tenfold fervor. He overwhelms our doubts, and we are convinced.

Then he calls attention to the features of the valley as it now exists. Across upon the other side we discern terraces which he tells us are graperies. The view, he assures us, is somewhat like what may be seen along the Rhine or in Switzerland. He has never been to those distant places, but travellers have declared to him that in his native valley he has in miniature the scenery of the world. He is satisfied with this, and has no desire to leave his home, until his friends shall bear him to his last rest beneath the cedars and the arbovitæ upon the hill-side.

Returning toward the hotel, we pass near the present church edifice, built in 1776. The date is seen in huge iron figures upon the tower. John tells us that the stones that were the foundation of the church first erected by the settlers were taken out and brought down and used for the foundation of this modern structure. We go and examine the foundation, and find carved in rude German letters the names of the forefathers.

John tells us that the stone church, a mile away down the valley, was once used as a fort, and that a cannon-ball fired in time of war is embedded in the tower. He enlarges upon the history of the valley, rendering it apparent that not only the scenery but the history of the world is to be found in miniature in Schoharie. Even the emancipation experiment has been tested there by fifty years of trial. He is bound to add that the two hundred negroes in Schoharie retain their prodigal and shiftless habits to this day. He does not think any important change has been effected in their prospects or character.

John has one more curiosity to show us. We will go with him to a little

building which he calls his office, where he has gathered and arranged the fossils and minerals and curious historical relics of the region. He presents for our inspection the ancient vane that adorned the spire of the church built by the early settlers. This vane is of iron, and in the form of a crowing cock, with magnificent flowing tail-feathers. John assures us that this cock crowed for many years upon the banks of the Rhine before the Palatines brought it with them to Schoharie.

While we are looking, the courthouse bell surprises us, and we hasten away. Reaching the court-room, we find the crowd even denser than on the previous day. A little formal business is first transacted. A sly glance reveals that the associate justice has been frightened into a paper collar, but resists other innovations. He is making his stand upon the boots: they remain unblackened and brown and rusty.

The formal matters having been disposed of, the breach-of-promise case is taken up. The defendant is a stout, honest-faced countryman. His lawyer is the sharp attorney from the city. It seems that the affair occurred years ago, when the defendant was a bachelor. A neighborhood quarrel has now revived it. The sharp points are brought out upon the cross-examination.

It hardly seems worth while to take so deep an interest in so simple a matter; but there we all are,—the court, the bar, the jury, and the spectators, all drinking in with great eagerness Miss Sallie Brown's story as she is persecuted by the attorney from the city.

"Do you swear that he promised to marry you, Sallie?" says the counsel cross-examining.

"Yes, I do," says Sallie sharply.

"How old are you, Sallie?" continues her inquisitor.

"I don't know what that has to do with it," says the witness; "but I would just as soon tell you. I am forty-six; but I was only forty-two when he promised to marry me, and he was forty-four."

"Now, Miss Sallie," says the counsel,

"do you really mean to swear that John entangled your maiden affections and plighted his troth to you, after an acquaintance of only three weeks, having seen you but twice, he being a steady blacksmith, and you a country maiden of forty-two summers?—do you mean that, now, Sallie?"

"Yes, I do *mean* it," responds the irate spinster.

"How did he say it? What did he say first?" inquires the lawyer.

"Why, the first time when he went away he asked me to remember him in my prayers; and I told him I would."

"Did you do it?" says the lawyer, interrupting.

"Certainly I did," says the witness, "and I always have. And the next time he came we were in the parlor, and he said, 'Sallie, will you have me?' and he took his hand into mine, and I said, 'Yes;' and he said he hoped I would never be sorry, and I said I never would if he did as he agreed to."

"Did he squeeze your hand?" asks the counsel.

"Not enough to hurt it, I guess," responds the maiden snappishly.

"Did he press your hand in a manner that indicated peculiar affection for yourself?" inquires the judge, with impressive blandness and evident relish.

"Oh, yes, certainly," says the maiden sweetly.

"And," continues the judge, smiling and looking squarely into the blue eyes of the witness, "did he use—ah—terms of endearment to you, Miss Sallie?"

"He only said what I have told you," replies the lady in a soft voice.

"Ahem!" says the judge, with a disappointed air, as he turns away and makes a note upon his papers.

"And did he kiss you?" asks the counsel roughly.

"Yes, he did kiss me, if you are so anxious to know," jerks out the injured female, to the great amusement of the spectators.

"Do I understand you to testify," says the judge, brightening up, "that he pressed your hand caressingly and kissed you?"

"Yes, sir," answers the maiden, with a grateful glance.

"And," continues the judge slowly, dwelling with evident pleasure upon the words, "did he by his manner express endearment and attachment and peculiar affection,—that is, a sentiment of especial and endearing regard for you,—as he caressingly pressed your hand?"

"Yes, sir," replies the lady softly, dropping her eyelids as she meets the keen, searching gaze of his honor.

"Where did he kiss you?—on your cheek or your lips?" now resumes her tormentor.

Sallie thinks she is badgered, and remains silent.

"Please tell us where he kissed you, Miss Sallie," says the judge kindly.

"It was on my lips, sir," says the lady, in a very low voice, to the judge.

"She says it was on her lips," announces the judge, with an air of great satisfaction, as he turns to his papers and makes a note of the fact.

"Now, perhaps you will tell me how many times he kissed you," says the tormentor.

"He kissed me once, and that is enough for you to know," responds the indignant woman.

"When was that?" continues the interrogator.

"When he went away," replies the witness.

"Do I understand you," says the judge apprehensively, "to say that he did not kiss you at the time he pressed your hand endearingly and affectionately and asked you if you would have him?"

"It was not then," replies the witness; "but it was when he went away."

"And," says the judge anxiously, "did he kiss you only once?"

"That was all," replies the witness.

And the judge, apparently disconcerted and unhappy, turns to his papers and makes a note, which he regards for a moment with great gravity.

"And na-ow," says the torturer, with a provoking drawl, "to sum up, you mean to swear, do you, that, after three weeks' acquaintance, Swackhammer John here won the innocent, untried,

and maiden affection of your too susceptible heart, and, having squeezed your hand, promised to marry you, and then, trying the taste of one kiss upon your virgin lips, *scud* for home, and never came back? Is that it, Miss Brown?"

"I did not come here to be insulted," retorts the jilted female angrily; and she flounces off the witness-stand, to the great amusement of the spectators.

After further proceedings, it comes to Swackhammer John's turn to tell his side of the story. He "swears" with the same energetic force with which he is accustomed to wield the sledge-hammer in the shop. He declares, with a whack of his great fist upon his knee, that he never did promise to marry Sallie,—no, never, so help him his Maker, he never did! He admits that he was introduced to her by friends when he was looking for a wife, and that he called upon her twice, as she says.

"And did you," says the judge, with a slow, delicious utterance of every syllable, "did you at any time press her hand caressingly in an affectionate and endearing manner, or indicate feelings of peculiar interest or attachment?"

"No, your honor, I did not," says John. "I looked her over by lamp-light and then by daylight, and I see it didn't take; and I said as much to the folks as introduced me. She skeered me some, she did, the second time I called. She turned on me sudden, after we had set a few minutes, and said, sez she, 'Mr. Poget, what is your intentions?' It kind of took my breath away."

"And what did you answer?" inquires the counsel.

"I was all struck of a heap for a while," says the witness; "but when I got my wind ag'in, I asked her if I could have two weeks to consider it, and she said I might; and so then I comed away."

"And did you kiss her?" inquires the judge.

"No, I never did in my life, so help me my Maker!" with a great whack of the fist upon his knee again.

"Did you go to tell her what your intentions were, at the close of the two weeks?" asks the counsel.

"I tried to tell her," says John, "but she dodged. She sent me word she would not be at home. But I was bound to keep my appointment, and I walked over there on time, square."

"And how far was it?" says the counsel.

"Better than four mile," replies the witness. "As I was sayin', I walked over there, and she was not there. I found her father there, and talked to him awhile, and then went home. I saw Sallie the next week, at the store, and I told her I had my mind made up not to give up my bachelorship quite yet, and I did not want to marry her. She cried, and I told her not to feel bad, and I left her; and she and I never spoke no more."

The judge, in charging the jury, says, "And although, gentlemen, this proceeding, even upon the plaintiff's own statement, is not as warm and ardent as our experience might lead us to expect, and although there is a frigidity about it which does not perhaps fully satisfy the mind, yet, if you believe this man did gently press this woman's hand in a manner denoting and intended to denote peculiar affection, and if they did mutually promise marriage, that promise is binding."

As the jury go out, John's counsel smilingly remarks that the court evidently regards this as an interesting case. A pleasant ripple of merriment testifies that the shot tells, and a pretty blush upon the noble, time-worn face of his honor reveals the still youthful susceptibility of his heart.

The jury are out all night. In the mean time, John and his family are sleepless and trembling through the lone night watches. The comedy in the court-room has for them its terrors. Their little shop and farm may be swept from them by a verdict awarding damages to Sallie.

In the morning, the court-room is again crowded. It is whispered that the jury have agreed, and soon they are

brought in. Swackhammer sits with his counsel, trembling and fearing.

The clerk of the court says to the jury, "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman rises, and replies, "We have agreed."

"How do you find?" asks the clerk.

"For the defendant," replies the foreman.

Swackhammer John's head goes down upon his hands, and he buries his face between his knees. The sudden joy and relief is too much for him. His great shoulders heave and sway in his efforts to repress his sobs. The counsel laugh and jog him and tell him to "hold up," they want to speak to him.

John rises to his feet with a great swing and a jerk designed to throw his long hair back from his red, excited face, which is seen to be all wet with tears, and, grabbing his hat, he rushes from the court-room.

Ten minutes later, the counsel find him and his family at the hotel where they have put up, crying and laughing and hugging each other in the excess of their great joy. The avalanche of an angry woman's vengeance, which has threatened them for a year past in the shape of this lawsuit, can never crush

them now, and they look into a future without a cloud.

A day later, the court adjourns *sine die*. The crowd of people in wagons and on foot make their way out of town, and the hamlet seems almost deserted. The carriage and the grays are brought to the door, and we prepare to leave Schoharie. A group of lawyers and their friends gather around and give us each the final hand-shake and kind words at parting. We take our places in the carriage, and the landlord sits with the driver to escort us to the dépôt. He tells us confidentially that it has been a magnificent court, that he has not slept two hours during the entire week, that the strain has been tremendous, but that he has made seven hundred dollars.

We arrive at the dépôt, and soon the train comes thundering along and puffs and shrieks and awakens all the echoes of the highlands. It seems like a brazen and impudent affront offered to the slumbering spirits of the valley. The train pauses a moment: we secure seats, and are whirled away toward the dust and the noise and toil of the city. As we look backward through the car-window and catch a flying glimpse of the blue, fading valley, we sigh, and say that our summer court at Schoharie is over.

P. DEMING.

COUNSEL.

"LOOK up,—not down!" The mists that chill and blind thee
Strive with pale wings to take a sunward flight;
Upward the green boughs reach; the face of nature,
Watchful and glad, is lifted to the light.
The strength that saves comes never from the ground,
But from the mountain-tops that shine around!

"Look forward, and not back!" Each lost endeavor
May be a step upon thy chosen path;
All that the past withheld, in larger measure,
Somewhere in willing trust the future hath.
Near and more near the Ideal stoops to meet
The steadfast coming of unfaltering feet.

FRANCES L. MACE.

DELIA GRIMWET.

TO an ordinary observer, nothing could be more commonplace than Kempton, a decrepit little apology for a village, lying on the coast of Maine. Properly speaking, however, no seaport can be utterly commonplace, with its suggestion of the mystery of the sea, the ships, the sailors who have been to far lands, the glimpses of unwritten tragedies on every hand. But among sea-side villages Kempton was surely dull enough, and dry enough, and lifeless enough,—as if the sea-winds had sucked its vitality, leaving it empty and pallid and juiceless, like the cockle-shells which bleached upon its sandy beaches.

Yet Kempton had one peculiarity which marked it as singular among all New-England towns. Its one church stood stark and doleful upon the hill at whose foot lay the rotting wharves; and back from the church stretched the church-yard in which the Kempton dead took their long repose, scarcely more monotonous than their colorless lives. The sexton, digging their last resting-places in the ochrey loam, might look far off toward the sea whence they had wrested from the grudging waters a scanty subsistence; and the dead wives, if so be that their ears were yet sentient, might lie at night and hear below the beat of the waves which afar had rolled over the unmarked graves of their sailor husbands. To and fro among the grass-grown mounds the sexton went daily, quite unmindful of being the unique feature of Kempton by belonging to the weaker sex. With masculine stride and coarse hands, her unkempt locks blown by the salt winds, the woman went her way and did her work with a steadfastness and a vigor which might have put to shame many a man idling about the boats under the hill. She was not an old woman,—not even middle-aged, except with the premature age of toil and sorrow; but the weather-beaten face, the stooping shoulders, and the

faded hair made her seem old. To look at her, it was difficult to realize what her youth could have been like, or to call up any image of sweet or gracious maidenhood in which she could have shared.

It was a gray November day. The white-caps made doubly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, chasing the faded leaves over Kempton Hill until they rushed about the old meeting-house like a flight of terrified witches. A stranger was driving slowly up the road from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked about him.

His gaze was not that of one who beheld the scene for the first time. He gazed down at the irregular houses under the hill, cuddled like frightened and weak-kneed sheep. He looked over the bay to the light-house, looming ghastly and white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the picture, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He shivered and sighed, his brows drooping more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by was the stark church, with weather-beaten steeple, wherein half a dozen generations of Kempton women, the men, for the most part, being at sea, had worshipped the power of the storm, praying more for the escape from evil of the absent than for good to themselves. Beyond the church appeared the first headstones of the grave-yard, the ground sloping away so rapidly that little more than the first row of slate slabs was visible from the street. With another shiver Mr. Farnsworth (for by that name the gentleman played his part upon this world's stage) got down from his carriage, fastened his horse, and walked toward

the stones, whose rudely-chiselled cherubs leered at him through their moss with a diabolic and sinister mirthfulness.

As Mr. Farnsworth opened the sagging and unpainted gate of the enclosure, he became aware that the place was not empty. The head and shoulders of a human being were visible halfway down the hill, partially obscured by the dull-reddish heap of earth thrown up from a partially-dug grave.

The visitor made his way down the irregular path, so steep as to be almost like a rude flight of stairs, and, as he neared the worker, he suddenly perceived, with something of a shock, that the grave-digger was a woman. She worked as if familiar with her task,—a man's battered hat pushed back from her forehead, over which her faded hair straggled in confusion, and across which certain grimy streaks bore witness that she had not escaped the primal curse, but labored in the sweat of her brow.

Kempton's peculiarity in the matter of its sexton had not come to the stranger before, although he once had known the village life somewhat intimately. He regarded the woman with a double curiosity,—to see what she was like and whether perchance he had ever known her. He paused as he neared her, resting one nicely-gloved hand upon a tilted stone which perpetuated the memory and recorded the virtues of a captain who reposed in some chill cove under the Northern seas. Some slight sound caught the ear of the sexton, who until then had not perceived his approach: she looked up at him stolidly, and as stolidly looked down again, continuing her work without interruption. If there remained any consciousness of the strangeness of her occupation, or if there stirred any womanly shame to be so observed, they were betrayed by no outward sign. She threw up the dull-yellow earth at the feet of the new-comer as unmoved as if she had still only the dwellers in the graves as companions of her labor.

"Don't you find this rather hard work, my good woman?" the gentleman inquired at length, more by way of

breaking the silence than from any especial interest.

"Yes," the sexton returned impassively. "It's hard enough."

"It is rather unusual work for a woman, too," he said.

To this very obvious remark she returned no answer, a stone to which she had come in her digging seeming to absorb all her attention. She unearthed the obstacle with some difficulty, seized it with her rough hands, and threw it up at the feet of the stranger, who watched her with that idle interest which labor begets in the unconcerned observer.

"Do you always do this work?" Farnsworth asked at length.

"Yes," was the laconic return.

"But the old sexton,—Joe Grimwet,—is he gone?"

The woman looked up with some interest at this indication that the other had some previous acquaintance with Kempton and its people. She did not, however, stop her labor, as a man would probably have done.

"Yes," she said. "He's buried over yonder,—there beyond the burdocks."

The gentleman changed his position uneasily. Some subtle disquietude had arisen to disturb his serenity. The wind rustled mournfully among the dry leaves, the pebbles rattled against the spade of the grave-digger, increasing the sombreness of a scene which might easily affect one at all susceptible to outward influences. In such an atmosphere a sensitive nature not unfrequently experiences a certain feeling of unreality, as if dealing with scenes and creatures of the imagination rather than with actualities; and Farnsworth, whatever the delicacy of his mental fibre, was conscious of such a sense at this moment. He hastened to speak again, as if the sound of his own voice were needed to assure him of the genuineness of the place and scene.

"But how long has he been dead?" he asked. "And his daughter; what became of her?"

The grave-digger straightened herself to her full height: brushing back her

wind-blown hair with one grimy hand, she raised her face so that her deep-set eyes were fixed upon the questioner's face.

"So you knew Delia Grimwet?" she said. "When were you here before? It'd go hard for you to make her out now, if it's long since."

"Is she here still?" Farnsworth persisted, ignoring her question.

"Yes," the sexton replied, suddenly sinking back into the unfinished grave as a frightened animal might retreat into its den. "Yes; she lives in the old place."

"Alone?"

"Her and the boy."

He recoiled a step, as if the mention of a child startled or repelled him. Yet to a close observer it might have seemed as if he were making an effort to press her with further questions. If so, his courage did not prove sufficient, and he watched in silence while the woman before him went steadily on with her arduous work. Presently, however, he advanced again toward the edge of the pit, which was rapidly approaching completion under her familiar labor.

"Should I find her at home at this time?" he inquired. "Or would she be out at work?"

"She's out, most likely," was the reply. "She'll be home along about sundown."

Farnsworth lingered irresolutely a moment or two, as if there were many things concerning which he could wish to ask; but, as the woman gave him no encouragement, he turned at last and climbed the slippery, ragged path up to the church, untethered his horse, and drove slowly down the hill to the village.

Cap'n Nat Hersey was just coming out of the village store, and to him Farnsworth addressed an inquiry where he might find shelter for himself and horse.

"Well," the cap'n responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and his whole life to say it in, "well, I dunno but ye might get a chance with Widder Bemis, an' I dunno as ye could; but there ain't no harm trying, as I knows of."

Further inquiry regarding the whereabouts of the domicile of the Widow Bemis led to an offer on the part of Cap'n Hersey to act as pilot to that haven. He declined, however, to take a seat in the buggy. The cap'n had his own opinion of land-vehicles. A man might with perfect assurance trust himself in a boat; but, for his own part, the cap'n had no faith in those dangerous structures which roam about with nothing better than dry land under them. He walked along by the side of the carriage, conversing affably with the stranger under his convoy.

"Isn't it a queer notion to have a woman for a sexton?" Farnsworth asked, as they wended along.

"Well, yes," the cap'n returned reflectively. "Yes, it is sort of curious. Folks mostly speaks of it that comes here. It is curious, if ye look at it that way. But it all come about as natural as a barnacle on a keel. Old Sexton Grimwet kept getting considerable feeble, and Delia she took to helping him with his work. She was sort of cut off from folks, as ye may say, owing to having a baby and no father to show for it, and she naturally took to heaving anchor alone, or leastways along with the old man. And when the old man was took down with a languishment, she turned to and did all his work for him,—having gradually worked into it, as you may say."

The cap'n paused to recover from his astonishment at having been betrayed into so long a speech; but, as the stranger had the air of expecting him to continue, he presently went on again:

"There was them that wanted her turned out when old Grimwet died. Some said a woman of that character hadn't ought to have no connection with the church, even to digging its graves. But Parson Eaton he was good for 'em,—I've always noticed that when these pious men get their regular mad up they most generally have things their own way; and he preached 'em a sermon about the Samaritan woman, and Mary Magdalene, and a lot more of them disreputable Scripture women-folks, and,

though he never mentioned Delia by name, they all knew what he was driving at, and they wilted. 'Twas a pitiful sight to see the girl a-digging her own father's grave up there. Me and Tom Tobey and Zenas Faston took hold and finished it for her."

They moved on in silence a moment or two. Farnsworth's gaze was fixed upon the darkening bay, and no longer interrogated his companion; but the latter soon again took up his narrative:

"'Twas well the parson stood up for Dele, too: women-folks is so cussed hard on each other. They wouldn't ha' let the girl live, I believe. I always were of the notion there warn't no harm in Dele. Some——city chap got the better of her. She never was over-smart, but she was awful pretty; and I never believed there was any harm in her. At any rate, she digs a grave as well as a man, and I guess them that's in 'em don't lay awake none thinking who tucked 'em in."

The house of the Widow Bemis was by this time reached, and that estimable lady, who in the summer furnished accommodations to a boarder whenever that rare blessing was to be secured in Kempton, readily undertook the charge of Mr. Farnsworth and his horse for the night. The latter was given into the care of her daughter, for the frequent absences of the men had accustomed the damsels of Kempton to those labors which in inland villages are more frequently left to their brothers; and Farnsworth strolled off toward the wharves, leaving the widow Bemis and Cap'n Hersey in an agony of curiosity in regard to himself and his errand.

Whatever may have been Farnsworth's feelings at the discovery that the daughter of the dead sexton and the woman of whom he had asked tidings of her were identical,—and they must have been both deep and strong,—he had given no outward sign. But now the settling of his brows, and the disquiet apparent in his eyes, betrayed his inward conflict. He strolled out upon one of the rotting wharves, about which the tide lapped in mournful iteration,

folded his arms upon a breast-high post, and stood gazing seaward.

The retrospect which occupied his mind was scarcely more cheerful than the gray scene which spread before his eyes. How awful are the corpses of dead sins which memory casts up, as the sea its victims! The betrayal of a woman is a ghastly thing when one looks back upon it stripped of the garlands and enchantments of passion and temptation; and to Farnsworth, with the image fresh in his remembrance of that faded, earth-stained woman digging a grave upon the bleak hill-side, the fault of his youth seemed an incredible dream which only stubborn and stinging memory converted into a possibility. A retrospect is apt to be essentially a plea for self against conscience; but in his gloomy revery Farnsworth found scant excuse for the wreck he had made of the life of Delia Grimwet. He had gone away, married, and lived honored and prosperous. He would have forgotten, had not some nobility of his nature prevented. With the stubbornness of his race, he had fought long and determinedly against his conscience, but he had been forced to yield at last. The death of his wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, had at once left him free to make such reparation as might still be possible, and had softened him as only sharp sorrow can. He had come to Kempton with the determination of finding Delia, and of doing whatever could be done, at whatever cost to himself.

He had been unprepared, however, for the woman he found. He had left a fresh, beautiful young girl; ten years had transformed her into a repulsive old woman. He had no means of adequately measuring the force of the storms of scorn and poverty and sorrow which had beaten upon Delia Grimwet in the years that had made of him the cultured, delicately-nurtured man he was. What man ever appreciated the woe of the woman he betrays? indeed, what measure has a man of the sorrow of any woman? Farnsworth had painfully to adjust himself to a condition of affairs for which he should have been prepared,

yet which took him absolutely by surprise.

He lingered upon the bleak wharf, unconsciously the object of much mildly speculative curiosity, until the twilight began to fall. Then, with a shiver, no less of mind than of body, he shook off his painful abstraction, and turned his steps toward the path, once well known, which led to the home of Delia Grimwet. It seemed to him, as he paused a brief instant with his hand upon the old knocker, as if nothing here had changed in ten years. The sunlight would have shown him traces of decay, but in the gathering dusk the house seemed a pallid phantom from the past, unchanged but lifeless.

But his knock at once destroyed all illusions, since it summoned the woman who belonged not at all to that past which he remembered, but to the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her guttering candle up without a word, and, having identified him, made him, without speaking, a signal to enter.

When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon, Delia crouched in the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for concealment. She thought she should remain passive if the sides of the pit collapsed and buried her. In the old days before her boy was born she had been night after night out on the old wharves, praying for courage to drown herself. After the child came, her feelings changed, and she longed only to escape and to take her son away from the scorn and the sordid life which surrounded them. Gradually she had become hardened: hers was one of those common natures to which custom and pain are opiates, mercifully dulling all sensibilities.

To-day the appearance of her betrayer had revived all the old impressions, and for a moment seemed to transport her to the early days when her anguish was new. The keenest pangs of sorrow stabbed her afresh, and she lived again the bitter moments of her sin and shame.

But habit is strong, and presently

the fading light reminded the sexton that her work was still unfinished, and that Widow Pettigrove, who was past all earthly tribulation, must have her last bed prepared, whatever the woe of the living woman who worked at it with trembling hands and a sensation as if a demon had clutched her by the throat. Yet work was not unmerciful: it brought some relief, since it served to dilute the thought which rushed dizzily to her brain, and by the time her toil was completed she was steadier. When she opened the door to Farnsworth she was not unlike her usual stolid self. She perceived at a glance that he had learned who she was, and she hoped, in a blind, aching way, that he had not betrayed his presence to the neighbors, thus to re-awaken all the old stinging flight of bitter words.

Farnsworth followed Delia into the kitchen, without even those greetings which habit renders so involuntary that only in the most poignant moments are they disregarded. With their past between them it was not easy to break the silence. Farnsworth seated himself, and the woman stood regarding him. There was in her attitude all the questioning, the agony, of her years of suffering. Her wrongs and her sorrows gave her a dignity before which he shrank as he could not have quailed under the most withering reproaches. Whatever words he would have spoken—and no man can come deliberately to so important a crisis without formulating, even if unconsciously, the plea which his self-defence will make—were forgotten, or seemed miserably inadequate now. What were words to this woman, pallid and worn before her time with privation, anguish, and unwomanly toil? The contrast between his rich and careful dress and her coarse garb, between his white hands and her knotted fingers, between his high-bred pale face and her cowed, weather-beaten countenance, was too violent not to be apparent to them both,—as if they were in some strange way merely spectators looking dispassionately at this wretched meeting of those who had once been passionate lovers.

With each moment the silence became more oppressive; yet as each moment dragged by it became more difficult to break the stillness. Only a man utterly devoid of remorse or feeling could have framed upon his tongue commonplace phrases at such a time. It seemed to Farnsworth as if he were brought to judgment before the whole universe. His throat became parched. He longed to have the candle and the flames flickering in the old fireplace go out in darkness and take from his sight the Nemesis that confronted him.

He broke the silence at last with a cry:

"Ah, my God, Delia! What have I done?"

She wavered as she stood, putting out her hand as if reaching for support. Then she half staggered backward into a chair.

"There is nothing I can say!" Farnsworth went on vehemently. "There is nothing I can do! I came here dreaming of making reparation; but there is no reparation I can make. There is nothing that can change the past,—nothing that will undo what I have done to you. Oh, my God! How little I dreamed it would be like this!"

"No," she said slowly, almost stupidly, "nothing can undo it."

"Why did you not tell me?" he began. "Why—"

But the words rebuked him before they were spoken. He buried his face in his hands, and again they were silent. What the woman,—this woman who had never been able to think much, even in her best days, and who now was blunted and dulled almost to stupidity,—what she felt in those bitter moments, who can tell? The man's soul was a tumult of wild regret and unavailing remorse, while she waited again for him to speak.

"But," Farnsworth said at length, a new idea seizing him, "but the—our child, Delia? The boy?"

A shuddering seized her. Unused to giving way to her emotions, she was torn by her excited feelings almost to the verge of convulsions. She clutched

the arms of her chair and set her teeth together. In her incoherent attempts at thought, as she had delved among her graves, there had occurred to her the possibility that the father might some time take his child from her. Now this fear possessed her like a physical epilepsy. Twice she tried to speak, and only emitted a gurgling sound as if strangling. He sprang toward her, but a sudden repulsion gave her self-control. She put out her hands as if to ward him off.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried, breaking out into hysterical sobs. "My boy, my boy!"

She wrung her hands and twisted them together in fierce contortions which frightened Farnsworth; but she still would not allow him to approach her. She struggled for composure, writhing in paroxysms dreadful to see.

"Oh, my child!" she cried out, in a tone new and piercing; "no, no! Not him! Oh, God! You cannot have my boy!"

Farnsworth retreated sharply.

He had not considered this. Indeed, so different was everything he found from everything he had expected, that whatever he had preconsidered was swept out of existence as irrelevant. He was confronted with a catastrophe in which it was necessary to judge unerringly and to act instantly, yet which paralyzed all his powers by its strangeness and its horror. He groped his way back to his chair and sat down, leaving the silence again unbroken save by her convulsive breathing and his deep-drawn sighs.

All at once a new sound broke in upon them, and the mother started to her feet.

"He is coming!" she gasped hoarsely. "I sent him away; but he has come back. He could not keep away, my beautiful boy."

Her face was illumined with a love which wellnigh transfigured it. The door was opened violently, and the boy came rudely in,—a gaunt, rough whelp of ten summers, defiant, bold, and curious.

"I knew there was something up," the young rascal observed, with much self-complacency. "I knew when you sent me off to stay all night that somebody's funeral was comin' off, and I was bound I'd be here to see it."

Neither the mother nor the father returned any answer. Ordinary feelings were so absolutely swept away that the woman did not even remember that she should have attempted to quiet and to excuse the intruder. Even the maternal pride which would usually have been troubled by the impression the child's rudeness must make upon her guest was overwhelmed by the greater emotion which possessed her whole being.

Farnsworth had never been more keenly alive in every fibre of his being than at this moment. All his family pride, his refined tastes, his delicate nature, revolted from a kinship with the ugly, uncouth child who stood grinning maliciously upon his guilty parents. His impulse, almost too strong to be resisted, was to turn back and hide himself again in the world from which he had come,—to leave this woman and her loutish child in the quiet and obscurity where he had found them. But he was nobler than his impulses, and had paid already too dearly for rashness: the claim of a son upon the father who has brought him into the world grasped his sense of justice like a hand of steel.

He rose to his feet, firm and determined.

"Go away now," he said to the boy quietly, but in a voice which even the urchin felt admitted of no disobedience. "I wish to talk with your mother. I will see you to-morrow."

"Yes, Farnsworth," the mother said pleadingly. "Go to bed now. I will come to you before long. That's a good boy."

The boy slowly and unwillingly withdrew, his reluctance showing how rare obedience was to him, and the parents were once more alone.

"You have given him my name," were Farnsworth's first words, as the door closed behind his son.

"It was father who did that. He

said he should remember to curse you every time the name was spoken."

"And you?" the other asked, almost with a shudder.

"I did not care. Cursing could not change things. Only I would not let him do it before the boy: I didn't want him to know what sort of a father he had."

In the midst of his self-abasement some hidden fibre of resentment and wounded vanity tingled at her words; but he would not heed it.

"I am not so wholly bad, Delia," he said in a moment. "I came back to marry you. It will not change or mend the past; but it is the best I can do now."

"It is of no use to talk of that," she returned wearily: "you and I are done with each other. Even I can see that."

She was spent with the violence of her emotions, and only longed to have Farnsworth leave her. She was keenly sensitive now of the nicety of his attire, the contrast between him and her meagre surroundings. The shamefacedness of the poor overwhelmed her. She rose with uneven steps and trembling hands, and began to put things to rights a little. She snuffed the ill-conditioned candle, and trimmed the fire, whose drift-wood sent out tongues of flame. She set back into their usual gaunt and vulgar order the chairs which had been disturbed.

Farnsworth watched her with an aching heart.

"Delia," he said at length, "come and sit down. We must decide what it is best to do."

She obeyed him, although with evident reluctance. All the brief dignity which her elevation of mood had imparted had vanished now, leaving her more haggard and worn than ever. A faded, prematurely old woman, she sat twisting her red, stained hands in a vain attempt to hide their ugliness in the folds of her poor dress. Even self-pity in Farnsworth's breast began to vanish in the depth of compassion which the sexton excited.

"Delia," he said, "I must think for us both, and for the boy. He must be

considered. For his sake we must be married."

It was at once with a sense of relief and of humiliation that he saw how she shrank from this proposition. To have fallen from godhood in the meanest woman's eyes is the keenest thrust at man's pride. It gave Farnsworth a new conception that the gulf between them must look as impassable from her side as from his. He had thus far been too much absorbed in the sacrifices he was himself making to consider that all its desirabilities would not appeal to her as to him,—that its very fulness and richness which so held and delighted him would confuse and repel her.

"It is of no use!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I must have time to think. I will come back in the morning. Think yourself, Delia,—not of me, or even of yourself, so much as of the boy. It is of him that we must have the first care. Nothing can much change our lives; but the world is before him. Good-night."

However different may have been the reflections of Farnsworth and of Delia Grimwet through that long, sad night, their conclusions must have been in some respects identical, for when the former came to the house in the morning with the astonished clergyman the woman acquiesced without any discussion in the performance of the marriage ceremony. It was an occasion which the Rev. Mr. Eaton long remembered, and of which he told to the end of his life, filling out, it must be confessed, as time went on, its spare facts with sundry incidents, trifling, it is true, yet gradually overlaying the bare truth with a completeness, which the clerical gossip himself, whose belief always kept pace with his invention, was far from realizing. The only thing he could with accuracy have told, beyond the simple fact of the marriage, was that when, according to his wont, he attempted to add a few words of exhortation and moral reflection, the bridegroom cut him short and showed him to the door with a courtesy perfect but

irresistible, and somewhat softened by the liberality of the fee which accompanied the dismissal.

The boy during these singular proceedings had remained in a state of excited astonishment almost amounting to stupefaction; but when the newly-united family were alone together, his natural perversity broke out, and showed itself in its natural and unamiable colors. To the father the child's every uncouth word and act were the most acute torture; and the mother, partly by woman's instinct, partly from previous acquaintance with her husband's fastidiousness, was to a great degree sensible of this. She made no effort, however, to restrain her child. She seemed to have thrown off all responsibility upon the father, and busied herself in preparations for the boy's departure, about which, although neither had spoken of it, there seemed to be some tacit understanding.

The forenoon was well worn when Farnsworth came to the door with his carriage, for which he had gone in person.

"Come, Delia," he said, entering the house. "We may as well leave everything as it is. I told Mrs. Bemis to lock up the house and see to it. Are you ready?"

"Farnsworth is," she replied, seating herself in a low chair and drawing to her side the uncouth boy, who struggled to get free.

He broke in rudely, announcing his readiness, his joy at leaving Kempton, and his satisfaction at wearing his Sunday jacket, which to his father looked poor enough.

"But you, Delia?" her husband inquired, putting up his hand to quiet the child. "Are you ready?"

"I am not going."

Whether it were relief, remorse, or astonishment which overwhelmed him, John Farnsworth could never have told. He stood speechless, looking at his wife like one suddenly stricken dumb. The boy filled in the pause with noisy expostulations, depriving the tragedy of even the poor dignity of silence. The father knew from the outset that remonstrances

would not be likely to avail, yet he remonstrated; perhaps, for human nature is subtle beyond word, he was unconsciously for that reason the more earnest in his pleading. He would have been glad could this woman and her child have been swept out of existence. Already he had to hold himself strongly in check, lest the reaction which had followed his heroic resolve to marry Delia should show itself; but he choked back the feeling with all his resolution.

"No," Delia persistently said, her eyes dry, her voice harsh from huskiness. "I've no place anywhere but here. It is too late now. I've more feeling than I thought, for I do care something even now to be an honest woman in the sight of my neighbors; and that'll help me bear it, I suppose. Take the boy, and do for him all you owed to me. I should spoil all if I went. He is best quit of me if he's to please you and grow like you. I'll stay here and dig graves; I am fit for nothing else. I want nothing of you. I married you for the boy's sake, and for his sake I break my heart and send him away; but I will have nothing for myself. The days when I would have taken a penny from you are long gone."

She spoke calmly enough, but with a certain poignant stress which made every word fall like a weight. He did not urge her farther. He held out his hand, into which she laid hers lifelessly.

"Good-by," he said. "As God sees me, Delia, I'll do my best by the boy. I will write to you. If you change your decision,—but no matter now. I will write to you and to the minister."

All other words of parting were brief and soon spoken. The boy showed no emotion at leaving his mother, as he had throughout exhibited no tenderness. He climbed noisily into the carriage, and the father and son, so strangely assorted, rode together up the hill, past the stark meeting-house, and so on into the world whose seething waves seldom troubled, even by such a ripple as the events just narrated, the dull calm of

Kempton; and to John Farnsworth it was as if the woeful burden of remorse which had so long vexed heart and conscience had taken bodily shape and rode by his side.

Delia had been calm until the two were gone,—so calm that her husband thought her still half dazed by the excitement and anguish of the previous night. She stood steadily at the window until the carriage disappeared behind the grave-covered hill. Then she threw herself grovelling upon the floor in the very ecstasy of woe. She did not shriek, strangling in her throat into inarticulate moans and gurglings the cries which rent their way from her inmost soul; but she beat her head upon the bare floor; she caught at the furniture like a wild beast, leaving the print of her strong teeth in the hard wood; she was convulsed with her agony, an inarticulate animal rage, a boundless, inexpressible anguish which could not be measured or expressed. She clutched her bosom with her savage hands, as if she would tear herself in pieces; she wounded and bruised herself with a fierceness so intense as to be almost delight.

In the midst of her wildest paroxysm there came a knocking at the door. She started up, her face positively illuminated. "They have come back!" she murmured in ecstasy.

She rushed to the door and undid its fastenings with fingers tremulous from eager joy. A neighbor confronted her, staring in dismay and amazement at her strange and dishevelled appearance.

"What's come to ye, Dele?" he demanded roughly, though not unkindly. "When ye goin' to put the box in Widdler Pettigrove's grave?"

She confronted him for an instant with a wandering look in her eye, as though she had mercifully been driven mad. Then the tyranny of life and habit reasserted itself.

"I'll come up now, Bill," she said.

And she went back to her graves.

ARLO BATES.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE FARM.

IT is safe to say that in a large majority of cases the first objective point of a town-bred youngster, when he is turned loose at a country-place, is the barn. He instinctively recognizes it as the vital centre, the social, commercial, and financial capital, of the farm. Thence come its nourishment and support. There most of the inhabitants live and most of the work is done. For five or six months of the year it may be said to stand for the whole place, in northern latitudes at least. It furnishes food and shelter for man and beast and bird, and, in addition, play for boys. How charming a rural epitome! How numerous its uses and relations! How large its store of traditions and associations! How imposing might well be, but how shabby usually is, the structure of this temple of Ceres!

Little of all this, however, enters the mind of the supposed urchin. He wants to see the horses, colts, pigeons, and poultry. He knows the hay-mow to be a splendid place for ground and lofty tumbling, and the purlieus generally to be unequalled for hide-and-seek. Labyrinthine passages traverse the hoary timbers from basement to roof-tree, and the dim light assists concealment. Close outside, the haystacks, straw-ricks, chaff-pens, and fodder-houses, in every stage of dishevelment, are eloquent of frolic. One can hide in an instant by plunging beneath the straw. And the endless cadences and echoes of the voice among so great a variety of obstructions are perplexing in the extreme to him who would discover its place of origin. A sort of improvised ventriloquism aids the dodges of the fugitive. The smaller chaps are sometimes so hopelessly puzzled by this difficulty as to stand still in despair and cry aloud in the wilderness. Then the legitimate population of the barn is highly social, and fond of welcoming visitors, strange or familiar. A colt, if permitted, will

offer the young biper his nose, and, if that be rejected, perhaps his heels. The cold muzzle of an inquiring cow is apt to take the hand or the cheek very much by surprise. Sheep will stare one out of countenance, piglings are proverbially full of fun, and high up aloft the squabs are very inviting, with the additional attraction of affording the young explorer a chance to break his neck. Still more engaging than any of the tame folk are the wild ones,—swallows, owls, fly-catchers, wrens, rats, mice, minks, weasels, and other visitants less regular and matter-of-course than these, but tolerably certain to appear on the bucolic 'Change now and then. Whatever birds and wild quadrupeds the farm affords may be expected to make it an occasional place of call. In winter, when wood and field have long lain white, they have no other resource. The squirrel, only, has a granary of his own; but hares, doves, larks, quails, and possums (why retain or apostrophize the superfluous *o*?) fraternize with their domesticated fellows, and claim a modest percentage of the year's crop. Nor does Reynard neglect the opportunity offered by this state of things. His tracks are frequent in the snow, and his short, quick bark is often heard at night, in marked contrast to the ordinary times when his presence is felt, not seen or heard. Winter is a powerful civilizer with the inferior races, as with man. The wits are sharpened by frost, the intellect cleared with the "caller" air. Look at the arctic foxes that mastered the secret of a trigger and the range of a gun after a single trial, and gnawed the string in two, or burrowed under the snow to the bait at right angles to the line of fire. This, we think, is a touch above their congener of temperate climes, notwithstanding the care bestowed upon the latter's education by a long succession of fox-hunters. In both cases, indeed, the faculties are de-

veloped by a struggle for existence exceptionally severe and constant; and the comparison is therefore not as strong as it might be. The gray fox of the Southern States, living in a mild climate and not regularly hunted, is far from attaining the intelligence of the English red or the polar white.

The farm performs, in fact, at the barn with the whole force of the company,—stars, regulars, attendants, and supers. It is a stage whose season lasts throughout the year, only more crowded, like other theatres, in the winter. Those who are familiar with Hogarth will know that it was a hundred years ago, and is in the rural districts of England not infrequently now, a real stage, with footlights, spangles, orchestra, and all the rest of it. To our eye the most suggestive figures in the great satirist's print of the "Strolling Players" are the philosophic hens who look down from their roosts among the rafters with an air of genial contempt and pity upon the follies of those beneath them. But the votaries of the drama who thus come and go are not to the manner born. They have no local association or color. There is nothing rural about them. They seek the barn as they would any other cheap and convenient place of exhibition. Their audience is rustic enough,—not they. When they are gone, no doubt the audience left behind to take their abandoned place upon the homely boards find these invested with a new charm that brightens for a while the very practical duties they discharge upon the same spot,—a charm similar to that imparted by the dance or the corn-shucking. Many a luminary, too, tragic or comic, has gone forth to the world from this stage. In this country we may almost be said to look to it for our staple crop of scribblers and statesmen. The biographies of American poets show a balance, we believe, in favor of farmers' boys. The splitting of fire-wood, rails, or shingles seems an almost necessary introduction to the hair-splitting of lawyers, dogmatists, or dreamers. Some rural vocations are highly meditative, and the mind that

has inherent life cannot be put to sleep by the driest and hardest routine of hand-work. The old way of threshing grain, with its regular yet varied cadence, much wider in its range than "the dull thunder of alternate flails," must have been provocative to meditation. It brought together, by themselves, a pair of stout and wholesome men *vis-à-vis* for hours or all day long, in a cool, quiet, and comfortable place, and with labor which they could readily keep within the limits of unfatigued strength. The circumstances were much more conducive to thought than those of the threshing-floor, for instance, of Araunah the Jebusite, his predecessors, and his successors,—a hard-trodden and unsheltered spot in the open desert. This historic and prehistoric implement, made of two sticks, as its companion plough was of one, has, however, yielded to the march of improvement. The two swains nodding placidly and contemplatively to each other across a pile of sheaves have given place to a mighty compound of cogs and shafts moved by steam or horse-power and requiring plenty of elbow-room out of doors. This is not an affair of the barn at all. It sets up its dusty tabernacle anywhere in the fields, and roves about, gypsy-fashion, from one farm to another, as mechanical and prosaic in its ways and appearance as a cotton-jenny. We cannot exactly say that it leads us away from our subject. Rather it oscillates around it, at a greater or less distance, more often perhaps affecting the vicinity of the barn than a more distant locality. Only its product, the golden grain, finds a place inside, where, nestled in neat bin of smooth pine or oak, fearless of weevil, it awaits its summons to the embrace of the upper and the nether millstone.

So much the more room under roof for the fragrant hay,—timothy, clover, red-top, orchard-grass,—each with its special perfume readily apprehended of the rural nose, and each subtly interfused with the scent of vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), a sort of flux that blends the aroma of the rest, and, like

the Reverend Sydney's onion, "scarce suspected animates the whole." The ambrosia of ox-eyed Juno could not have been sweeter than this daily food of our oxen. It is enough of itself to glorify the edifice, and lend a charm to the "interior" incapable of being rendered by Morland, or Landseer, or any other painter of the stading, inside and out.

That barns are growing larger and larger, the exclusion from them of sheaves to the contrary notwithstanding, proves the steady progress of hay,—a specialty of that North Temperate Zone which claims the monopoly of modern civilization. Grass, not dry, but dried,—its succulence not dispelled, but arrested and imprisoned,—is extending its empire. "Beef! beef!" is the shibboleth to-day. He is the true patriot who can produce most of that classic commodity and whirl it with most rapidity and with least damage to its nutritive virtues across the continent and across the Atlantic. It is all very well to point to the barnless plains of Montana, Nebraska, and Colorado, where a winter cold of -40° fails to destroy the "laudable propensity" of the short-horn's flesh to "desert the cheap regions of the body and agglomerate on those which are worth ninepence a pound,"—where the prairie-grass cures itself and welcomes the questing muzzle through three or four feet of snow, and where a race is growing up, biped and quadruped, that never saw a barn. Sad statistics blur this roseate picture. One year in five belongs to Boreas, and a second goes to the grasshoppers. Shingles and the mowing-machine will have ere long to make up the missing two-fifths. The mighty garner will heave its giant bulk up from the blank flats of the Kaw, the Platte, and the Missouri. The meat-crop no more than the grain-crop or any other vegetable crop will come spontaneously. The fruits of cultivation must be cultivated. Cultivated animals, like cultivated man, must have a home. Steaks, cakes, and constitutions will not grow wild. The reign of law is the reign of the barn. Nobody knows this better than the farmer who is spreading

himself and his herds over the Great American Desert. For a while he and his lively sons—those picturesque pistoliers the cow-boys—have managed to get along without either barns or lawyers; but they will have to accept the inevitable and resign themselves to both. The summer-haunting martlet will shoot under a thousand cobwebbed eaves, lowing millions will breathe a frosty defiance to the thermometer, and a thousand county court-houses will echo to the wordy game of pitch-and-toss. Where the carcass is,—in this case a multitude of carcasses, for shipment East, frozen or on the hoof,—there will the eagles be gathered together,—attorneys, hawks, crows, rats, foxes, and all the other satellites of a full granary.

Things are on a grand scale in the Far West. The standard of its cataclysms, geysers, snow-drifts, tornadoes, and herds will doubtless be repeated in its barns. The gigantic structure which overtops many a habitation in New England and Pennsylvania will be eclipsed. Nothing but the high price of timber will check their height and breadth. But the railroads have been able to find material for many miles of snow-sheds, and their demand cannot be more pressing than that of the agriculture which supports the railroads. The prevalence of sudden and tremendous storms of wind may repress any tendency to build too high, leaving the duty of elevated landmarks to the windmills,—appliances which will become as regular a feature of the landscape as they are in Holland, except that here their task will be to supply water, while there they are employed in getting rid of it.

Rainless California may remain barnless. She lacks even the preliminary of a stack-yard. The idea will always be foreign to a people who do not even reap their grain, but merely decapitate it. Her social system will have to get on without the "sweet influences" of this time-honored edifice. Anglo-Saxons without a barn! all outfang and no infang! Can we imagine the parliamentary instincts and institutions of the race maintaining themselves in this *al*

fresco fashion? The country wears the aspect of an encampment, not unlike the Maremma, where the nomadic agriculturist only pays sudden and stolen visits to his ranch, like the Spartan to his bride. Yet this is only one of the new conditions which mark that exceptional soil, and all of them united may fail to arrest the masterful genius of a race triumphant over so long a list of strange and perplexing situations. What is needful and best for the farmer, his acolytes, and his products, we may be sure will, there as elsewhere, be forthcoming. Certainly the want of this adjunct cannot be said at present to weigh heavily on a community that raises six times as much wheat as it needs for food, besides barley, wool, and wine in like proportion.

It is in the East that we are to look for the possibilities of the barn as a decorative element; and not in the Southeast either, for the tobacco-barn and the cotton-shed do not deserve the name. Broad-eaved, deep-set, many-finaled, bristling with ventilators and lightning-rods, eloquent of accommodations for creatures of all kinds, from the pewit to the Percheron, the mighty fabric will embody all the architectural orders that can be sawed out of plank, and illustrate every style of polychrome inventible in the land of paint. The crowning weathercock has of itself a wide range of expression. It may have heraldic significance, and conceal a pun *perdu*, like so many armorial mottoes. Chanticleer is a favorite character in this, as in the ancient, blazonry. On one of the fat haughs that skirt the Ohio River we have seen him proclaiming the name of the thrifty proprietor,—Mr. Cockayne. The horse, the hare, the griffin, the bull, the martin, and the rest of the emblematic menagerie are doubtless given a similar application. Three barn rats skewered by the tail would "become an old coat" as well as the three lues. So with the different utensils of the farmer. The plough, as a means of showing which way the wind blows, is somewhat hackneyed. The spade we have never seen employed in that capacity. It is

admirably suited for a weathercock, and might be dignified, as it is on playing-cards, by association with the Spanish word for sword,—a knightly tool enough. Still another class of objects is available for this purpose. The wheat-sheaf comes in well. On the capabilities of the crook-neck we need not dilate. The parsnip and the mangel-wurzel are shaped as though nature had designed them for this lofty purpose. The cabbage is rather too broad in the head and too slender as to stem; and then it is objectionable as suggesting a low order of intelligence. The Turk's-head squash brings us back again to the Crusades. It might very well surmount the grange of one of that large family of Smiths who trace to the doughty proto-Virginian or his brother, and who appropriate his arms,—those of the name, at least, who have not gone further back for a crest and committed themselves to the hammer or the horseshoe. As to the motto, the ample gable might display it to the gaze of half a township. But we have said enough to faintly adumbrate the landed aristocracy of the future, an order of country gentlemen more solidly based than the Cincinnati, declared noble by their hay-mows, and supplying in a modest way the conservative element we need so badly. The lapse of a generation or two will give them plenty of prestige,—more, at least, than can attach to the see-saw of city fortunes won in the warfare of the stock-board. "Fork over! fork!" is the device of one ancient Scotch family; and "*Serva jugum*" is still proudly borne by the Hays, another. The cattle-feeders of to-day may as properly sport these graphic, if homely, insignia as the cattle-stealers of old. If asked for their parchments, they can point to their ancestral barns, from sill to roof-tree and beyond, not altogether in vane.

Among a multiplicity of other things harbored by barns are old English words. Part of the Saxon vocabulary would seem to have been "run in" to their ample shelter. Walter Scott might have extended his remark upon the double set of words employed for designating

the same object in its dual aspect as a burden and care in Saxon and as a pleasure and luxury in Norman-French. Nearly the whole of the farmer's nomenclature is Anglo-Saxon. Leaving his house, home, grange, cottage, dwelling, or whatever else you may style it in the primitive tongue, he passes through a gate into the field, looks at his various crops, all equally Teutonic, visits his stock, the grass, stover, fodder, or roughness on which they feed, and the brook, run, stream, pond, or well from which they drink, returns to the steading, counts his stacks, ricks, and shocks, explores his stalls, racks, bins, and mows, sees that his wagons, rakes, wheels, harrows, carts, etc., are in order, and recrosses his threshold with hardly the need of using, in thought or speech, a word belonging to the Latin family or recalling the Conquest. Only when he addresses the outer world—a butcher, it may be, or a phosphate-agent—does he speak of his beeves, his muttons, or his fertilizers. The last he is apt to call bones, and the others he is pretty certain to term steers, sheep, or wethers. He is by no means contemptuous of agricultural chemistry and all other modern contributions to his calling; but he uses what he wants of them without perceptible strain upon his vocabulary. Phosphate is with him a generic term that embraces a vast range of compounds. Inventors he listens to with interest and attention, but compels them to christen their contrivances with short, plain Saxon names. If they indulge in Latin or Greek, he becomes at once suspicious, and passes on, or obliges them to pass on. A thousand or two separate and distinct kinds of reapers, binders, mowers, corn-planters, corn-shuckers, fodder-cutters, etc., are pressed upon his attention; but he requires them to be distinguished only by the maker's or inventor's name, and not by strings of outlandish syllables of learned length and thundering sound. In this respect he is a valuable instructor to all of us. He points out to us how the genius and idiom, and not only the soul but the body, of the language may be preserved

virtually intact without drawback upon its power of keeping abreast of the march of mind and assimilating new ideas. Many newly-coined words, held by scientific men to be indispensable to the pursuit of their inquiries or the statement of their conclusions, are of little or no use outside of the laboratory or the library of the specialist. A majority of them sooner or later pass out of use even there, and a far larger majority never get into the vernacular. Comparatively few of these words become fixtures in the language. Like other imported goods, they are brought in, worn out, and cast aside. As with foreign visitors generally, they are divided into two classes, the transients and the settlers. Shakespeare, and Chaucer before him, have each a copious coinage from Romance metal long ago discredited and thrown out of circulation, or, if still current, bearing a greatly-altered value; and this although some of the rejected acquisitions were really needed. Chaucer introduced, for example, "galliard" and "fumosity;" but we have fallen back on "gay fellow" and "smokiness." The whole terminology of those pioneers of modern science the alchemists has died out. The diseases of domestic animals have lately built up quite a literature, full of classic compounds. Blue-books without end tell the agriculturist all the government thinks he ought to know about these formidable plagues. He can make little more, however, of pleuro-pneumonia than when he was familiar with it as lung-fever or something else. That fearful parasite *trichina spiralis* is another old acquaintance under a new name. He was no stranger to its occasional appearance in pork; but he never heard of its killing any one till some immigrants brought over the fashion of eating ham and sausage raw. Over the results of such a taste he wastes small sympathy, and, uninfluenced by Latin, Greek, and the microscope, he inclines to the retention of plain traditional names and of the traditional faith that the best thing to do with a very sick animal is to shoot it.

In parts of Virginia and Maryland, and perhaps elsewhere, there used to be an offshoot, or chapel of ease, to the barn, in the shape of a thatched tent, twenty to forty feet in diameter, and open all round. The name given to this erection by its euphuistic inventor was "hexagon." He might as properly have called it a polygon, since it had a dozen sides oftener than six. It was well known to us as the "hexicon" long before we knew anything about its etymology. What shape the word would finally have taken had not the thing itself become extinct it is impossible to guess. It had an odd setting, this gem from the East, in the dialect of some of those who had to do with it:

"Ike, wha' you bin put dem da' hames wha' you had *istiddy*?" (strong emphasis on *tid*.)

"Look in 'e hexicon. Da' dee."

That the softening of *g* into *c* was only the beginning of the process of naturalization is obvious. The genius of Africa would but have hastened the inevitable.

These conical sheds were immensely popular with swallows,—more so than the barn. Their mud nests were inaccessible to cats and to most other marauders, and consequently studded the vault thickly and made it vocal with twittering. Young swallows have a weakness for tumbling out of bed, so that the boy naturalist in search of specimens rarely had to climb. The floor was, or had been, sacred to the flail, and we remember that the centre pole of one hexagon was the pivot of what must have been the revered, though hopelessly senile, ancestor of all threshing-machines. We never saw it at work, and its working seemed to be mere matter of tradition. We have often since wondered how it could have been made to work at all, as the first three or four turns must have wound it up tightly. This remains one of the unsolved problems of youth, as mysterious as the grim labyrinth of beams and spur-wheels. Its actual product was more of eggs than wheat, its manifold recesses having a great charm in the

eyes of hens and Muscovies. Many a snowy lunch did it yield for Aunt Daffeny (long for Daphne) to roast with the more regular hot hoe-cake and iced buttermilk,—a tiffin fit for the gods, supposing the gods to have strong digestions and to have been running about in the sun all the morning. Good old soul! she never asked any questions. Tolerant in the extreme, and proof to all surprises, she even conquered her prejudices so far as to fry for us, without remark or demur, the delicate white frog-legs we had already learned to appreciate, although our elders had not. Like Galvani, we were a pioneer in that branch of science, and, like him, had to contend with doubters, so that this feature of our bill of fare could not appear on the dining-table and had to be "negotiated" privately in the kitchen. When, one day, we were carried in from shooting in that same marsh, as blind as a bat *pro tem.*, with hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes burned off, the old lady was foremost among the sympathizers, the varnished burnt umber of her complexion turning, as we learned afterward, into ashes of rose; and she would, had she known how to catch them, have brought up to the invalid a nice fry of frogs, in utter defiance of public opinion.

The folk-lore of a large portion of Christendom holds that on one midnight of the three hundred and sixty-five, "that only night of all the year," the cattle low in their stalls and the cocks crow from the loft above. This belief, on the part of a simple-minded peasantry, of participation in their highest and deepest concerns by the humble associates of their life and labors, has had an attraction for better-equipped minds than those which cherish it. It belongs to a class of fancies which have always had a power over men akin to the power of truth. It gives voice to a sort of instinctive notion that the family of nature is one, that man is not isolated, and that "the kindly fruits of the earth" are not all of the common heritage he must be content to share with other animate existences.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

AN EPISODE OF JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

FAR down in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, the old-time, heart-some village of Chambersburg was one of the chief attractions a quarter of a century ago. It was founded by the sturdy Scotch-Irish pioneers, who carried their severe religion and their not less severe detestation of despotism with them, and mingled their prayers with their warfare against the savage and the soldiers of King George. The memorable pioneer whose name the village bears chose a lovely spot as his home and the heritage of his children, where the soft murmurs of the crystal waters of Falling Spring are lost in the Conococheague, and the united waters course through the centre of the town on their journey to the sea. Here more than a century had been devoted to the genial civilization that made Chambersburg first in the affections of its people; and its palatial homes,—for that day,—its grand elms and lindens which arched the walks with their shades, its cultured people, with just pride of ancestry and equal pride of present character and usefulness, made it one of the most delightful of Pennsylvania towns for citizen or visitor. It had none of the paralysis that comes when "wealth accumulates and men decay;" large fortunes were unknown, but plenty, thrift, and comfort stamped their impress upon the community.

In the summer of 1859 a man of rather rude aspect but of grave and quiet demeanor was noticed by the village crowd that usually gathered in social converse about the post-office while the evening mail was being distributed. He attracted little attention, as he seldom spoke save when spoken to, and then, only in the briefest way. He was known as "Dr. Smith," and was reputed to be engaged in the development of iron-mines on the Potomac, some twenty-five miles distant. He lodged at a private boarding-house off from the centre of the town, and there was nothing in his say-

ings or doings to excite any apprehension that his mission was anything else than a peaceful one. This man was John Brown, then of Kansas fame, and later immortalized in song and story throughout every civilized land. The supposed mining-implements which he was storing in Chambersburg were the rude pikes with which the negroes of Virginia were to be armed in their expected insurrection against their masters. There was not a man, woman, or child in Chambersburg who then dreamed that "Dr. Smith" was John Brown,—not one who knew or suspected his real purpose. None of the many who then saw him casually from day to day could have dreamed that the harmless looking and acting "Dr. Smith" was engaged in a drama the sequel of which would be enacted when the vandals' torch left the beautiful old village in ashes only five years later. The South ever believed that John Brown made Chambersburg the base for his mad raid on Harper's Ferry because he had many sympathizing confidants and abettors there; and that unjust prejudice resolved all doubts as to dooming the town when McCausland rioted in its destruction on the 30th of July, 1864.

In the early part of October, 1859, two men, unknown to me, entered my office and asked to submit some legal matters in private. We retired to the private office, when the younger of the two, an intelligent and evidently positive man, gave his name as Francis Jackson Meriam, of Boston, and his companion gave his name as John Henry. Meriam said that he was going on a journey South, that he had some property at home, that accidents often happened to travellers, and that he desired me to draw his will. I did so, and was not surprised that a young Boston traveller, after making a few special bequests, gave his property to the Abolition Society of his native State. There was nothing in his appearance, manner, or

conversation to attract any special attention to his proceeding, and his will was duly executed, witnessed, and, in obedience to his orders, mailed to the executor in Boston. When I asked Meriam's companion to witness the will, he declined, saying that he was a traveller also, and that both the witnesses had better be in the same town. His real reasons for declining to witness the will of his friend were, first, that "John Henry" was none other than John Henry Kagi, and, second, because he presumed his life to be as much in peril as was that of his friend. The sequel proved that he judged well; for Kagi was killed in the attack on Harper's Ferry, while Meriam escaped. When the two visitors left, they were no more thought of in the village lawyer's office until the startling news came of Brown's attempt to capture Harper's Ferry and to arm the slaves of Virginia in general insurrection. Then, to my surprise, I read the name of the testator in the will I had written a short time before; and the name and description of another assured me that his fellow-visitor in my office was the then fallen John Henry Kagi.

It may be remembered that of the twenty-one who composed John Brown's army of invasion, Watson Brown, Oliver Brown, John Henry Kagi, Adolphus Thompson, and Stewart Taylor, whites, and Sherrard Lewis Leary, Dangerfield Newby, and Jeremiah Anderson, colored, were killed in the battle; and that William H. Leeman and William Thompson were killed in attempting to retreat. Owen Brown, Barclay Coppock, Charles P. Tidd, and Francis Jackson Meriam, whites, and Osborne P. Anderson, colored, escaped. They made their way through the forests of the South Mountain to Chambersburg, travelling only by night, were concealed in a retired grove near Chambersburg for several days, to enable the wounded men of the party to recruit their strength, and then went on by short night-marches across the South Mountain to the Juniata Valley, near Bell's Mills, where they were taken in charge

by a prominent citizen of Harrisburg, whose dust has long mouldered with that of John Brown. Meriam left the party at Chambersburg, took the cars, and went through to Boston without detection. Only two residents of Chambersburg knew of the presence of the fugitives, and they are no longer numbered among the citizens of the town whose history forms such an important chapter in the annals of our terrible civil war. John E. Cook, Edwin Coppock, Aaron Dwight Stevens, and Albert Hazlitt, whites, and John Copeland and Shields Green, colored, were captured with John Brown, their leader, convicted of murder at Charlestown, Virginia, and executed in December, 1859. Hazlitt was the first of the fugitives captured in Pennsylvania. He was arrested while walking along the Cumberland Valley Railroad near Shippensburg, and lodged in the jail at Carlisle. His captors supposed him to be Captain Cook, and that error, in all human probability, cost Cook his life on the gibbet. A requisition was quietly obtained from Richmond for the rendition of Cook. When it arrived, the identity of Hazlitt had been established, but the requisition remained within thirty miles of Chambersburg, to surprise Cook and return him to Virginia just when he had perfected his plans for escape. Cook was the last of the fugitives to be captured, and the circumstances and manner of his arrest, the strange miscarriage of his apparently certain opportunities of escape, and his heroism in the lawless cause that so blindly misguided him, make a truthful story before which the fascinating inventions of romance pale.

I was the counsel of John E. Cook in Chambersburg, and the only person entirely familiar with the inner history of his capture and plans of escape. The community of which Chambersburg was the centre of business and sentiment was nearly equally divided on the political issues of that day; but the undertow of anti-slavery conviction was stronger than the partisan dogmas which made one-half the people declare

slavery a lawful and therefore a defensible institution. Fervent and eloquent speeches would be made on the stump in every campaign against interference with slavery and in favor of the faithful observance of the mandates of the Constitution, and glittering resolves would emanate from party conventions in favor of the Union, the Constitution, and the laws; but the practical division of the community on the issue of obedience to the Constitution and the laws which commanded the rendition of fugitive slaves left here and there a despised negro-catcher on the one side and all the people on the other side. There was no Democrat in Franklin County to accept a commissionership under the Fugitive Slave Law. I have seen two Democratic president judges administer the laws with a singleness of purpose to hold the scales of justice in even balance; and I have known a prominent Democratic candidate for the same position, and once a member of Congress, who publicly demanded justice to the South by the rendition of slaves; but all of them would feed the trembling sable fugitive, hide him from his pursuers, and bid him God-speed on his journey toward the North Star. The Democratic president judge who personally remanded Captain Cook to the custody of the Virginia authorities for execution would have assented to and aided his escape had they met simply as man and man outside the sacred obligations of the law. There was no sentiment in Franklin County or elsewhere in the North to give any practical enforcement to the Fugitive Slave Law; and in every contest between slave and master, and in every issue relating to slavery, the people were profoundly anti-slavery, however they resolved in convention or spoke in the forum or voted at the polls. This statement of the public sentiment that prevailed a quarter of a century ago in Southern Pennsylvania, hard by the slave-border, and which was but a reflex of the sentiment of the North that gave practical effect to its teachings, will make the story of Captain Cook's apparently certain but sin-

gularly-defeated opportunities of escape better understood.

It had been known for some days after the Brown raid on Harper's Ferry that Captain Cook was at large; and, as a liberal reward for his capture had been offered by Governor Wise of Virginia, and a minute description of his person published throughout the country, the whole skilled and amateur detective force of the land was watching every promising point to effect his capture. The Northern cities, East and West, were on the watch to discover his hiding-place; but the forest-schooled and native-taught detective of the South Mountain knew that some of its fastnesses must be his retreat. The broken ranges of the mountain on the southern border of Franklin embraced the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, between the free and the slave States. It was the favorite retreat of the fugitive slave; and its nearness to Harper's Ferry, and its sacred temples of solitude, where only the hunter or the chopper wandered, made it the most inviting refuge for the fleeing insurrectionist. Cook was known as a man of desperate courage, as a rare expert in the use of pistol and rifle, as a reckless desperado in the anti-slavery crusade; and his capture alive was not expected. He had braved assassination in Kansas, and all believed that he would resist to the death any attempt to capture him for Virginia vengeance on the gallows. He had been concealed in the mountain-recesses for some days with his companions, who subsequently escaped through Chambersburg to the North, when he decided to seek out some woodman's home and obtain provisions. They were afraid to shoot game, lest the reports of their guns might indicate their retreat and lead to their capture. Cook was of a nervous, restless, reckless disposition, and he started out alone, going he knew not whither, to obtain food. He reasoned plausibly that he could not be captured by any one or two men, as he was well armed and thoroughly skilled in the use of his weapons. He took no thought of arrest, as, had a score of armed men confronted him, he would have sold

his life as dearly as possible and died in the battle for his liberty. He understood that he might die any day or hour; but to be made a prisoner and be rendered up to Virginia justice to die on the gibbet was the one doom that he meant to escape. He felt safe, therefore, in his venture out in the pathless mountains to claim the hospitality of some humble home in the wilderness. And his judgment would have been justified had he not walked into the hands of the only man in Franklin County who combined with the courage and the skill the purpose to capture him.

Among the sturdy population of mountaineers on the Southern Pennsylvania border was a family of Logans. There were two brothers,—both shrewd, quiet, resolute men, both strongly Southern in their sympathies, both natural detectives, and both trained in the summary rendition of fugitive slaves without process of law. It was common for slaves to escape from Maryland and Virginia into the South Mountain, whose broken spurs and extended wings of dense forest gave them reasonably safe retreat. Their escape would be followed by hand-bills describing the fugitives and offering rewards for their capture and return. These offers of rewards always found their way into the hands of Daniel and Hugh Logan, and many fleeing sons of bondage were arrested by them and quietly returned to their masters. Hugh followed his natural bent and went South as soon as the war began. He at once enlisted in the Confederate service, rose to the rank of captain, and was the guide in General Stuart's raid to Chambersburg in October, 1862. He then saved me from identification and capture, although my arrest was specially ordered, with that of a dozen others, in retaliation for Pope's arrest of Virginia citizens; and I was glad at a later period of the war to save him from summary execution as a supposed bushwhacker by General Kelley. Whatever may be said or thought of his convictions and actions, he sealed them with his life, as he fell mortally wounded in one of the last

skirmishes of the war. His brother Daniel was less impulsive, and he did not believe that either slavery or freedom was worth dying for. He was then just in the early vigor of manhood, and a man of rare qualities. He possessed the highest measure of courage, but never sought and seldom shared in a quarrel. He was a complete picture of physical strength, compactly and symmetrically formed, and with a face whose clear-cut features unmistakably indicated his positive qualities. He was a born detective. Silent, cunning, tireless, and resolute, he ever exhausted strategy in his many campaigns against fugitives, and he seldom failed. Had he been city-born, with opportunities for culture in the profession, Logan would have made one of the best chiefs of a detective-bureau to be found in the country. But, mountain-born, unschooled save by himself, and trained only in the rude contests with fugitive slaves and an occasional criminal in the border wilderness, he finally wearied of his trade, and his arrest of Captain Cook was his last exploit in the detective line. He subsequently removed to Lancaster, where a very quiet, well-to-do, well-behaved, and respected dealer in horses answers to the name of Daniel Logan.

In a mountain-ravine near Mont Alto Furnace, Cleggett Fitzhugh, manager of the works, and a man of Southern birth and strong Southern sympathies, was overseeing a number of men at work, and Daniel Logan had happened to come that way and was engaged in casual conversation with him. The ravine is so hidden by the surrounding forest that one unacquainted with the locality would not know of its existence until he entered it. Captain Cook, in his wanderings in search of food, was surprised to find himself suddenly emerge from the mountain-thicket into an open space and within less than fifty yards of a number of workmen. He was clad and armed as a hunter, and he at once decided to evade suspicion by boldly meeting the men he could not hope to escape by flight. The moment he appeared, the keen eye of Logan scanned him,

and, without betraying his discovery in any way, he quietly said to Fitzhugh, "That's Captain Cook: we must arrest him: the reward is one thousand dollars." Fitzhugh heartily sympathized with Logan alike in hatred of the John Brown raiders and in desire for the reward, and he knew enough about Logan to say nothing and obey.

Cook advanced in a careless manner to Logan and Fitzhugh, and told them that he was hunting on the mountains and wanted to replenish his stock of bread and bacon. Logan at once disarmed suspicion on the part of Cook by his well-affected hospitality, as he proposed to go at once with Cook to Logan's store—which had no existence, by the way—and supply the hunter's wants. Cook was so completely thrown off guard by the kind professions of Logan and Fitzhugh that he fell in between them without noticing how he was being flanked. His gun rested carelessly on his shoulder, and the hand that could grasp his pistol and fire with unerring aim in the twinkling of an eye was loosely swinging by his side. None but a Daniel Logan could have thus deceived John E. Cook, who had studied men of every grade in many perils; but there was not the trace of excitement or the faintest betrayal of his desperate purpose on the face of Logan. Thus completely disarmed by strategy, the little blue-eyed blond, the most sympathetic and the fiercest of all John Brown's lieutenants, was instantly made powerless, as two rugged mountaineers, at a signal from Logan, grasped his arms and held him as in a vice. Cook was bewildered for a moment, and when the truth flashed upon him he struggled desperately; but it was one small, starved man against two strong mountaineers, and he soon discovered that resistance was vain.

"Why do you arrest me?" was his inquiry, when he perceived that violence was useless.

"Because you are Captain Cook," was the cool reply of Logan.

Cook neither affirmed nor denied the impeachment, and the speedy search of his person settled the question, as his

captain's commission in John Brown's army was found in an inner pocket.

Cook was taken to Fitzhugh's house and stripped of his weapons, consisting of gun, revolver, and knife. He was allowed to eat a hasty meal, and was then placed, unbound, in an open buggy with Logan, to be taken to Chambersburg. He was informed that if he attempted to escape he would be shot, and it did not need an extended acquaintance with his captor to assure him that what he threatened he would certainly perform. He then gave up all hope of escape by either fight or flight. As they were journeying along the eighteen miles, Cook found that his captor was less bloodthirsty than mercenary; and the following conversation, subsequently repeated to me by both parties, passed substantially between them:

"You will get a reward of one thousand dollars for me, you say?" queried Cook.

"Yes, a thousand dollars," answered the sententious Logan.

"They will hang me in Virginia, won't they?" was Cook's next inquiry.

"Yes, they will hang you," was the chilling answer.

"Do you want to have me hung?" was Cook's first venture upon the humane side of his captor.

"No," was the prompt but unimpassioned answer of Logan.

"Then you want only the reward?" was Cook's half-hopeful appeal to Logan.

"Yes; that's all," was Logan's reply.

Cook's naturally bright face at once beamed with hope as he enthusiastically entered into various plans for the payment of the sum that would ransom his life. He told Logan how a thousand dollars, or five times that sum, would not be a matter of a moment's consideration to his brother-in-law, Governor Willard of Indiana, or his other brother-in-law, a man of large fortune residing in Brooklyn; but Logan distrusted this story of high dignitaries and large fortunes, and no practical way seemed open to make Cook's credit good enough to

assure his discharge. Finally, he inquired of Logan whether there was no one in Chambersburg who would be likely to take an interest in him, and who could act as his counsel and assure Logan of the payment of the reward. Logan named me as a Republican senator just elected, who might agree to act as his counsel. He proposed to take Cook to my office without revealing his identity to any others, and if I assured him of the payment of the reward he would walk away and leave Cook with me. With this truce between captor and captive, they arrived in Chambersburg a little before sunset, put up at a hotel, and Logan sent for me. I had walked out to the southern suburbs of the town that evening after tea, to look at some lots, and on my way back had stopped with a circle of men gathered about a small outskirt store. We had just closed one of the most desperate local contests of the State; and only those who know the sunny side of village politics can appreciate how an evening hour or more could thus be pleasantly spent. It was an out-of-the-way place, and among the last that would be thought of in deciding where to look for me. Meantime, Logan had had me searched for in every place where I was accustomed to stroll in the evening, until, as it grew late, his evident concern attracted attention, and he feared the discovery or suspicion of the identity of his prisoner. When darkness began to gather and all efforts to find me had been unsuccessful, he sent for an officer, and started with his prisoner for the office of Justice Reisher, to deliver Cook to the custody of the law. The office of the justice was on the main street, about midway between the hotel and the suburban store where I had tarried, and as I walked leisurely homeward I noticed a crowd about the door of the little temple of justice. As I came up to the door, Logan first noticed me from the inside, and hurried out to meet me, exclaiming in a whisper, with a betrayal of excitement that I had never before seen in him, "My God, Colonel McClure! where have you been? I have been

hunting you for more than an hour. That's Captain Cook; and I had agreed to bring him to you. Can't you get him yet?"

I was greatly surprised, of course, and equally perplexed at the grave results likely to follow. I quietly pressed my way into the office until the justice noticed me, and he at once addressed Cook, saying, "Here's your counsel now."

Cook beckoned me to his side in the corner, and said, in a tone of visible despair, "I had expected to meet you at your office and escape this misfortune." He added, "I am Cook: there's no use in denying it. What's to be done?"

I turned to the justice, and said, "There is no dispute as to the identity of the prisoner: a hearing is needless. Let him be committed to await the demand for his rendition."

The justice would have been quite content had Cook been able to bounce through a window and escape; but that was not possible, and Cook was committed to prison. Logan relented of his work when he saw that he had surrendered a life for a price; and his last direction to me, as we passed out of the office, was, "Get Cook away, reward or no reward."

Cook was conducted to the old jail, accompanied by the officer and myself; and I shall never forget the tremulous voice in which the sheriff inquired of me what precautions he should take to secure the prisoner. I was in the doubly unpleasant position of being counsel for a prisoner whose life depended upon his escape from prison, and also counsel for the sheriff, who was more than ready to obey any instructions I might give him to facilitate Cook's escape without legal responsibility for the act. The sheriff was one of a class of simple countrymen who are as rugged in their political convictions or prejudices as in their physical organization. He ill concealed his willingness to let Cook get away if it could be done without official responsibility for the escape, and this he was more than willing to leave to me to decide. I told him to take Cook and myself to a cell,

leave us together, and admit no others. When the lawless little captive had got comfortably seated in his cell, I had my first opportunity to note his appearance and qualities. His long, silken, blond hair curled carelessly about his neck, his deep-blue eyes were gentle in expression as a woman's, and his slightly-bronzed complexion did not conceal the soft, effeminate skin that would have well befitted the gentler sex. He was small in stature, barely five feet five, and his active life on the Western theatre of war had left him without superfluous flesh. He was nervous and impatient; he spoke in quick, impulsive sentences, but with little directness, save in repeating that he must escape from prison. I reminded him that he could not walk out of jail, and that his escape that night, under any circumstances, would be specially dangerous to himself and dangerous to the sheriff. My presence with him in the jail until a late hour, and my professional relations as counsel of the sheriff, forbade any needless haste. We carefully considered every possible method of getting a requisition for him from Richmond; and, assuming that Cook's arrest was telegraphed to Richmond that evening, a requisition by mail or special messenger could not possibly reach Chambersburg the next day or night. It was decided, therefore, that he should not attempt to escape that night, but that the next night he should have the necessary instructions and facilities to regain his liberty. How or by whom he was to be aided need not be told. The two men who took upon themselves the work of ascertaining just where and by what means Cook could best break out of the old jail were never known or suspected as actively aiding the prisoner. One is now dead, and the other is largely interested in Southern enterprise. They did their part well; and, had Cook remained in Chambersburg over the next day, he would have been following the *North Star* before the midnight hour.

I had spent half an hour with Cook when he first entered the prison, and then left him for an hour to confer with my law-partner about the possibility of a

legal contest to delay or defeat the requisition, in case it should be necessary. I returned to the jail about ten o'clock, and had my last interview with Cook. As he never dreamed of a requisition reaching him before the second day, and as he was entirely confident of his escape the following night, he threw off the cloud of despair that shadowed him in the early part of the evening, and startled me with the eloquence and elegance of his conversation. His familiar discussion of poetry, painting, and everything pertaining to the beautiful, would have made any one forget that he was in a chilly prison-cell and presume that he was in the library of some romantic lover of literature and the fine arts. I became strangely interested in the culture that was blended with the mad desperation of the Virginia insurgent. He was evidently a man of much more than common intellectual qualities, and thoroughly poetical in taste and temperament, with a jarring mixture of wild, romantic love of the heroic. He told me of his hair-breadth escapes in Kansas, of the price set upon his head; and his whole soul seemed to be absorbed in avenging the Kansas slavery crusades by revolutionary emancipation in the slave States. When I asked him whether he would not abandon his lawless and hopeless scheme when he escaped, his large, soft eyes flashed with the fire of defiance as he answered, with an emphasis that unstrung every nerve in his body, "No! the battle must be fought to the bitter end; and we must triumph, or God is not just."

It was vain to argue with him the utter madness of attempting such a revolution, and its absolute lawlessness: he rejected all law and logic, and believed in his cause. And more: he fully, fanatically, believed in its justice: he believed in it as a duty,—as the rule of patriotism that had the sanction of a higher law than that of man. In short, John E. Cook was a wild fanatic on the slavery question, and he regarded any and every means to precipitate emancipation as justified by the end. He did not want to kill, or to desolate homes with worse than death by the

brutal fury of slave insurrection; but if such appalling evils attended the struggle for the sudden and absolute overthrow of slavery, he was ready to accept the responsibility and believe that he was simply performing his duty. I do not thus present Cook in apology for his crime; I present him as he was,—a sincere fanatic, with mingled humanity and atrocity strangely unbalancing each other, and his mad purposes intensified by the barbarities which crimsoned the early history of Kansas.

After half an hour thus spent almost wholly as a listener to the always brilliant and often erratic conversation of the prisoner, I rose to leave him. He bade me good-night, with hope beaming in every feature of his attractive face. I engaged to call again the next afternoon, and left him, to meet nevermore. He could have made his escape in thirty minutes that night, but it would have compromised both the sheriff and myself, and the second opportunity for his flight was lost. I reached my home before eleven o'clock, and was surprised to find Mrs. McClure and her devoted companion Miss Reilly awaiting me in the library, dressed to face the storm that had begun to rage without. They stated that they were about to proceed to the jail, ask to see Cook,—which they knew would not be refused them by the sheriff,—dress him in the extra female apparel they had in a bundle, and one of them walk out with him, while the other remained in his cell. It was entirely practicable, and it required more than mere protestation on my part to prevent it. Even when assured that Cook would certainly escape the following night without embarrassment to the sheriff or any one else, the woman's intuition rejected the reason it could not answer, and only when it was peremptorily forbidden as foolish and needless did they reluctantly consent to abandon the last chance Cook could then have had to escape. They were both strongly anti-slavery by conviction, and their lives were lustrous in the offices of kindness. Miss Reilly, better known in Philadelphia as the late accomplished wife of

Rev. Thomas X. Orr, was the daughter of a Democratic member of Congress, and was positive in her party faith in all save slavery, and both women were of heroic mould. They many times reproached themselves for not acting upon their woman's intuition without waiting to reason with man on the subject. Had they done so, Cook would have been out of prison, fleetly mounted, and the morning sun would have greeted him in the northern mountains. Their mission failed because forbidden when the escape of the prisoner by other means seemed as certain as anything could be in the future, and the ill-fated Cook lost his third chance for liberty. Both his fair would-be rescuers sleep the dreamless sleep of the dead, and the winds of the same autumn sang their requiem and strewed their fresh graves with nature's withered emblems of death.

About noon on the following day the sheriff rushed into my office, wild with excitement, and his eyes dimmed by tears, and exclaimed, "Cook's taken away!" A thunderbolt from a cloudless sky could not have startled me more; but the painful distress of the sheriff left no doubt in my mind that he had stated the truth. He soon calmed down sufficiently to tell me how a requisition for Cook had been lying in Carlisle, only thirty miles distant by railroad, where it had been brought some days before when Hazlitt had been arrested and was believed to be Cook. The error had been corrected when the identity of Hazlitt had been discovered, and another requisition forwarded, on which he had been returned to Virginia; but the Cook requisition remained with the sheriff of Cumberland. When Cook's arrest was announced, the requisition was brought on to Chambersburg in the morning train, and the officer, fearing delay by the sheriff's sending for his counsel, called on the president judge, who happened to be in the town, and demanded his approval of the regularity of his papers and his command for the prompt rendition of the prisoner. The judge repaired to the prison with the officer, and performed his plain

duty under the law by declaring the officer entitled to the custody of Cook. The noon train bore the strangely ill-fated prisoner on his way to Virginia and to death. No man in like peril ever seemed to have had so many entirely practicable opportunities for escape; but all failed, even with the exercise of what would be judged as the soundest discretion for his safety. His return to the Charlestown jail, his memorable trial, his inevitable conviction, his only cowardly act of submitting to recapture when he had broken out of his cell a few hours before his execution, and his final execution with his captive comrades, are familiar to all. His trial attracted more attention than that of any of the others, because of the prominent men enlisted in his cause, and of the special interest felt in him by the community in and about Harper's Ferry. He had taught school there some years before, had married there, and his return as one of John Brown's raiders to kindle the flames of slave insurrection intensified the bitterness of the people against him. From the 28th day of October, 1859, when he was lodged in the Charlestown jail, until the last act of the tragedy, when he was executed, Cook attracted the larger share of public interest in Harper's Ferry, much as Brown outstripped him in national or world-wide fame. Governor Willard, the Democratic executive of Indiana, appeared in person on the scene, and made exhaustive efforts to save his wayward but beloved brother-in-law. Daniel W. Voorhees, now United States Senator from Indiana, was then attorney-general of his State; and his devotion to his party

chief made him excel every previous or later effort of his life in pleading the utterly hopeless cause of the brilliant little Virginia insurgent. It was a grand legal and forensic battle; but there was not an atom of law to aid the defence, and public sentiment was vehement for the atonement. Viewed in the clearer light and calmer judgment of the experience of a quarter of a century, it would have been wiser and better had Virginia treated John Brown and his corporal's guard of madmen as hopeless lunatics by imprisonment for life, as was strongly advised by confidential counsels from some prominent men of the land whose judgment was entitled to respect; but Governor Wise, always a lover of the tempest, made a dress-parade burlesque of justice, and (on the 16th day of December, 1859) amidst the pomp and parade of the concentrated power of the "Mother of Presidents," (John E. Cook paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows.) No demand was ever made for the rendition of Cook's companions who had escaped from Harper's Ferry into the South Mountain with him. Some of them lived in Northern Pennsylvania without concealment, but none thought of arresting them. (A few months thereafter the long-threatening clouds of fraternal war broke in fury upon the country; the song of John Brown inspired great armies as they swept through the terrible flame of battle from the Father of Waters to the Southern sea, and the cause that made lawless madmen of Brown and Cook at Harper's Ferry crowned the republic with universal freedom at Appomattox.)

A. K. McCLURE.

THE WORST MAN IN THE TROOP.

JUST why that young Irishman should have been so balefully branded was more than the first lieutenant of the troop could understand. To be sure, the lieutenant's opportunities for observa-

tion had been limited. He had spent some years on detached service in the East, and had joined his comrades in Arizona but a fortnight ago, and here he was already becoming rapidly initi-

ated in the science of scouting through mountain-wilds against the wariest and most treacherous of foemen,—the Apaches of our Southwestern territory.

Coming, as he had done, direct from a station and duties where full-dress uniform, lavish expenditure for kid gloves, bouquets, and Lubin's extracts were matters of daily fact, it must be admitted that the sensations he experienced on seeing his detachment equipped for the scout were those of mild consternation. That much latitude as to individual dress and equipment was permitted he had previously been informed; that "full dress," and white shirts, collars, and the like, would be left at home, he had sense enough to know; but that every officer and man in the command would be allowed to discard any and all portions of the regulation uniform and appear rigged out in just such motley guise as his poetic or practical fancy might suggest, had never been pointed out to him; and that he, commanding his troop while his captain commanded the little battalion, could by any military possibility take his place in front of his men without his sabre, had never for an instant occurred to him. As a consequence, when he bolted into the mess-room shortly after daybreak on a bright June morning with that imposing but at most times useless item of cavalry equipment clanking at his heels, the lieutenant gazed with some astonishment upon the attire of his brother-officers there assembled, but found himself the butt of much good-natured and not over-witty "chaff," directed partially at the extreme newness and neatness of his dark-blue flannel scouting-shirt and high-top boots, but more especially at the glittering sabre swinging from his waist-belt.

"Billings," said Captain Buxton with much solemnity, "while you have probably learned through the columns of a horror-stricken Eastern press that we scalp, alive or dead, all unfortunates who fall into our clutches, I assure you that even for that purpose the cavalry-sabre has, in Arizona at least, outlived its usefulness. It is too long and clumsy, you see. What you really want for the

purpose is something like this,"—and he whipped out of its sheath a rusty but keen-bladed Mexican *cuchillo*,—"something you can wield with a deft turn of the wrist, you know. The sabre is apt to tear and mutilate the flesh, especially when you use both hands." And Captain Buxton winked at his other subaltern and felt that he had said a good thing.

But Mr. Billings was a man of infinite good nature and ready adaptability to the society or circumstances with which he might be surrounded. "Chaff" was a very cheap order of wit, and the serenity of his disposition enabled him to shake off its effect as readily as water is scattered from the plumage of the duck.

"So you don't wear the sabre on a scout? So much the better. I have my revolvers and a Sharp's carbine, but am destitute of anything in the knife line." And with that Mr. Billings betook himself to the duty of despatching the breakfast that was already spread before him in an array tempting enough to a frontier appetite, but little designed to attract a *bon vivant* of civilization. Bacon, *frijoles*, and creamless coffee speedily become ambrosia and nectar under the influence of mountain-air and mountain-exercise; but Mr. Billings had as yet done no climbing. A "buck-board" ride had been his means of transportation to the garrison,—a lonely four-company post in a far-away valley in Northeastern Arizona,—and in the three or four days of intense heat that had succeeded his arrival exercise of any kind had been out of the question. It was with no especial regret, therefore, that he heard the summons of his captain, "Hurry up, man; we must be off in ten minutes." And in less than ten minutes the lieutenant was on his horse and superintending the formation of his troop.

If Mr. Billings was astonished at the garb of his brother-officers at breakfast, he was simply aghast when he glanced along the line of Company "A" (as his command was at that time officially designated) and the first sergeant rode out

to report his men present or accounted for. The first sergeant himself was got up in an old gray-flannel shirt, open at and disclosing a broad, brown throat and neck; his head was crowned with what had once been a white felt *sombrero*, now tanned by desert sun, wind, and dirt into a dingy mud-color; his powerful legs were encased in worn deer-skin breeches tucked into low-topped, broad-soled, well-greased boots; his waist was girt with a rude "thimble-belt," in the loops of which were thrust scores of copper cartridges for carbine and pistol; his carbine, and those of all the command, swung in a leather loop athwart the pommel of the saddle; revolvers in all manner of cases hung at the hip, the regulation holster, in most instances, being conspicuous by its absence. Indeed, throughout the entire command the remarkable fact was to be noted that a company of regular cavalry, taking the field against hostile Indians, had discarded pretty much every item of dress or equipment prescribed or furnished by the authorities of the United States, and had supplied themselves with an outfit utterly ununiform, unpicturesque, undeniably slouchy, but not less undeniably appropriate and serviceable. Not a forage-cap was to be seen, not a "campaign-hat" of the style then prescribed by a board of officers that might have known something of hats, but never could have had an idea on the subject of campaigns. Fancy that black enormity of weighty felt, with flapping brim well-nigh a foot in width, absorbing the fiery heat of an Arizona sun, and concentrating the burning rays upon the cranium of its unhappy wearer! No such head-gear would our troopers suffer in the days when General Crook led them through the cañons and deserts of that inhospitable Territory. Regardless of appearances or style himself, seeking only comfort in his dress, the chief speedily found means to indicate that, in Apache-campaigning at least, it was to be a case of "*inter arma silent leges*" in dead earnest; for, freely translated, the old saw read, "No red-tape when Indian-fighting."

Of much of this Lieutenant Billings was only partially informed, and so, as has been said, he was aghast when he marked the utter absence of uniform and the decidedly variegated appearance of his troop. Deer-skin, buckskin, canvas, and flannels, leggings, moccasins, and the like, constituted the bill of dress, and old soft felt hats, originally white, the head-gear. If spurs were worn at all, they were of the Mexican variety, easy to kick off, but sure to stay on when wanted. Only two men wore carbine sling-belts, and Mr. Billings was almost ready to hunt up his captain and inquire if by any possibility the men could be attempting to "put up a joke on him," when the captain himself appeared, looking little if any more like the ideal soldier than his men, and the perfectly satisfied expression on his face as he rode easily around, examining closely the horses of the command, paying especial attention to their feet and the shoes thereof, convinced the lieutenant that all was as it was expected to be, if not as it should be, and he swallowed his surprise and held his peace. Another moment, and Captain Wayne's troop came filing past in column of twos, looking, if anything, rougher than his own.

"You follow right after Wayne," said Captain Buxton; and with no further formality Mr. Billings, in a perfunctory sort of way, wheeled his men to the right by fours, broke into column of twos, and closed up on the leading troop.

Buxton was in high glee on this particular morning in June. He had done very little Indian scouting, had been but moderately successful in what he had undertaken, and now, as luck would have it, the necessity arose for sending something more formidable than a mere detachment down into the Tonto Basin, in search of a powerful band of Apaches who had broken loose from the reservation and were taking refuge in the foothills of the Black Mesa or among the wilds of the Sierra Ancha. As senior captain of the two, Buxton became commander of the entire force,—two

well-filled troops of regular cavalry, some thirty Indian allies as scouts, and a goodly-sized train of pack-mules, with its full complement of packers, *cargadors*, and blacksmiths. He fully anticipated a lively fight, possibly a series of them, and a triumphant return to his post, where hereafter he would be looked up to and quoted as an expert and authority on Apache-fighting. He knew just where the hostiles lay, and was going straight to the point to flatten them out forthwith; and so the little command moved off under admirable auspices and in the best of spirits.

It was a four-days' hard march to the locality where Captain Buxton counted on finding his victims; and when on the fourth day, rather tired and not particularly enthusiastic, the command bivouacked along the banks of a mountain-torrent, a safe distance from the supposed location of the Indian stronghold, he sent forward his Apache Mojave allies to make a stealthy reconnaissance, feeling confident that soon after nightfall they would return with the intelligence that the enemy were lazily resting in their rancheria, all unsuspecting of his approach, and that at daybreak he would pounce upon and annihilate them.

Soon after nightfall the scouts did return, but their intelligence was not so gratifying: a small—a *very* small—band of renegades had been encamped in that vicinity some weeks before, but not a "hostile" or sign of a hostile was to be found. Captain Buxton hardly slept that night, from disappointment and mortification, and when he went the following day to investigate for himself he found that he had been on a false scent from the start, and this made him crabbed. A week's hunt through the mountains resulted in no better luck, and now, having had only fifteen days' rations at the outset, he was most reluctantly and savagely marching homeward to report his failure.

But Mr. Billings had enjoyed the entire trip. Sleeping in the open air without other shelter than their blankets afforded, scouting by day in single file over miles of mere game-trails, up hill

and down dale through the wildest and most dolefully-picturesque scenery he at least had ever beheld, under frowning cliffs and beetling crags, through dense forests of pine and juniper, through mountain-torrents swollen with the melting snows of the crests so far above them, through cañons, deep, dark, and gloomy, searching ever for traces of the foe they were ordered to find and fight forthwith, Mr. Billings and his men, having no responsibility upon their shoulders, were happy and healthy as possible, and consequently in small sympathy with their irate leader.

Every afternoon when they halted beside some one of the hundreds of mountain-brooks that came tumbling down from the gorges of the Black Mesa, the men were required to look carefully at the horses' backs and feet, for mountain Arizona is terrible on shoes, equine or human. This had to be done before the herds were turned out to graze with their guard around them; and often some of the men would get a wisp of straw or a suitable wipe of some kind, and thoroughly rub down their steeds. Strolling about among them, as he always did at this time, our lieutenant had noticed a slim but trimly-built young Irishman whose care of and devotion to his horse it did him good to see. No matter how long the march, how severe the fatigue, that horse was always looked after, his grazing-ground pre-empted by a deftly-thrown picket-pin and lariat which secured to him all the real estate that could be surveyed within the circle of which the pin was the centre and the lariat the radius-vector.

Between horse and master the closest comradeship seemed to exist; the trooper had a way of softly singing or talking to his friend as he rubbed him down, and Mr. Billings was struck with the expression and taste with which the little soldier—for he was only five feet five—would render "Molly Bawn" and "Kitty Tyrrell." Except when thus singing or exchanging confidences with his steed, he was strangely silent and reserved; he ate his rations among the

other men, yet rarely spoke with them, and he would ride all day through country marvellous for wild beauty and be the only man in the command who did not allow himself to give vent to some expression of astonishment or delight.

"What is that man's name?" asked Mr. Billings of the first sergeant one evening.

"O'Grady, sir," replied the sergeant, with his soldierly salute; and a little later, as Captain Buxton was fretfully complaining to his subaltern of the ill fortune that seemed to overshadow his best efforts, the latter, thinking to cheer him and to divert his attention from his trouble, referred to the troop:

"Why, captain, I don't think I ever saw a finer set of men than you have—anywhere. Now, *there's* a little fellow who strikes me as being a perfect light-cavalry soldier." And the lieutenant indicated his young Irishman.

"You don't mean O'Grady?" asked the captain in surprise.

"Yes, sir,—the very one."

"Why, he's the worst man in the troop."

For a moment Mr. Billings knew not what to say. His captain had spoken with absolute harshness and dislike in his tone of the one soldier of all others who seemed to be the most quiet, attentive, and alert of the troop. He had noticed, too, that the sergeants and the men generally, in speaking to O'Grady, were wont to fall into a kindlier tone than usual, and, though they sometimes squabbled among themselves over the choice of patches of grass for their horses, O'Grady's claim was never questioned, much less "jumped." Respect for his superior's rank would not permit the lieutenant to argue the matter; but, desiring to know more about the case, he spoke again:

"I am very sorry to hear it. His care of his horse and his quiet ways impressed me so favorably."

"Oh, yes, d—n him!" broke in Captain Buxton. "Horses and whiskey are the only things on earth he cares for. As to quiet ways, there isn't a worse devil at large than O'Grady with

a few drinks in him. When I came back from two years' recruiting detail he was a sergeant in the troop. I never knew him before, but I soon found he was addicted to drink, and after a while had to 'break' him; and one night when he was raising hell in the quarters, and I ordered him into the dark cell, he turned on me like a tiger. By Jove! if it hadn't been for some of the men he would have killed me,—or I him. He was tried by court-martial, but most of the detail was made up of infantrymen and staff-officers from Crook's head-quarters, and, by —! they didn't seem to think it any sin for a soldier to threaten to cut his captain's heart out, and Crook himself gave me a sort of a rap in his remarks on the case, and—well, they just let O'Grady off scot-free between them, gave him some little fine, and did more harm than good. He's just as surly and insolent now when I speak to him as he was that night when drunk. Here, I'll show you." And with that Captain Buxton started off toward the herd, Mr. Billings obediently following, but feeling vaguely ill at ease. He had never met Captain Buxton before; but letters from his comrades had prepared him for experiences not altogether pleasant. A good soldier in some respects, Captain Buxton bore the reputation of having an almost ungovernable temper, of being at times brutally violent in his language and conduct toward his men, and, worse yet, of bearing ill-concealed malice, and "nursing his wrath to keep it warm" against such of his enlisted men as had ever ventured to appeal for justice. The captain stopped on reaching the outskirts of the quietly-grazing herd.

"Corporal," said he to the non-commissioned officer in charge, "isn't that O'Grady's horse off there to the left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go and tell O'Grady to come here."

The corporal saluted and went off on his errand.

"Now, Mr. Billings," said the captain, "I have repeatedly given orders that my horses must be side-lined when we are in the hostiles' country. Just

come here to the left." And he walked over toward a handsome, sturdy little California horse of a bright bay color. "Here, you see, is O'Grady's horse, and not a side-line: that's his way of obeying orders. More than that, he is never content to have his horse in among the others, but must always get away outside, just where he is most apt to be run off by any Indian sharp and quick enough to dare it. Now, here comes O'Grady. Watch him, if you want to see him in his true light."

Standing beside his superior, Mr. Billings looked toward the approaching trooper, who, with a quick, springy step, advanced to within a few yards of them, there stopped short, and, erect and in silence, raised his hand in salute, and with perfectly respectful demeanor looked straight at his captain.

In a voice at once harsh and distinctly audible over the entire bivouac, with frowning brow and angry eyes, Buxton demanded,—

"O'Grady, where are your side-lines?"

"Over with my blankets, sir."

"Over with your blankets, are they? Why in —, sir, are they not here on your horse, where they ought to be?" And the captain's voice waxed harsher and louder, and his manner more threatening.

"I understood the captain's orders to be that they need not go on till sunset," replied the soldier calmly and respectfully, "and I don't like to put them on that sore place, sir, until the last moment."

"Don't like to? No sir, I know d—d well you don't like to obey this or any other order I ever gave, and wherever you find a loop-hole through which to crawl, and you think you can sneak off unpunished, by —! sir, I suppose you will go on disobeying orders. Shut up, sir! not a d—d word!" for tears of mortification were starting to O'Grady's eyes, and with flushing face and trembling lip the soldier stood helplessly before his troop-commander, and was striving to say a word in further explanation.

"Go and get your side-lines at once and bring them here; go at once, sir," shouted the captain; and with a lump in his throat the trooper saluted, faced about, and walked away.

"He's milder-mannered than usual, d—n him!" said the captain, turning toward his subaltern, who had stood a silent and pained witness of the scene. "He knows he is in the wrong and has no excuse; but he'll break out yet. Come! step out, you O'Grady!" he yelled after the rapidly-walking soldier. "Double time, sir. I can't wait here all night." And Mr. Billings noted that silence had fallen on the bivouac so full of soldier-chaff and laughter but a moment before, and that the men of both troops were intently watching the scene already so painful to him.

Obediently O'Grady took up the "dog-trot" required of him, got his side-lines, and, running back, knelt beside his horse, and with trembling hands adjusted them, during which performance Captain Buxton stood over him, and, in a tone that grew more and more that of a bully as he lashed himself up into a rage, continued his lecture to the man.

The latter finally rose, and, with huge beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead, faced his captain.

"May I say a word, sir?" he asked.

"You may now; but be d—d careful how you say it," was the reply, with a sneer that would have stung an abject slave into a longing for revenge, and that grated on Mr. Billings's nerves in a way that made him clench his fists and involuntarily grit his teeth. Could it be that O'Grady detected it? Already the men had "taken the measure" of this even-tempered, kindly-voiced young West-Pointer, and begun to like him. One quick, wistful, half-appealing glance flashed from the Irishman's eyes toward the subaltern, and then, with evident effort at composure, but with a voice that trembled with the pent-up sense of wrong and injustice, O'Grady spoke:

"Indeed, sir, I had no thought of neglecting orders. I always care for my

horse; but it wasn't sunset when the captain came out—"

"Not sunset!" broke in Buxton, with an outburst of profanity. "Not sunset! why, it's wellnigh dark now, sir, and every man in the troop had side-lined his horse half an hour ago. D—n your insolence, sir! your excuse is worse than your conduct. Mr. Billings, see to it, sir, that this man walks and leads his horse in rear of the troop all the way back to the post. I'll see, by ——! whether he can be taught to obey orders." And with that the captain turned and strode away.

The lieutenant stood for an instant stunned,—simply stunned. Involuntarily he made a step toward O'Grady; their eyes met; but the restraint of discipline was upon both. In that brief meeting of their glances, however, the trooper read a message that was unmistakable.

"Lieutenant,—" he said, but stopped abruptly, pointed aloft over the trees to the eastward with his right hand, dashed it across his eyes, and then, with hurried salute and a choking sort of gurgle in his throat, he turned and went back to his comrades.

Mr. Billings gazed after the retreating form until it disappeared among the trees by the brook-side; then he turned to see what was the meaning of the soldier's pointing over toward the mesa to the east.

Down in the deep valley in which the little command had halted for the night the pall of darkness had indeed begun to settle; the bivouac-fires in the timber threw a lurid glare upon the groups gathering around them for supper, and toward the west the rugged upheavals of the Mazatzal range stood like a black barrier against the glorious hues of a bank of summer cloud. All in the valley spoke of twilight and darkness: the birds were still, the voices of the men subdued. So far as local indications were concerned, it *was*—as Captain Buxton had insisted—almost dark. But square over the gilded tree-tops to the east, stretching for miles and miles to their right and left, blazed a vertical wall of rock crested with scrub-

oak and pine, every boulder, every tree, glittering in the radiant light of the invisibly setting sun. O'Grady had *not* disobeyed his orders.

Noting this, Mr. Billings proceeded to take a leisurely stroll through the peaceful herd, carefully inspecting each horse as he passed. As a result of his scrutiny, he found that, while most of the horses were already encumbered with their annoying hobble, in "A" troop alone there were at least a dozen still unfettered, notably the mounts of the non-commissioned officers and the older soldiers. Like O'Grady, they did not wish to inflict the side-line upon their steeds until the last moment. Unlike O'Grady, they had not been called to account for it.

When Mr. Billings was summoned to supper, and he rejoined his brother-officers, it was remarked that he was more taciturn than usual. After that repast had been appreciatively disposed of, and the little group with lighted pipes prepared to spend an hour in chat and contentment, it was observed that Mr. Billings did not take part in the general talk, but that he soon rose, and, out of ear-shot of the officers' camp-fire, paced restlessly up and down, with his head bent forward, evidently plunged in thought.

By and by the half-dozen broke up and sought their blankets. Captain Buxton, somewhat mollified by a good supper, was about rolling into his navajo, when Mr. Billings stepped up:

"Captain, may I ask for information as to the side-line order? After you left this evening, I found that there must be some misunderstanding about it."

"How so?" said Buxton shortly.

"In this, captain," and Mr. Billings spoke very calmly and distinctly. "The first sergeant, several other non-commissioned officers and men,—more than a dozen, I should say,—did not side-line their horses until half an hour after you spoke to O'Grady, and the first sergeant assured me, when I called him to account for it, that your orders were that it should be done at sunset."

"Well, by ——! it was after sunset

—at least it was getting mighty dark—when I sent for that blackguard O'Grady," said Buxton impetuously, "and there is no excuse for the rest of them."

"It was beginning to grow dark down in this deep valley, I know, sir; but the tree-tops were in a broad glare of sunlight while we were at the herd, and those cliffs for half an hour longer."

"Well, Mr. Billings, I don't propose to have any hair-splitting in the management of my troop," said the captain, manifestly nettled. "It was practically sunset to us when the light began to grow dim, and my men know it well enough." And with that he rolled over and turned his back to his subaltern.

Disregarding the broad hint to leave, Mr. Billings again spoke:

"Is it your wish, sir, that any punishment should be imposed on the men who were equally in fault with O'Grady?"

Buxton muttered something unintelligible from under his blankets.

"I did not understand you, sir," said the lieutenant very civilly.

Buxton savagely propped himself up on one elbow, and blurted out,—

"No, Mr. Billings! no! When I want a man punished I'll give the order myself, sir."

"And is it still your wish, sir, that I make O'Grady walk the rest of the way?"

For a moment Buxton hesitated; his better nature struggled to assert itself and induce him to undo the injustice of his order; but the "cad" in his disposition, the weakness of his character, prevailed. It would never do to let his lieutenant get the upper hand of him, he argued, and so the reply came, and came angrily:

"Yes, of course; he deserves it anyhow, by —! and it'll do him good."

Without another word Mr. Billings turned on his heel and left him.

The command returned to garrison, shaved its stubbly beard of two weeks' growth, and resumed its uniform and the routine duties of the post. Three days only had it been back when Mr. Billings, marching on as officer of the day, and receiving the prisoners from his

predecessor, was startled to hear the list of names wound up with "O'Grady," and when that name was called there was no response.

The old officer of the day looked up inquiringly: "Where is O'Grady, sergeant?"

"In the cell, sir, unable to come out." "O'Grady was confined by Captain Buxton's order late last night," said Captain Wayne, "and I fancy the poor fellow has been drinking heavily this time."

A few minutes after, the reliefs being told off, the prisoners sent out to work, and the officers of the day, new and old, having made their reports to the commanding officer, Mr. Billings returned to the guard-house, and, directing his sergeant to accompany him, proceeded to make a deliberate inspection of the premises. The guard-room itself was neat, clean, and dry; the garrison prison-room was well ventilated, and tidy as such rooms ever can be made; the Indian prison-room, despite the fact that it was empty and every shutter was thrown wide open to the breeze, had that indefinable, suffocating odor which continued aboriginal occupancy will impart to any apartment; but it was the cells Mr. Billings desired to see, and the sergeant led him to a row of heavily-barred doors of rough unplanned timber, with a little grating in each, and from one of these gratings there peered forth a pair of feverishly-glittering eyes, and a face, not bloated and flushed, as with recent and heavy potations, but white, haggard, twitching, and a husky voice in piteous appeal addressed the sergeant:

"Oh, for God's sake, Billy, get me something, or it'll kill me!"

"Hush, O'Grady," said the sergeant: "here's the officer of the day."

Mr. Billings took one look at the wan face only dimly visible in that prison-light, for the poor little man shrank back as he recognized the form of his lieutenant:

"Open that door, sergeant."

With alacrity the order was obeyed, and the heavy door swung back upon its hinges.

"O'Grady," said the officer of the day in a tone gentle as that he would have employed in speaking to a woman, "come out here to me. I'm afraid you are sick."

Shaking, trembling, twitching in every limb, with wild, dilated eyes and almost palsied step, O'Grady came out.

"Look to him a moment, sergeant," said Mr. Billings, and, bending low, he stepped into the cell. The atmosphere was stifling, and in another instant he backed out into the hall-way. "Sergeant, was it by the commanding officer's order that O'Grady was put in there?"

"No, sir; Captain Buxton's."

"See that he is not returned there during my tour, unless the orders come from the colonel. Bring O'Grady into the prison-room."

Here in the purer air and brighter light he looked carefully over the poor fellow, as the latter stood before him quivering from head to foot and hiding his face in his shaking hands. Then the lieutenant took him gently by the arm and led him to a bunk:

"O'Grady, man, lie down here. I'm going to get something that will help you. Tell me one thing: how long had you been drinking before you were confined?"

"About forty-eight hours, sir, off and on."

"How long since you ate anything?"

"I don't know, sir; not for two days, I think."

"Well, try and lie still. I'm coming back to you in a very few minutes."

And with that Mr. Billings strode from the room, leaving O'Grady, dazed, wonder-stricken, gazing stupidly after him.

The lieutenant went straight to his quarters, took a goodly-sized goblet from the painted pine side-board, and with practised hand proceeded to mix therein a beverage in which granulated sugar, Angostura bitters, and a few drops of lime juice entered as minor ingredients, and the coldest of spring-water and a brimming measure of whiskey as constituents of greater quantity and quan-

tity. Filling with this mixture a small leather-covered flask, and stowing it away within the breast-pocket of his blouse, he returned to the guard-house, musing as he went, "'If this be treason,' said Patrick Henry, 'make the most of it.' If this be conduct prejudicial, etc., say I, do your d—dest. That man would be in the horrors of jim-jams in half an hour more if it were not for this." And, so saying to himself, he entered the prison-room, called to the sergeant to bring him some cold water, and then approached O'Grady, who rose unsteadily and strove to stand attention, but the effort was too much, and again he covered his face with his arms, and threw himself in utter misery at the foot of the bunk.

Mr. Billings drew the flask from his pocket, and, touching O'Grady's shoulder, caused him to raise his head:

"Drink this, my lad. I would not give it to you at another time, but you need it now."

Eagerly it was seized, eagerly drained, and then, after he had swallowed a long draught of the water, O'Grady slowly rose to his feet, looking, with eyes rapidly softening and losing their wild glare, upon the young officer who stood before him. Once or twice he passed his hands across his forehead, as though to sweep away the cobwebs that pressed upon his brain, but for a moment he did not essay a word. Little by little the color crept back to his cheek; and, noting this, Mr. Billings smiled very quietly, and said, "Now, O'Grady, lie down; you will be able to sleep now until the men come in at noon; then you shall have another drink, and you'll be able to eat what I send you. If you cannot sleep, call the sergeant of the guard; or if you want anything, I'll come to you."

Then, with tears starting to his eyes, the soldier found words: "I thank the lieutenant. If I live a thousand years, sir, this will never be forgotten,—never, sir! I'd have gone crazy without your help, sir."

Mr. Billings held out his hand, and, taking that of his prisoner, gave it a cordial grip: "That's all right,

O'Grady. Try to sleep now, and we'll pull you through. Good-by, for the present." And, with a heart lighter, somehow, than it had been of late, the lieutenant left.

At noon that day, when the prisoners came in from labor and the officer of the day inspected their general condition before permitting them to go to their dinner, the sergeant of the guard informed him that O'Grady had slept quietly almost all the morning, but was then awake and feeling very much better, though still weak and nervous.

"Do you think he can walk over to my quarters?" asked Mr. Billings.

"He will try it, sir, or anything the lieutenant wants him to try."

"Then send him over in about ten minutes."

Home once more, Mr. Billings started a tiny blaze in his oil-stove, and soon had a kettle of water boiling merrily. Sharp to time a member of the guard tapped at the door, and, on being bidden "Come in," entered, ushering in O'Grady; but meantime, by the aid of a little pot of meat-juice and some cayenne pepper, a glass of hot soup or beef-tea had been prepared, and, with some dainty slices of potted chicken and the accompaniments of a cup of fragrant tea and some ship-biscuit, was in readiness on a little table in the back room. Mr. Billings, it has been hinted, was something of an epicure in his quiet way, and his sideboard was never destitute of some delicacy or luxury "the mess" could not supply.

Telling the sentinel to remain in the shade on the piazza, the lieutenant proceeded first to make O'Grady sit down in a big wicker arm-chair, for the man in his broken condition was well-nigh exhausted by his walk across the glaring parade in the heat of an Arizona noon-day sun. Then he mixed and administered the counterpart of the beverage he had given his prisoner-patient in the morning, only in point of potency it was an evident falling off, but sufficient for the purpose, and in a few minutes O'Grady was able to swallow his breakfast with evident relish, meekly and un-

hesitatingly obeying every suggestion of his superior.

His breakfast finished, O'Grady was then conducted into a cool, darkened apartment, a back room in the lieutenant's quarters.

"Now, pull off your boots and outer clothing, man, spread yourself on that bed, and go to sleep, if you can. If you can't, and you want to read, there are books and papers on that shelf; pin up the blanket on the window, and you'll have light enough. You shall not be disturbed, and I know you won't attempt to leave."

"Indeed, sir, I won't," began O'Grady eagerly; but the lieutenant had vanished, closing the door after him, and a minute later the soldier had thrown himself upon the cool, white bed, and was crying like a tired child.

Three or four weeks after this incident, to the small regret of his troop and the politely-veiled indifference of the commissioned element of the garrison, Captain Buxton concluded to avail himself of a long-deferred "leave," and turned over his company property to Mr. Billings in a condition that rendered it necessary for him to do a thing that "ground" him, so to speak: he had to ask several favors of his lieutenant, between whom and himself there had been no cordiality since the episode of the bivouac, and an open rupture since Mr. Billings's somewhat eventful tour as officer of the day, which has just been described.

It appeared that O'Grady had been absent from no duty (there were no drills in that scorching June weather), but that, yielding to the advice of his comrades, who knew that he had eaten nothing for two days and was drinking steadily into a condition that would speedily bring punishment upon him, he had asked permission to be sent to the hospital, where, while he could get no liquor, there would be no danger attendant upon his sudden stop of all stimulant. The first sergeant carried his request with the sick-book to Captain Buxton, O'Grady meantime managing to take two or three more pulls at the bottle, and Buxton, instead

of sending him to the hospital, sent for him, inspected him, and did what he had no earthly authority to do, directed the sergeant of the guard to confine him at once in the dark cell.

"It will be no punishment as he is now," said Buxton to himself, "but it will be hell when he wakes."

And so it had been; and far worse it probably would have been but for Mr. Billings's merciful interference.

Expecting to find his victim in a condition bordering upon the abject and ready to beg for mercy at any sacrifice of pluck or pride, Buxton had gone to the guard-house soon after retreat and told the sergeant that he desired to see O'Grady, if the man was fit to come out.

What was his surprise when the soldier stepped forth in his trimmest undress uniform, erect and steady, and stood unflinchingly before him! — a day's rest and quiet, a warm bath, wholesome and palatable food, careful nursing, and the kind treatment he had received having brought him round with a sudden turn that he himself could hardly understand.

"How is this?" thundered Buxton. "I ordered you kept in the dark cell."

"The officer of the day ordered him released, sir," said the sergeant of the guard.

And Buxton, choking with rage, stormed into the mess-room, where the younger officers were at dinner, and, regardless of the time, place, or surroundings, opened at once upon his subaltern:

"Mr. Billings, by whose authority did you release O'Grady from the dark cell?"

Mr. Billings calmly applied his napkin to his moustache, and then as calmly replied, "By my own, Captain Buxton."

"By —!" sir, you exceeded your authority."

"Not at all, captain; on the contrary, you exceeded yours."

At this Buxton flew into a rage that seemed to deprive him of all control over his language. Oaths and imprecations poured from his lips; he raved at Billings, despite the efforts of the officers to quiet him, despite the adjutant's threat

to report his language at once to the commanding officer.

Mr. Billings paid no attention whatever to his accusations, but went on eating his dinner with an appearance of serenity that only added fuel to his captain's fire. Two or three officers rose and left the table in disgust, and just how far the thing might have gone cannot be accurately told, for in less than three minutes there came a quick, bounding step on the piazza, the clank and rattle of a sabre, and the adjutant fairly sprang back into the room:

"Captain Buxton, you will go at once to your quarters in close arrest, by order of Colonel Treadwell."

Buxton knew his colonel and that little fire-eater of an adjutant too well to hesitate an instant. Muttering imprecations on everybody, he went.

The next morning, O'Grady was released and returned to duty. Two days later, after a lengthy and private interview with his commanding officer, Captain Buxton appeared with him at the officers' mess at dinner-time, made a formal and complete apology to Lieutenant Billings for his offensive language, and to the mess generally for his misconduct; and so the affair blew over; and, soon after, Buxton left, and Mr. Billings became commander of Company "A."

And now, whatever might have been his reputation as to sobriety before, Private O'Grady became a marked man for every soldierly virtue. Week after week he was to be seen every fourth or fifth day, when his guard tour came, reporting to the commanding officer for duty as orderly, the nattiest, trimmest soldier on the detail.

"I always said," remarked Captain Wayne, "that Buxton alone was responsible for that man's downfall; and this proves it. O'Grady has all the instincts of a gentleman about him, and now that he has a gentleman over him he is himself again."

One night, after retreat-parade, there was cheering and jubilee in the quarters of Company "A." Corporal Quinn had been discharged by expiration of term of service, and Private O'Grady was deco-

rated with his chevrons. When October came, the company muster-roll showed that he had won back his old grade; and the garrison knew no better soldier, no more intelligent, temperate, trustworthy non-commissioned officer, than Sergeant O'Grady. In some way or other the story of the treatment resorted to by his amateur medical officer had leaked out. Whether faulty in theory or not, it was crowned with the verdict of success in practice; and, with the strong sense of humor which pervades all organizations wherein the Celt is represented as a component part, Mr. Billings had been lovingly dubbed "Doctor" by his men, and there was not one of their number who would not have gone through fire and water for him.

One night some herdsmen from up the valley galloped wildly into the post. The Apaches had swooped down, run off their cattle, killed one of the cowboys, and scared off the rest. At daybreak the next morning Lieutenant Billings, with Company "A" and about a dozen Indian scouts, was on the trail, with orders to pursue, recapture the cattle, and punish the marauders.

To his disgust, Mr. Billings found that his allies were not of the tribes who had served with him in previous expeditions. All the trusty Apache Mohaves and Hualpais were off with other commands in distant parts of the Territory. He had to take just what the agent could give him at the reservation, —some Apache Yumas, who were total strangers to him. Within forty-eight hours four had deserted and gone back; the others proved worthless as trailers, doubtless intentionally, and had it not been for the keen eye of Sergeant O'Grady it would have been impossible to keep up the pursuit by night; but keep it up they did, and just at sunset, one sharp autumn evening, away up in the mountains, the advance caught sight of the cattle grazing along the shores of a placid little lake, and, in less time than it takes to write it, Mr. Billings and his command tore down upon the quarry, and, leaving a few men to "round up" the herd, were soon engaged in a lively

running fight with the fleeing Apaches, which lasted until dark, when the trumpet sounded the recall, and, with horses somewhat blown, but no casualties of importance, the command reassembled and marched back to the grazing-ground by the lake. Here a hearty supper was served out, the horses were rested, then given a good "feed" of barley, and at ten o'clock Mr. Billings with his second lieutenant and some twenty men pushed ahead in the direction taken by the Indians, leaving the rest of the men under experienced non-commissioned officers to drive the cattle back to the valley.

That night the conduct of the Apache Yuma scouts was incomprehensible. Nothing would induce them to go ahead or out on the flanks; they cowered about the rear of column, yet declared that the enemy could not be hereabouts. At two in the morning Mr. Billings found himself well through a pass in the mountains, high peaks rising to his right and left, and a broad valley in front. Here he gave the order to unsaddle and camp for the night.

At daybreak all were again on the alert: the search for the trail was resumed. Again the Indians refused to go out without the troops; but the men themselves found the tracks of Tonto moccasins along the bed of a little stream purling through the cañon, and presently indications that they had commenced the ascent of the mountain to the south. Leaving a guard with his horses and pack-mules, the lieutenant ordered up his men, and soon the little command was silently picking its way through rock and boulder, scrub-oak and tangled juniper and pine. Rougher and steeper grew the ascent; more and more the Indians cowered, huddling together in rear of the soldiers. Twice Mr. Billings signalled a halt, and, with his sergeants, fairly drove the scouts up to the front and ordered them to hunt for signs. In vain they protested, "No sign, —no Tonto here;" their very looks belied them, and the young commander ordered the search to be continued. In their eagerness the men soon leaped ahead of the wretched allies, and the

latter fell back in the same huddled group as before.

After half an hour of this sort of work, the party came suddenly upon a point whence it was possible to see much of the face of the mountain they were scaling. Cautioning his men to keep within the concealment afforded by the thick timber, Mr. Billings and his comrade-lieutenant crept forward and made a brief reconnaissance. It was evident at a glance that the farther they went the steeper grew the ascent and the more tangled the low shrubbery, for it was little better, until, near the summit, trees and underbrush, and herbage of every description, seemed to cease entirely, and a vertical cliff of jagged rocks stood sentinel at the crest, and stretched east and west the entire length of the face of the mountain.

"By Jove, Billings! if they are on top of that it will be a nasty place to rout them out of," observed the junior.

"I'm going to find out where they are, anyhow," replied the other. "Now those infernal Yumas have got to scout, whether they want to or not. You stay here with the men, ready to come the instant I send or signal."

In vain the junior officer protested against being left behind; he was directed to send a small party to see if there were an easier way up the hill-side farther to the west, but to keep the main body there in readiness to move whichever way they might be required. Then, with Sergeant O'Grady and the reluctant Indians, Mr. Billings pushed up to the left front, and was soon out of sight of his command. For fifteen minutes he drove his scouts, dispersed in skirmish order, ahead of him, but incessantly they sneaked behind rocks and trees out of his sight; twice he caught them trying to drop back, and at last, losing all patience, he sprang forward, saying, "Then *come* on, you whelps, if you cannot lead," and he and the sergeant hurried ahead. Then the Yumas huddled together again and slowly followed.

Fifteen minutes more, and Mr. Billings found himself standing on the

edge of a broad shelf of the mountain, —a shelf covered with huge boulders of rock tumbled there by storm and tempest, riven by lightning-stroke or the slow disintegration of nature from the bare, glaring, precipitous ledge he had marked from below. East and west it seemed to stretch, forbidding and inaccessible. Turning to the sergeant, Mr. Billings directed him to make his way off to the right and see if there were any possibility of finding a path to the summit; then looking back down the side, and marking his Indians cowering under the trees some fifty yards away, he signalled "come up," and was about moving farther to his left to explore the shelf, when something went whizzing past his head, and, embedding itself in a stunted oak behind him, shook and quivered with the shock,—a Tonto arrow. Only an instant did he see it, photographed as by electricity upon the retina, when with a sharp stinging pang and whirring "whist!" and thud a second arrow, better aimed, tore through the flesh and muscles just at the outer corner of his left eye, and glanced away down the hill. With one spring he gained the edge of the shelf, and shouted to the scouts to come on. Even as he did so, bang! bang! went the reports of two rifles among the rocks, and, as with one accord, the Apache Yumas turned tail and rushed back down the hill, leaving him alone in the midst of hidden foes. Stung by the arrow, bleeding, but not seriously hurt, he crouched behind a rock, with carbine at ready, eagerly looking for the first sign of an enemy. The whiz of another arrow from the left drew his eyes thither, and quick as a flash his weapon leaped to his shoulder, the rocks rang with its report, and one of the two swarthy forms he saw among the boulders tumbled over out of sight; but even as he threw back his piece to reload, a rattling volley greeted him, the carbine dropped to the ground, a strange, numbed sensation had seized his shoulder, and his right arm, shattered by a rifle-bullet, hung dangling by the flesh, while the blood gushed forth in a torrent.

Defenceless, he sprang back to the

edge; there was nothing for it now but to run until he could meet his men. Well he knew they would be tearing up the mountain to the rescue. Could he hold out till then? Behind him with shout and yells came the Apaches, arrow and bullet whistling over his head; before him lay the steep descent,—jagged rocks, thick, tangled bushes: it was a desperate chance; but he tried it, leaping from rock to rock, holding his helpless arm in his left hand; then his foot slipped: he plunged heavily forward; quickly the nerves threw out their signal for support to the muscles of the shattered member, but its work was done, its usefulness destroyed; missing its support, he plunged heavily forward, and went crashing down among the rocks eight or ten feet below, cutting a jagged gash in his forehead, while the blood rained down into his eyes and blinded him; but he struggled up and on a few yards more; then another fall, and, wellnigh senseless, utterly exhausted, he lay groping for his revolver,—it had fallen from its case. Then—all was over.

Not yet; not yet. His ear catches the sound of a voice he knows well,—a rich, ringing, Hibernian voice it is: "Lieutenant, *lieutenant*. Where are ye?" and he has strength enough to call, "This way, sergeant, this way," and in another moment O'Grady, with blended anguish and gratitude in his face, is bending over him. "Oh, thank God you're not kilt, sir!" (for when excited O'Grady *would* relapse into the brogue); "but are ye much hurt?"

"Badly, sergeant, since I can't fight another round."

"Then put your arms round my neck, sir," and in a second the little Patlander has him on his brawny back. But with only one arm by which to steady himself, the other hanging loose, the torture is inexpressible, for O'Grady is now bounding down the hill, leaping

like a goat from rock to rock, while the Apaches with savage yells come tearing after them. Twice, pausing, O'Grady lays his lieutenant down in the shelter of some large boulder, and, facing about, sends shot after shot up the hill, checking the pursuit and driving the cowardly footpads to cover. Once he gives vent to a genuine Kilkenny "hurroo" as a tall Apache drops his rifle and plunges headforemost among the rocks with his hands convulsively clasped to his breast. Then the sergeant once more picks up his wounded comrade, despite pleas, orders, or imprecations, and rushes on.

"I cannot stand it, O'Grady. Go and save yourself. You *must* do it. I order you to do it." Every instant the shots and arrows whiz closer, but the sergeant never winces, and at last, panting, breathless, having carried his chief full five hundred yards down the rugged slope, he gives out entirely, but with a gasp of delight points down among the trees:

"Here come the boys, sir."

Another moment, and the soldiers are rushing up the rocks beside them, their carbines ringing like merry music through the frosty air, and the Apaches are scattering in every direction.

"Old man, are you much hurt?" is the whispered inquiry his brother-officer can barely gasp for want of breath, and, reassured by the faint grin on Mr. Billings's face, and a barely audible "Arm busted,—that's all; pitch in and use them up," he pushes on with his men.

In ten minutes the affair is ended. The Indians have been swept away like chaff; the field and the wounded they have abandoned are in the hands of the troopers; the young commander's life is saved; and then, and for long after, the hero of the day is Buxton's *bête noire*, "the worst man in the troop."

CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

FIVE GRAVES IN MONTANA.

AS the traveller rides up Alder Gulch into the Montana "Virginia City," he notices a group of lonely graves on a near hill-top. The gulch has been left ragged and altogether unlovely by the placer miners who ravaged this once beautiful valley, leaving a desolation more hopeless than that wrought by the flood which once tore suddenly through the slowly-worn crevice in the Williamsburg reservoir down the Mill River Valley in Massachusetts. Frugal John Chinaman is rewashing the gravel of Alder Gulch, from which white men have skinned most of the gold, and nature is not permitted to do her part toward repairing the waste. This dreary valley swarmed in the '60's with an advance guard of the men who rush from one mining-field to another in the mad race for gold. Those early days in Montana were full of excitement and crowded with reckless deeds, of whose occurrence the East took little note, for we were then in the beginning of the war, when the doings of a frontier mining-camp had no power to arrest the attention of the nation. The story of those hill-top graves in Virginia City involves a record of the series of terrible events which resulted in the establishment of law and order in Montana, making it pre-eminently a Territory in which property and life are respected.

The settlement of Montana dates from 1862, when miners began to pour into Bannock from Salt Lake, Colorado, California, and Oregon.

In May, 1863, seven men went out of Bannock—named from the Indian tribe in that vicinity—to prospect on the Yellowstone River. They crossed the Tobacco-Root range of mountains, and fell into the hands of the Indians, who had become jealous of such encroachments. The young men were exceedingly ambitious for scalps, and proposed to kill their prisoners at once; but the more mature braves deprecated

such a course, as likely to produce trouble, and a compromise was finally patched up, by which the question was referred to the medicine-man. Fortunately for the prisoners, the "medicine" declared for peace, and the prospectors were despoiled of their good horses, released, and bidden never to return that way. They gladly turned back, and went over the Belt and Madison Ranges into the Madison Valley without stopping to make camp. They halted for dinner one day in a gulch overgrown with alders, where Bill Fairweather, whose duty it was to look after the horses, whiled away the time by washing a pan of gravel. He returned to camp, saying, "This is good enough for me: there is gold here, if anywhere." He washed three cents' worth from a pan of gravel, and Barney Hughes took out a larger amount from another. Bill dug down to hard-pan,—the underlying rock of the region upon which the gravel rests,—and the total result was found to be forty-five cents. Here was extravagant luck, and the party forgot their vicissitudes in the dazzling prospect opening before them. They remained a week, and washed out one hundred and sixty dollars.

The seven returned to Bannock and led back a stampede. According to the custom of the country, the miners halted on the way in the Ruby Valley to frame laws for the new camp. The fame of the diggings spread, as good news will, and the ravine was soon despoiled of its alders; claims were staked off, sluice-ways improvised, picks and shovels vexed the face of the earth, and, as if by magic, a straggling settlement sprang up along the stream and on the foot-hills. In a few weeks Bill Fairweather, who had been without a quarter of a dollar that he could call his own, was spending five thousand dollars a month in all sorts of folly.

Another favorite of fortune was a

Baptist minister, who came to the gulch the following year, dug a hole on the flat, and struck rich pay. The new settlement had been called "Varina," in compliment to the wife of Jefferson Davis; but when the first "judge" was asked to head a legal document he flatly refused to abet the disloyal name, and perched instead Virginia City, which was thus made "official." Fairweather and the quondam Southern parson were fast friends. They would don plug hats, hire a coach at ten dollars an hour, and ride up and down as the camp swells. Many picturesque stories are told which illustrate that time and sample the early society of Alder Gulch. There were many true men there; but gamblers, bounty-jumpers, abandoned women, persons of all sorts rejected by more civilized communities, flocked to the rich diggings and gave the predominant tone. Virginia City grew into a big camp, at one time reaching a population of twelve thousand. It was a place festering with vice, almost abandoned to license, and flowing with whiskey. Hurdy-gurdy dance-houses flourished, and, as the camp was divided in sentiment with regard to the war, the music on festive occasions was diverted from "Yankee Doodle" to "Dixie," or the reverse, as the musicians were hired to play for the Union or against it.

Montana was at this time part of Idaho, but the Idaho Legislature had adjourned without authorizing a county organization, and this advance post of Virginia City, composed of several thousand men, was left to shift for itself without a shred of civil authority. There was no man in the settlement competent to administer an oath. The Anglo-Saxon must have some form of government; and a miners' court—an open-air meeting of all the men—elected a judge and sheriff, officials having no legal status, but competent, if of the right sort, to bring order out of chaos.

The sheriff created under this authority was Henry Plummer. He was a Maine man, who had already earned a reputation west of the Rockies. In California he had been convicted of

murder, but had been assisted to escape. He fled to Oregon, and thence to Dakota, where he incidentally murdered the man who had helped him to break jail. Red-handed from that crime, Plummer came to Eastern Idaho, now Montana. He made rapid headway in the new country, so that his election as sheriff for the mining-camps of Virginia City and Bannock was easily compassed. Plummer might have made an admirable officer of the law had he not marked out for himself instead a unique career of villany. He gathered a band of highwaymen,—or road-agents, as they came to be called. The organization was elaborate, with grips, pass-words, and secret head-quarters, and the deputy sheriffs at Virginia City and Bannock were Plummer's first and second lieutenants.

While men were toiling for gold,—building long sluice-ways down which a rill of water poured, rolling the gravel shovelled into it so that the gold settled to the bottom, or panning "the color" out by hand, or trading in supplies which the miners must have,—the road-agents were prepared to reap the fruits of all this labor by the shorter way of robbery. The miner or merchant who left the diggings did so at peril of purse and life. Stages which contained sufficient plunder were marked for detention. Agents of the gang were everywhere, and a reign of terror prevailed. A band which not only robbed and murdered, but was in full control of the machinery contrived for bringing criminals to justice, had certainly peculiar opportunities. It was some time before people learned that when Sheriff Plummer, who claimed to be a mining expert, set out with the professed purpose of examining a "silver lode," he was called to direct a marauding expedition. He was a popular, rough-and-ready fellow, apparently as gentle as any pirate of Penzance; but his attentions, though flattering for the moment, were not coveted when fully understood. On one occasion he presented a comrade returning to the States with a woollen scarf, adding, "You will need it these cold nights;" but the gift resembled the kiss of Judas,

being intended to identify the wearer to his enemies the road-agents.

The robbers wore masks; their greeting was, "Throw up your hands, and keep them up," the command being embellished with abundant profanity; and when a coach was attacked, one of the passengers was forced to gather the arms and money of his fellow-travellers for the highwaymen. Resistance meant death, and wanton murders were not infrequent. Men who studied the disguised ruffians too closely were sharply commanded, "Turn around and mind your business, or I'll blow the top of your head off." One traveller who yielded but five dollars was upbraided for coming away with so little money, and threatened with death if he ever did so again. "Damn you!" was the spoken after-thought, "I have a mind to kill you for luck!" and the road-agent snapped his pistol, which missed fire. In other cases men actually were killed for luck. After the detained coaches had been sufficiently examined, the passengers and driver were told to "get up and skedaddle." Now and then the bravery of individuals prevented a raid. When two suspected road-agents took passage by one coach, the driver and a passenger held their guns ready to kill the pair in case of an attack. The warning was sufficient, and the agents began roaring out a song which was continued for miles as a signal that the band must keep off. Plummer's men were horse-thieves, and rode the best mounts that could be stolen. Their doings came to be understood; but with this knowledge went the conviction that any display of it was unsafe.

In a community where every man was pursuing his own ends, the miners were usually content to trust to luck in matters of general public concern. Those who struck a streak of Plummer and denounced the band were bullied or shot; and whoever told the sheriff that he suspected certain persons of robbing him, more often than not sealed his own doom. The overland stage-route, now a suggestive line on the landscape as seen by the traveller from his

car window, was then the only pathway by which the people of Montana could come East: the road-agents were masters of that pathway and of the situation.

All theories of popular government rest on the conviction that the good men of any community outnumber the bad ones. It often takes time and patience to arouse and mass the better forces; but they do gather and assume the whip-hand. So in Montana it was only a question how long the people would submit; for as men come to hold a stake in society they are solicitous for the protection of individual rights. The final war of extermination had a singular beginning.

Nicholas Tbalt, an honest German who had faithfully served Butschy and Clark, of Nevada, sold his employers a pair of mules, pocketed the money, and went out on the foot-hills to look up the animals. He never came back. At first it was suspected that this hitherto trusty man had run away; but fate vindicated the absent. Ten days after, while William Palmer was crossing the Stinkingwater Valley, he shot a grouse, and the bird fell on the body of Tbalt. The dead man was carried back to Nevada, and good citizens struck fire at last. The employers of Tbalt called for volunteers to avenge his murder, and twenty-five men said they were ready for the enterprise if "Cap" Williams would lead them. Williams was fearless and proverbially reticent, but ready in action,—a man peculiarly fitted to lead such an expedition. He modestly accepted the call, only stipulating that the men must agree to do their full duty. The party made some hurried preparations, and started from Nevada on their stern mission at ten o'clock of a December night.

The dry atmosphere of the Rocky-Mountain country renders habitable a region situated higher above the sea than the sterile parts of Mount Washington; yet midwinter is not a propitious season for travellers in that region, as Captain Williams and his band speedily discovered. They took a circuitous route, to escape notice, and were obliged to cross a half-frozen stream. They

rode some fifty miles, and when near where the supposed murderers were sleeping in a "wakiup" (a brush tent), the order was given, "Every man light from his horse, and make no noise till daybreak." There the party stood in ice-coated garments until dawn broke, when the second order followed: "Boys, mount your horses, and let no word pass until we are in sight of the wakiup."

The sleepers were thus surrounded, and the leader called out, "The first man that raises will get a quart of buckshot in him before he can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Is Long John here?" greeted the awakened camp.

"Yes," returned that individual.

"Come out here. I want you."

"Well, I guess I know what you want me for."

"Probably you do; but hurry up: we have no time to waste."

"Long John" appeared, and the party stood for half an hour awaiting full light. Captain Williams took four of his men and walked with the prisoner to where the body had been found, and there, as if to witness for his late master, was one of Tbalt's mules looming into gigantic proportions through the gray half-light. The spectacle sobered both captive and captors and lent a superstitious solemnity to the proceedings.

"I did not do it, boys," said "Long John" in a subdued voice.

"But," came the resolute answer, "you know who did it, John; you let the body lie here ten days, and when Palmer found it you refused to help poor Tbalt into the wagon."

"Long John," said another, handling his pistol, "you might as well prepare for another world."

But Captain Williams interfered in behalf of a more orderly method of action, saying, "This won't do: if there is anything to be done, let us act together."

"Long John" hesitated to reveal the murderers of Tbalt, through fear of the personal consequences; but, as his more immediate danger was pressed home, he finally said that George Ives did the

deed. The party returned and picked out Ives from among the campers.

The ride to Nevada was enlivened by incidents. At Dempsey's ranch George Hilderman was arrested. Ives proved his insinuating and agreeable qualities by persuading his captors to indulge in a trial of horse-speed. It was second nature for these men to embrace any proposition for excitement, and Ives won the race, but he failed to pull up with the rest. Urging his horse, the prisoner gained ten rods before the guard realized his trick to escape. The fugitive headed for Daley's ranch, where word of the capture had been conveyed and the fleetest horse in possession of the band was waiting Ives's use. He did not reach it. After a long chase, he broke for the mountains, and sprang from his horse down a ravine, where he was brought to bay and captured. Two hours had been wasted by this foolishness. The captain restrained a movement to hang Ives on the spot, and the cavalcade continued soberly to Nevada, with their prisoners riding in the centre of a hollow square.

During the night a road-agent galloped to Bannock City, finding relays of horses along the way, bearing to Sheriff Plummer the news that citizens had arrested a friend of his in defiance of the constituted authorities. The avengers of Tbalt decided to try Ives on the morrow, and his sympathizers secretly summoned allies from all the region, as it was confidently expected that the sheriff would attempt a rescue. Early in the following day the miners flocked in from every direction, until the crowd numbered fully fifteen hundred men. It was decided to try these men—George Ives, "Long John," and Hilderman—before all the people, with an advisory jury of twenty-four men to suggest a verdict, which the miners could accept or reject as they saw fit. The fight was made on Ives, who was powerfully defended by five lawyers,—Messrs. Smith, Ritchie, Thurmond, Wood, and Davis,—while the prosecution was conducted by Colonel W. F. Sanders and Charles S. Bragg. Judge Byram, seated in a

wagon, presided; near by were the double jury, the three prisoners, padlocked with light logging-chains, the array of advocates, and, surrounding all, the guard of armed men bent on justice. In the larger and final circle were the people, clad in varied frontier garb, and all "heeled" with weapons of some description. Rough, swaggering friends of Ives muttered threats on the outskirts; but, pressing close upon the vigilant and determined guard, honest miners in red, blue, and gray shirts looked out from under broad hats with watchful and earnest interest. A blazing bonfire helped to soften the air, though the December day was mild as October and the sun beat hot enough to thaw the bare earth.

The proceedings opened late in the afternoon, but not much progress had been made by nightfall. As the people could not be asked to abandon their usual vocations for any length of time, it was evident that something must be done to prevent a tedious spinning out of the defence. When the great court reassembled the following day, therefore, all concerned were notified that the proceedings must close at three P.M. Two alibis were produced in favor of Ives; but "Long John" turned State's evidence, and the prisoner was shown to be both a robber and a murderer. The testimony implicated others,—so that some who had come bent on fighting for Ives deemed it prudent to withdraw. The defence labored long and with ability; Colonel Sanders delivered a strong closing argument for the "government," and the jury returned with their verdict of "Guilty" after less than half an hour's deliberation, one man evading his responsibility by not voting. This verdict did not settle the fate of Ives, for the action of the twenty-three jurors had still to be ratified by the people. Whether the law-and-order element among that mixed assemblage of men was strong enough to retain the partial victory achieved was yet to be determined. The motion that "the report of the committee (jury) be accepted and it be discharged from further con-

sideration of the case" was unavailingly opposed by Mr. Thurmond of the prisoner's counsel. Then came the test motion, "That the assembly adopt as their verdict the report of the committee," and Messrs. Thurmond and Wood talked against the proposition; but it was adopted, the vote showing that only about one hundred men were ready to side openly with the prisoner. Colonel Sanders wisely pushed his advantage, for previous events had proved that delays were fatal to the cause of justice. He briefly reviewed the proceedings, and moved "That George Ives be forthwith hanged by the neck until he is dead." The friends of Ives were equally alive to the necessity for procuring some procrastination of these quite too summary doings, and several of the prisoner's pals pressed to his side, where they mingled their tears with those of the counsel, who protested against thus hurrying a man into eternity. As a last resort, Ives himself spoke. He was a winsome fellow of but twenty-seven, handsome, athletic, and a crack shot. He pleaded for time in which to prepare for the dreadful event, and, hoping that Plummer would come over from Banock during the night, he pledged his word that no rescue should be attempted. The prisoner had grasped the hand of Colonel Sanders in the urgency of his distress, and the effect of his words was visible in the wavering purpose of the throng, when a miner in the crowd made the decisive speech of that day: "*Ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman!*"

Quick as a flash came back to every mind the whole horrid business, and the execution of the murderer was at once demanded by popular vote.

Night had now fallen, but the moon shone out brilliantly enough to illuminate the subsequent proceedings. The armed guard proceeded with their prisoner to an unfinished building; and he was mounted on a dry-goods box. At the words, "Men, do your duty!" the click of gun-locks rang sharply out as an ominous warning against any attempt at rescue; the box was kicked out, and

Ives, the pet of the road-agents, fell. There was no struggle; his rigid body swayed as the rope recovered from the strain of the drop, and when the moonlight fell full upon the young face it was white and drawn in death.

So much detail has seemed necessary to acquaint the reader with the circumstances which brought into being the Vigilantes of Montana. The community had found its courage, and from that hour the doom of the road-agents was certain. Hilderman was banished, and the testimony given by "Long John" saved his own neck. The good men of Virginia City and Nevada not long after formed the famous Vigilance Committee, and retribution travelled fast. Public sentiment had been a good deal prepared for summary action by the peculiarly atrocious murder in the previous summer of a train composed of five men, among them Lloyd Magrauder, a candidate for delegate to Congress, and citizens were pledged to rid the world of Plummer and his band.

The formal campaign was begun on the 23d of December, when a company of twenty-four men, armed each with a revolver or shot-gun, and supplied with blankets, an insufficient quantity of provisions, and some rope, set out to find Aleck Carter, an accomplice in the murder of Tbolt. A rule of the committee forbade the use of liquor; and this strikingly evidenced their sober purpose, for whiskey is the current coin and ameliorating medium of the New West. The horsemen crossed a divide in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and camped in the snow without fire, which would have betrayed them. They met Erastus Yager, an emissary of the road-agents, then unknown, who related a false story to the effect that Carter and others were lying drunk at Cottonwood. The robbers were not found there, for Yager had carried them the warning, "Get up and dust, and lie low for black ducks."

The disappointed citizens took up their toilsome journey toward Nevada, bent on capturing Yager, otherwise known as "Red,"—a name derived from his fiery-hued hair and whiskers.

That night proved memorable in the experiences of the Vigilance Committee. A roving "blizzard" fell on the campers like a sneak-thief: the snow-flakes fell with a steadily-increasing celerity that discouraged and extinguished the mocking fires of sage-brush, the cold grew more bitter, the wind howled defiant scorn at the human beings who huddled close together under the snow. When morning dawned, the victims tumbled out from under their blankets of snow, nearly all bearing scars from this battle with nature, though none had sustained fatal injuries. It was found that some of the horses, true to the instinct of self-preservation, had stampeded to a distant cañon. These must be brought back; but amid all these discouragements the determination of the party suffered no abatement.

A ranchman gave information that "Red" was snow-bound at Rattlesnake, twenty miles off, and volunteers started after him. A road-agent lieutenant was met on the way, who galloped off to Plummer, bearing the concise and prophetic message that "Hell was to pay." Yager was arrested, and with him one Brown, secretary of the road-agents and author of the warning message carried by Yager. Both were sentenced to death by a unanimous vote, for the committee of safety had now taken the law into their own hands: they made justice expeditious, and the trial of Ives had assured them of popular sympathy and support.

During the night, "Red" volunteered a confession. It ran in this wise: "You have treated me like gentlemen, and I know that I am going to be hanged: it is pretty rough, but I merited it years ago. I know all about the gang, and there are men in it who deserve hanging more than I do."

The doomed man then disclosed the road-agent organization. The members shaved down to the moustache and chin-whiskers, and wore a necktie fastened with a sailor's knot; their pass-word was "innocent." Next to Plummer in command was Bill Bunton. The road-agents or highwaymen were Cyrus Skin-

ner, George Ives, Steve Marshland, Dutch John Wagner, Aleck Carter, Whiskey Bill Graves, George Shears, Johnny Cooper, Mexican Frank, Bob Zachary, Boon Helm, Club-Foot George Lane, Haze Lyons, Bill Hunter, George Lowry, Billy Page, Doc Howard, Jem Romaine, Billy Terwilliger, and Gad Moore. Ned Ray kept the secret head-quarters, or "council-room," at Bannock City.

The second and double execution of road-agents was carried out at night by the light of a lantern. The party took their prisoners behind Loraine's ranch to trees which grew along the water-course. Two ropes were quickly fastened to convenient branches, and a drop was improvised with two stools, one placed upon the other. Brown wept copiously, and prayed heaven to care for his wife and family in Minnesota,—which was more than he had done. But Yager accepted the situation calmly, and said reprovingly to his mate, "Brown, if you had thought of this three years ago you would not be here now or give these boys so much trouble." A kick caused the two stools to double up like a hinge, and then the same drop was prepared for Yager. His last words were, "Good-by, boys. God bless you! you are on a good undertaking." On one dangling dead man was pinned this label, "Red, road-agent and messenger," and on the other, "Brown, corresponding secretary." The spot where this execution took place is one of the "sights" pointed out to tourists who enter the Yellowstone National Park by way of Virginia City.

Dutch John Wagner, who had been captured single-handed by Neil Howie and taken to Bannock City, was demanded by Plummer without success. Wagner confessed his connection with the band, and begged that his arms and legs might be cut off and life spared; but this grotesque proposition fell on ears that did not appreciate its humor, and he was hanged.

Plummer possessed too much sense to aggressively antagonize the people in their effort to end his lawless depredations, and he fully intended to flee before the popular uprising; but, like some

other great public robbers this country has known, the Montana boss delayed too long. Three fleet horses were brought into Bannock City one evening for the use of Plummer, Stinson, and Ray; but that night the trio were arrested, the chief being captured in his own house, Stinson while out visiting, and Ray at a gaming-table. The three men were marched out of Bannock City, while a willing negro lad was dispatched for a rope which a prominent citizen contributed from his bedstead. The relentless and dreaded Plummer failed to sustain his character at the end. He earned the contempt of all who had believed in his personal bravery by begging piteously for life, and even kneeling and crying on the earth, protesting that he was too wicked to die. Ray dropped with awful curses on his lips; Stinson exclaimed, "There goes poor Ned Ray!" and followed him into eternity. No one stirred when the order came, "Bring up Plummer." The leader moved toward him, and the wretched man gasped, "Give a man time to pray." "Certainly," was the answer; "but let him say his prayers up here." The robber summoned his fortitude at last, asked to be given a good drop, and died without a struggle, in the presence of a great throng.

Soon after two of the Vigilance Committee were killed while attempting to arrest Mexican Joe Pigantha. The people visited "the greaser" with summary vengeance by firing a mountain-howitzer through his cabin and burning the dead man in his habitation.

All the desperate elements of Montana were now thoroughly alarmed, and arrayed against the men who had punished the road-agent leaders, and it was necessary to complete the work of extermination. The committee therefore determined to purge Virginia City at a single visit. In pursuance of this purpose, the outside members gathered one raw January night and surrounded the town. The blockade was perfectly effected; no one was allowed to leave without a written permit from the headquarters within, and, though one man

managed to elude the guard-lines, he was afterward captured and hanged. It is related that, while these preparations were being perfected, some of the men sentenced to death were amusing themselves at a gambling-house, and in the midst of a quiet game of faro Jack Gallagher broke out with, "While we are here betting, those vigilants [a volley of oaths] are passing sentence on us." He was seldom so truthful, and daylight apprised all the people that the blacklegs were in a trap. Then came the steady tramp of the men from Nevada, Junction, Summit, Pine Grove, Highland, and Fairweather, who marched in and halted on Main Street. Small arresting parties dispersed to pick up the men wanted. They went by twos and threes, with no parade of purpose, and their mission was suspected only when the victim was bidden by men at his elbow, "Throw up your hands!" Frank Parish, George Lane, Boon Helm, Haze Lyons, and Jack Gallagher were brought in one by one, all captured without a struggle. In all cases the arrested persons were carefully examined, and when the guilt of each man had been unmistakably established, the prisoners were ranged in a row facing the guard, and informed that their time had come. They were pinioned, guarded on each side by a citizen holding a navy revolver ready for instant use, and then marched down the principal street of the unkempt town in the centre of a hollow square, flanked by four ranks of vigilants, with a column in front and rear carrying shot-guns and rifles at half-present. Citizens with pistols were dispersed among the crowd.

The ridge-pole of an unfinished building (now occupied by the post-office) offered a ready-made gallows for the five prisoners waiting in line. Lane asked a good man in the crowd to pray with him, and his request was complied with. Helm and Gallagher cracked jokes with pals among the lookers-on, but Parish seemed much affected by his position. The five nooses were adjusted with little preliminary ceremony, when Gallagher begged for a drink of whiskey, which

was given him. Lane called out to a friend, "Good-by, old fellow! I'm gone," and, without waiting to have the box on which he was standing knocked away, he jumped off. Gallagher went next, dying with awful curses on his lips. Helm gazed coolly at the quivering form beside him, saying, "Kick away, old fellow! I'll be in hell with you in a minute. Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let her rip!" his footing failed, and the rope twanged. Parish and Lyons died more quietly.

Two hours afterward the bodies were cut down by friends and buried in Cemetery Hill, overlooking Alder Gulch. There their five graves remain, a perpetual reminder of pioneer days in Montana. The inquiring visitor finds it difficult to gather up the facts which I have briefly rehearsed; for a score of years is a long time in the life of any Western community. Perchance the gentle postmistress, as she passes out a stranger's letters, may propound the odd question, "Do you see that beam up there?" The "pilgrim," gazing at the ordinary-looking stick of timber, admits that it comes within his sight. "Well," she will answer, "five men were hung from that beam." Then the visitor is fairly started in pursuit of information.

Space does not permit us to tell in detail of the capture and execution of Marshland, Bunton, Skinner, Carter, Cooper, Shears, Zachary, Graves, and Hunter. The aggressive reformers gave themselves no rest until the last of Plummer's band was discovered hanging from a tree by a party of wood-haulers. The Vigilance Committee was maintained for a time to assist in the enforcement of peace and decency, being recognized and indorsed by the legal authorities; but now no vestige of it remains, and justice holds her serene sway according to the time-ordained methods of civilized society.

This country will never again see anything approaching the condition of things which made the Vigilance Committee of Montana necessary, and its deeds the righteous remedy for intolerable evils. Committees of safety are still to be found in new mining camps, and they

sometimes warn bad characters to move on, and occasionally ornament a telegraph-pole with the lifeless body of some horse-thief or more dangerous enemy of society; but in these days of all-embracing railroads, which bind the sections of our magnificent country together with hooks of steel, no wide-spread and tem-

porarily prevailing combination of criminals is possible. While in some respects Montana paralleled an earlier experience of California, in many things her road-agents stood alone, and their deeds and punishment must always form a unique chapter in American frontier-life.

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN.

NOCTURNE.

SLOWLY, with grateful calm, the night has come,
And the exuberant life which filled the air
With fanning wings and song and sound is dumb;
Each piping pleasurer has found its lair,
And sleep and utter peace reign everywhere.

There is no stir of wind among the leaves,
And not one wrinkle on the darkling stream;
The reeds stand motionless in clustered sheaves,
And through the shades the water-lilies gleam,
Floating, enfolded in a languorous dream.

From many flowers that nestle out of sight
In dewy lawns and dusky thicket-dells,
Commingled odors tremble through the night,
So faint, so subtly sweet, they seem like swells
Of thin, ethereal music from their bells.

Sweet is the cool, fresh fragrance of the grass,
The spicy incense of the firs and pines,
And sweet the dead leaves rustled where I pass,
The humid breath of moss and creeping vines,
And vapory marshes where the fen-fire shines.

Through leaf-fringed oriels rifted in the gloom,
Glimpses of limpid azure glimmer down,
Serenely clear, and hazed with pearly bloom
Of clustered stars, like golden grain thick strewn
And nebulous pale tresses backward blown.

Rapt in the odorous solitude and calm,
I feel the joy of far primeval nights,
When on his tower the Sabeian wrought his charm,
And shepherd-watchers on Ausonian heights
Wove legends from the constellated lights.

And some night-lover of a future race,
Loitering beneath new glooms of branch and bough,
And haply gazing through some verdurous space,
Shall pause and watch Orion rising slow
In silent ecstasy, as I do now.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

IN SUSPENSE.

Gente di molto valore
Conobbi, che in quel limbo eran sospesi.

I DIED in the latter part of the past year, 1882.

What I am about to relate has so little to do with myself that I don't think it needful to enter into details concerning that event. It is astonishing how much less largely it bulks in importance when one regards it in the past instead of the future tense. This, I have remarked, is a usual result of human experience. We continue to be greatly interested in those who have gone through the same vicissitudes, but familiarity lessens our respect for every event that has happened to ourselves. To a man who has committed a murder, for instance, the fact that he has done it takes away a great deal of its strangeness, so that he is disposed to wonder why other people should make such a fuss about a thing which, after all, is not so unusual. Death comes under the same law; there is nothing in it to be so excited about, we think, when it is over; after all, it is only one in a multiplicity of events.

I came to the place I am about to describe, after having gone through various preliminaries unnecessary to dwell upon. It was, I believe, the fact that I belonged to the literary profession that determined my going in that special direction. I had never even imagined myself to be a great writer; but I was what people called painstaking and industrious, producing a good deal of conscientious work. As my works were chiefly in the daily press, it does not surprise me that people here know little about them; indeed, even in the other world my reputation was chiefly at home,—I might even say a local reputation,—and when I travelled out of my natural surroundings I had always found that very little was known about me. The announcement of my name and the various other particulars on which I was questioned produced no sensation

at all upon the personage who received me in the district of the eternal world to which I found myself allotted. I do not know why at the moment of appearing before him a recollection should have passed through my mind, by one of those freaks of fancy which defy investigation, of Dante's description of Minos in the "Inferno," and the somewhat ridiculous (it must be allowed) manner in which that potentate indicated their future place to the souls whom he judged.* For the personage before whom I stood in no way resembled Minos. He smiled (though I said nothing) at the suggestion; for it must be allowed as detracting in some degree from the comfort of these regions that the greater number of the people you meet understand you without the necessity of any vocal medium of communication. Till one has got over one's earthly habits this is sometimes awkward enough. The official before whom I stood smiled. "No," he said, "you perceive I have no tail to use in such a way; and as this is not penal, only reformatory—" He smiled, and so did I. "You will find abundant means of choosing the occupation that suits you," he said. "But I think you will find it pleasant to step into the Hall first and look about. You will see a good many persons of note, and they will all be glad to see you; for a person lately arrived, and bringing news, is always welcome."

"Do you mean, then, that news is esteemed here?"

"Oh, as much as in any club smoking-room in the other world. The newspapers give only the exoteric view; for the other part we are obliged, I need scarcely say, to trust to the new-comers; they will all be eager to question you. You were connected with the press?"

* Cignesi colla coda tante volte
Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa.

Then you must know many things," he added, with a smile, "that have never met the public eye."

I was a little disturbed by this. "I know very little," I said, "except in the nature of hearsay, attributing motives, and that sort of thing; the news themselves are all in print. The esoteric mostly consists in giving a bad interpretation to what is done, or suggesting an evil intention."

"We all know that; and, knowing it, our curiosity is strong to ascertain the private tide of opinion. You will find much commotion among certain distinguished members of our community in respect to recent works of which they have been the subjects."

"Ah, that, indeed!" I cried. How thoroughly I could understand this may be divined from the fact that I had myself left materials for a biography which would throw much light upon the profession of literature and especially journalism, and about which I felt rather anxious that my representatives should make a proper use of them. I went in accordingly to the great Hall, very willing to communicate such information as I possessed. There were few people in it. It was a very handsome, spacious hall, with great tables covered with every kind of periodical and book. The walls were ornamented with frescos, some of them very fine and spirited, though not of historical subjects, or any, indeed, that seemed to me very suitable for a great reading-room, such as this seemed to be. They were chiefly rural scenes, as hay-making, harvest-making, and such like, with some others from active life of a less rustic character; and I observed that the people about bore mostly the appearance of persons engaged in practical occupations and whose time of repose was limited in duration. We addressed each other with the usual friendly salutations, and some inquiries were made as to the time of my arrival, the circumstances of my journey, and other such particulars, all of which I had pleasure in answering, as they seemed to have pleasure in hearing, there being, so far as my experience goes, an

unusual amount of good feeling and kindness, and a ready interest in the experiences of the persons addressed which is often wanting in the earlier world. Many questions were put to me also, as I had been warned would be the case, about the state of affairs in that world, and demands made as to what were the real opinions of—my interlocutors paid me the compliment of saying—myself first, and then of persons likely to know, and who were able to judge, on various matters of public importance. When I referred to the printed disquisitions on those subjects with which I perceived they were largely supplied, these were politely waved aside.

"Politics," said one of my new friends, "have very little interest for us. What we wish to know is the opinion of people who are able to form one."

"Majorities do not affect us," another said, "or who is in office or who out;" at which there was a little laughter,—as I judged, because he was a man to whom this had mattered much,—"for all good men are more or less of the same opinion," he added. This surprised me a little, as I was accustomed to believe that men equally good might hold very different opinions on the most important questions. But my surprise, as it arose in my mind, was divined, and I had soon a reply. The speaker had by times that look of perfect self-absorption and incapacity to receive external impressions which is the mark of statesmen. "Perhaps," he said, "one must be here out of their range in order to be fully aware what is the vital point of all questions, and what is merely secondary and accidental. There are men who even in the first world make the discovery, and that in different ways; some by reason of a natural fineness of faculty: but this it is difficult to keep in absolute proportion and clear from prejudice and reasoning; and age has the effect, in some minds, of detaching them from the vulgar instincts which warp the sight; but in most cases they are compelled to disguise this enlightenment. It is one of the first advantages here that we are no longer obliged to disguise it, and, free

from the warp of prejudice, dare fix our attention upon what is the heart of the matter. Consequently, opinions biased by political leanings or by interest, or by any sophistication of thought, are without value in our eyes. At the same time," he added, "many, in whom this warp of politics or interest exists, have yet in their hearts a just and entirely satisfactory estimate of the position, if their prepossessions would permit them to bring it out."

This led to a great deal of conversation, which was evidently very agreeable to my new friends, and in which they conveyed to my mind a great deal of instruction and more new views than it was in my power to assimilate on the moment. This was put a stop to, however, by some one having the air of an official of the place, who came in with a look of great amusement on his face, and made some slight remark or other, which scarcely caught my attention, but which caused some of my friends to jump up very hurriedly, with looks of embarrassment and even alarm, and to take up tools and implements of various kinds which had been put down on the floor or the seats, and hasten away. The tools perplexed me greatly, for the persons to whom I had been speaking were all evidently people of the highest education and most philosophical views. The individual whom I have described as looking like an official laughed as he saw my wondering looks.

"They are always at it," he said, "instructing the world, as in the preliminary stage. Habit, you know, it is said, is second nature; but they have the grace to be ashamed of themselves when they find it out. It was not necessary for me, you observed, to say a word."

"It is a pity," I said, "that people of cultivated understanding should be set to the tasks of common workmen. Don't you think it is a great waste of material? They must be fit for something better than that."

Upon this the official personage laughed more than before. He found my remark so comical, indeed, that he became like Milton's image "holding both his sides."

"You are the best of all!" he said, "ho, ho! You know all about waste of material. It is a pity that the Master of all did not first take your advice."

Upon this I felt, though I could scarcely tell why, such a stinging sense of shame as I am not aware of ever having felt before. My folly and audacity came before me, not so much as guilty, but as ridiculous, which was worse; and the laugh of the spectator, who seemed to see through and through me, penetrated me with a sort of arrow of remorseless amusement. There was not, however, anything ill-natured in his laugh, though perhaps such enjoyment of another's weakness was not altogether amiable. At least, this was the aspect in which, being the sufferer, it appeared to me.

This was put an end to by the entrance of several other people, all fresh from work of various kinds, and all full of interest in the new arrival, and eager to learn what I had to say. It is true that many of them, like those I had first met, were so anxious to impress upon me their own view of human affairs and tendencies, that little time was left to me to say anything; but others were more open to information, which on my side I found myself very willing to give, rather liking, if I must tell the truth, the importance of my position as the sole exponent of what men were about. It is needless to put down here all the questions upon which my opinions were requested; indeed, these questions were so changed by the way in which they were stated, the light in that region falling upon them in a different way from that to which I had been accustomed, that it took some time before, in most cases, I fully understood what it was about which my new friends were asking. They were all fully acquainted with what was said on these subjects publicly upon earth, but, feeling the limitation involved in intercourse with other minds carried on by reading alone, were all the more anxious to make out by personal intercourse the discrepancies thus presented to them. They took a wider and more philosophical

view than that to which I had been accustomed; and though there were variations of sentiment, and all were not equally enlightened, there was a far more clearly defined sequence of events in life as they looked at it than I had ever before been able to see.

There were also many who spoke to me of matters personal to themselves,—of books and works of their own, for example, which they had left uncompleted, and of which they had no clear information. Among these latter, ideas existed so very different from anything we meet with in the old planet that they were very bewildering, and almost incredible to me, some being as desirous of the non-success of their own previous efforts as others were for their acceptance and triumph. One, I remember, laughed, and hoped, he said, that a certain work might have got check in its popularity. "When I wrote that I knew nothing about the subject," he said.

"That is a very common case," said another. "In that preliminary world so little is known. The people there thought you an authority. I remember doing so myself in that curious chapter of existence. It was you who pointed out to me afterward the flaws in your own reasoning."

"Not difficult that," said the first. "It was all one flaw. Education is so poor, and the systems of thought; though I hear," he said, with a laugh, "that the same idea prevails in a higher stage of our methods here."

The other laughed too, with a sort of incredulous air, and I asked, for my information, whether the systems of philosophy taught here were different from those known on earth, or if it was an adaptation of ancient methods, probably influenced by a larger knowledge, which they employed. My companions were still more amused by this question, and assured me that they taught nothing here,—"except ourselves, perhaps," they said, and pointed out to me the hod which one of them shouldered, while the other had a mason's mallet in his hand. They were at work building a house, and very healthy and ruddy they looked, with a fine air of

activity and energetic life. I confess that I could not but feel the regret which I had before expressed to see men of cultivated minds engaged in occupations so strangely unlike the high training and culture they had received, but was checked in this thought by a recollection of their own amused estimate of that culture, and evident superiority to it in their own conception, strangely inferior as their present occupations seemed to me to be. They laughed still more as they perceived this thought in my mind (another evidence of the inconvenience to a person, unaccustomed to it, of this kind of transparency), and told me I should never be able to conceive, till I tried, the pleasure of getting a wall straight and making a perfect angle. When I replied that I could not help thinking powers much less cultivated than theirs would have suited such a purpose, they answered in the most cheerful and light-hearted manner that education was a long process, and that they were far from being done with it yet. "House-building is an excellent corrective to philosophy," one of them said; and "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are thought of—" said the other. I did my best, seeing that my ideas were so uncomfortably open to them, to make no comment in my mind upon this at all.

Here, however, we were interrupted by the entrance of a shaggy figure, with which I had been very familiar in the preliminary life. He was a large frame of a man, but had never been filled out or extended by such bodily exercise as his race required; and though his cheek had never lost the rustic red nor his mind the uncompromising expressions of a peasant, he had stooped and shambled somewhat, so far as concerned the outer man, in his mortal days. He seemed to me to have added a cubit (if I knew how much that was) to his stature, and the development of his physical organs had cleared up the cloudy face full of laughter yet of storms, with its frequent flush of wrath and those bursts of vituperation which always ended in the deep rumble of a volcanic laugh. It had not become

a peaceful face even now, but was subject to such atmospheric variations as come and go on the hills, swept by sudden lights and shadows. He carried a spade over his shoulders, and brought in with him a whiff of that upturned earth which the great Bacon held to be so wholesome, and a waft of fresh air as from the broad and breezy fields. He cast a glance at me, but said nothing for the moment, his eyes giving out a gleam of amused criticism upon my companions, who, I easily understood, were of an order very unlike himself, and retired to a chair, into which he flung himself with a long breath of satisfaction, like a man who had earned a moment of repose and was pleased to have it. I saw that he gave us a glance from time to time as he turned over the piles of books and periodicals on the table, but he did not make any approach till my philosophers had gone to the building of their house; then he came toward me, holding out a large and cordial hand.

"So ye have found your way here?" he said. "Ye are very welcome; there's many that will be pleased to see you, for the way is a trifle confused, and every one does not just hit it. Well! and would you say they were wearied of me and my concerns yet in your bit little earth, where we seem to have made grand sport for the Philistines," he added, with one of those outbursts of laughter which were so characteristic of him. His eye had all its old keenness, and I was a little alarmed to have to say my say upon this subject to the hero himself upon whom so many strictures had been made. "Ah!" he said, with another laugh, "I see your difficulty. Ye have had a good deal to do with the sport in your own person. Well, well, we can understand that: it was all in the way of your trade."

"We had all something to do with it," said I; "and you must know that it was, in a great measure, your own fault."

"That I know very well," he said; "and I am not taking it, as ye perceive, in any tragical kind of a way. That bit of a world sets all things wrong in a man's head. There is so little of it, and ye think

everything of it, till the moment comes when ye are set free, and the temptation is to think nothing. Ay, ay, it was my own fault. There is a great bitterness," he said, stretching himself out, and with a stress upon the vowels such as I well remembered in him, "and confusion, and bewildering darkness, in the thought that just when a man is fully equipped and has his ideas matured, it is all to be turned into nothing, and the good of him and the harm of him lost forever."

"I should have thought," said I, "that to lose the harm of him would be always an advantage."

"Ay, ye would think that, would ye? But I have a great opinion of the mental faculties. There is none of them that can be spared." Here he began to laugh again. "Not even," he said, "what you may call the literary-traitor faculty, which is just one of your grand æsthetic arts, if ye look at it impartially, and chiefly the outcome of the nineteenth century, with all its improvements; for to make out a true man to be a picturesque fiction and all his beliefs a kind of fungus-growth upon the skin of him, instead of a principle of life within, what is that but a high development of the grand Fiction and Lie of Life which is the present ideal? Ye will say I have had my share in establishing the hunt after it and making men's minds familiar with the thought that what is turned to the world is oftenest but Clothes. Ay, I agree to that. Ye see," he added, with a gleam of humor, "I had not thought of it as applied to my own case."

"I am afraid," I said, "it has been very disagreeable to you; it has given you annoyance?"

Upon this he laughed again. "That is a kind of thing," he said, "which has but a brief existence in this place; not that we are anyway elevated above the opinion of our fellows, but, as you will have found out, the existence of the sham, even in its unconscious—which is always its most dangerous—state, is little possible when ye have the clearness of vision that distinguishes our neighbors here; by which means delusion cannot long entertain, and even the flunkey has

little means of turning his master into another nightmare and illusion for the further disenchantment of the world."

"You are thinking of—" I said.

Upon this he fell a-laughing again, and answered, "I have no animosity to man; nor does it appear to me in any other light than that of a keen piece of historical satire,—what ye call the irony of fate, or, sometimes, poetic justice. But I would not answer for it if the wife were to lay her hands upon him, who was never what ye call a very tolerant woman. Ye have all a hand in it," he added, after a moment; "I am thinking I have had a certain affinity to Samson's riddle with which he dispersed into outer darkness all yon cohort of the light-minded,—'Out of the eater came forth meat.' I have devoured in my day; it is meet I should furnish occasion for some fine feeding in my turn."

"You see," said I, with diffidence, "there were many people who loved you well, but could not understand why you should have treated them and those belonging to them with such contempt. I am not criticising; I am but—"

He shot a glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows which made me feel my smallness better than a thousand words, and at the same time made me fear that I, too, was to be dispersed like Samson's tormentors, for I had not yet acquired the faculty of seeing the thoughts as they arose. I was somewhat astonished, therefore, when he said nothing except, with a shake of his head, "'The sorrows of death encompassed me; the pains of hell gat hold upon me.'" And it was not till a full minute had passed that he added, "When a man is at what he thinks the end of life, awaiting the moment when he shall be bidden to begone into the eternal darkness, and learns that he that thought himself a true man has been in his way as base and blind and ignorant as any, and of the nature of the tyrants and eaters of men's souls, and can make no amends, nor ever have his day's work over again!—Yon apostle with the bitter tongue, that has left but one utterance and no more, I wonder what they thought of him in the church

meetings and among the pious women, whom he was, no doubt, civil to before the torrent broke. 'Clouds without water,' he says, 'carried about of the winds; trees whose fruit withereth, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame.' Yet he had a tender heart, and would have no man bring a railing accusation."

While I was trying with some perplexity to piece my thoughts together and make out what this meant, some one came bustling in who had a long shepherd's staff in his hand, and that sort of primitive wrap over his shoulder which in Scotland is called a plaid, and in which the guardian of the flock can carry a lamb when need is. He came in with a smiling air of one who is used to setting everything right, and laid his hand upon my companion's arm. "What is going wrong?" he said. "When you quote Scripture at this rate, and fume and march about" (for the first speaker had been pacing the hall back and forward), "there is evidently need of me. Dearest fellow, what is going wrong?"

At this my friend gave him a keen, humorous look from under his eyebrows, and, with a laugh which broke out of the solemnity of his aspect very strangely, retired to his seat again, and left the new-comer in possession of the field. He was a smooth, ready, vivacious personage, very well known, indeed, in the place whence I had come; the change of costume was more striking in him than it had been in the others. He gave me a smile and a white hand. "The prophet is always vehement," he said, with a little glance aside as if he and I had a mutual understanding on this subject and comprehended our friend better than he did himself. "You are speaking, of course, of the biography? Very curious, very curious, my dear sir, the manner in which we are dealt with after we go. It is a kind of refined infidelity, nothing better; quite natural, you know, in our friend's legatee, but not at all natural in that dearest boy of mine, whose training was so different. It betrays a certain conviction that they are never to

see us again, which is a mistake in every way. This will make it awkward for them when they come after us,—more awkward than it had any need to be; awkward in their own feelings," said the shepherd, rubbing his hands; "though in our bosoms no offence dwells."

"Yes, your lordship," said the other from his chair, "ye are just as badly treated as the rest of us, and have made sport for the Philistines too."

The shepherd hung his head a little, and then looked up with a benignant smile. "Dearest R—," he said, "must have found they were making me dull. It was so; the beginning was respectable, most respectable, but the reader missed the bishop of his heart. I was getting a little tedious, a thing men did not expect from me. I do not blame my dear one: he knew if there was one thing more foreign to me than another that was the thing. He made a dash to my rescue. Unfortunately, the dear fellow's zeal was superior to his judgment. It often is so in these warm-hearted natures. My jottings explain themselves, I hope,—notes, mere notes; and when there are many people talking and one's self perhaps talking, it is possible the most of all—"

"One fails to catch," I said diffidently, "which voice it is that has spoken?"

He smiled approvingly, yet at the same time with an apologetic look. "Yes," said the shepherd, "it is possible you are right. A great deal is always being said in society; you get the substance sometimes, but not the manner of putting it,—or, perhaps, the other way, the manner of putting it without the substance,—which is, perhaps, the most seductive; and names are a snare. The eighteenth century was wiser with its asterisks. Nothing, I need not say, could be further from my intention than to wound people's feelings or betray their indiscretions. Dearest R— has been incautious, very incautious. Impossible to lament it more than I do," he said, folding his hands meekly and with a sigh; but there was in the corner of the shepherd's eye a twinkle, and the other burst into a laugh.

"He is, perhaps, not altogether so sorry as might appear upon the face of him. He finds in it an eternal warning to the blabbers, the men that are loose of lip and long of tongue. And if there had but been the voice of a prophet to do it, to clear the earth of the infernal vermin—"

"Hush, hush, hush, hush!" cried the shepherd, with his hand upon the arm of him that bore the spade. "These words, you know, in the presence of—You must remember the charge, 'Swear not at all.' But you were always given to strong language." Then he went on, with a little laugh running through his words: "Perhaps it may be a good moral lesson, as our friend says; but unintentional, entirely unintentional. I could find it in my heart to be angry with my dear one; but he meant it for the best. And such an accident is full of morals. Not to make jottings at all; or to burn them; or, perhaps, to make them more full, so that no respectable clergyman may have it in his power to make you dull and so tempt your affectionate relatives to interfere. Finally, to use asterisks, as they did in the eighteenth century, in which golden age, dearest man, there were no misfortunes like ours. Yet dear Horace Walpole spoke plainly enough. Perhaps the ultimate cause is hurry—hurry! our friends will not wait!"

"They think," said the other, "that this generation—perhaps the meanest of all generations that have ever trod the earth—will have no recollection of the very names of us after a year or two, but will just drive on to destruction over every great roaring torrent of a Niagara that lies in their way with none now to give a warning, nor point out the whirl of destruction into which—"

"O-o-h!" said the shepherd, drawing in his breath. "Dearest fellow! come; here we don't take such a dismal view of affairs. I see great confusion myself, and a sad want of men to fill my place. Still, it is not so bad as that: twenty years hence, fifty even, we shall still be remembered. You were always too despondent; but it is a lesson of humil-

ity, not unneeded even here, to see one's self set up before the world as a writer of slip-slop." The shepherd shivered a little, and spread out his white hands. "Slip-slop!" he said; "there is no other word. Dearest R——! how incautious, how indifferent to his father's fame! To be revealed even in one's bed-chamber as capable of *that*."

"You may be sure," I said, "that it was an error of love, and that admiration and enthusiasm with which you filled all about you. They thought everything that your hand had touched must be excellent, the best of its kind."

The shepherd turned upon me a beaming look of gratitude and approval. "Dear fellow!" he said; but there was always a twinkle in his eye; "my friends were indeed too partial—"

The other interrupted this with his usual laugh. "There is a depth of the flunkey mind," he said, "perhaps the most terrible abyss of all, in which the straw and rubbish become emblems of perfection, and the sweepings of a bed-chamber turn to pearls and diamonds as in a fairy-tale. Light-flying frivolities, exhalations of no-thought and an idle brain, or even a ball of common dirt flecked from the finger after some inimical passer-by or vagrant vermin of a mongrel dog, will thus be laid up in jewelled cabinets and preserved for the edification of posterity, much perplexed by its treasures in that kind. Whether that is the worst: or if a blacker still is the Jesuit-Iconoclast, the son of darkness and father of slaves; the Ham-Benjamin that uncovers the old man's nakedness, notwithstanding that he had the double portion laid into the sack of him, and was the last— One might say they were the two sides of that lying worship of heroes that puts to shame the true. Cynic-investigator valet, with his master 'no hero' on one hand, and what may be called the Dustman-enthusiast, gatherer up of beard-clippings, old rags, and relics, phantasmal heaps—"

Our benign companion had been listening sweetly with a slight shake of his head and a faint *tchich-tchich* now and then of indulgent toleration, but here he

burst in with—"No, no! come now, come; not so bad as that. Dearest R——! He may have wanted judgment. To the best of sons, who never gave an hour's anxiety to his father, this quality may yet be incommunicable. He has saved me, as I have already pointed out, from the swathings of respectability in which my earlier biographers had clothed me. Can I say he has done ill, dearest boy? I suffer in the letter, but perhaps in the spirit—"

Then it surprised me very much to see approaching a maid, one of the servants of the place, who had been sweeping with a large broom at some distance from us, and who had made haste to remove, on their entrance, the traces of the soil which the boots of my friend and his pastoral companion had left upon the pure marble of the floor. Having ended that portion of her work, she had taken a very long *plumet*, or feather brush, with which she had been clearing every trace of cobweb or other soil or accumulation from the corners and intricacies of the beautifully-designed cornice. She came up to us now with this over her shoulder. She was of a stout figure, not handsome nor young, but with an energetic, lively look in her plain countenance which was not unattractive. She said good-humoredly, yet with a touch of disdain, "You men have never the courage of your opinions. Before I came away I took care to leave the results of my observation of my friends very clearly upon the record. I was content with no jottings down of chance stories like yours, my lord. I put it all on paper what I thought of them. In common society it is awkward, and might produce complications; but I think it has a fine moral effect, when you feel sure you will be out of reach, to let them know what you always thought of them. Eh? Oh, yes, I hear you well enough; it is only the old habit of the trumpet that sticks to me."

"Dear lady," said the shepherd (notwithstanding the broom), "women are always more ingenious than our duller sex; but is there not something cynical in your statement of the case?"

"Probably there is a great deal that is cynical. I never was a person moved by gusts of passion like our friend here, or fond of that little pinch in passing which was a pleasure to you. I was always a downright person. I was never done full justice to. Government used to take my help and pick my brains, but never offered me a C.B. As for their pensions, I scorned money—in that way. Even my parents never did me justice: and for my friends, when I was a notability they fawned upon me. I was determined there should be no mistake about it. I can't pretend, like you, that I never intended it. There was, however, one mistake I made," she said, reaching up at the height of her *plumet* to destroy a cobweb—"how quick these spiders spin!—faster than any of us; and need no publisher.) There was one mistake, and I am delighted to have done it in such good company."

"What was that, Harriet? I always thought you a very honest woman; saying your say perhaps not always with the highest wisdom, but in a serious, straightforward way, grappling with the naked truth of things."

"That has rather an immodest sound, and I should object to it if I had been an American. The mistake I made was the same as that which one of you has already pointed out: that I never thought I was likely to meet these people again; and here am I care-taker of this hall, and right in the way of every one of them! It gives me a little shock when they come in as they all do, though it is rather humbling to perceive that most of them have forgotten all about it, while I remember every word. That is confusing. Of course it is done on purpose. I am here on purpose; and in the curious change of circumstances it does me a great deal of good. You, now," said this plain-spoken lady, touching me on the arm, "you don't recollect who I am. Oh, yes; I can see into your mind, remember. You are asking yourself, Who is she? And I was a great light in my day; but I have been longer here than these two, and even the fuss that was made by all my friends

about whom I spoke my mind has died away. So will the fuss about you too die away."

"And then we shall be judged on our merits," said the gentle shepherd. "In a good hour! but probably we shall all have passed on before this to a higher sphere, and will not even hear of it. What matter? We cannot, my dearest friends, go on thinking for centuries of what happened in the course of sixty or even eighty years. You were both octogenarians, I think? What vitality! Now I must go back to my few sheep: they may stray if I linger longer in this delightful intercourse. You don't know yet, dear fellow, what you are going to do?"

"Not yet," I said; "but surely, I must say it, this is a dreadful waste of material,—to put men like you into occupations that—"

My friend took up his crook, and, with a benignant smile, waved his hand to me. "One dear flock is like another," he said; "and then the blessed peacefulness of it,—no rivals, no promotion. An obstinacy of going astray, perhaps, to which my experience, however, finds many parallels; but no complications. Dear innocents! I draw in health and vigor every day."

"But you," I said, looking at the prophet; "you who—"

He drew himself up with one of his cavernous laughs bursting, with a rumble of echoes, from his deep chest,—strong, vigorous, unimpeded, a model of his kind. "I have gotten back," he said, "to the original of my race. I till the soil that is truth incarnate in its solid, silent way, and deceives no man. The shadows and the phantasms are departed, gone back into chaos whence they came. There is now no contradiction between thoughts and things. The red earth is kindly; there is health in the smell of it. And I am thinking there's still better to come."

So saying, he waved his hand to me and went out with a step that rang like a trumpet. I was left alone with her of the broom; her whole mind seemed to be set upon the dislodgment of a nest of

spiders which seemed to have twisted their filaments round and round the open work of the cornice. She was on tiptoe reaching up to them, and I thought civility required that I should offer to do it for her. Whereupon she turned upon me with a half-indignant air.

"Have you not heard yet what your own work is to be? You will find that enough for you without helping me. Not but what it was kind enough," she added. "Oh, I know what was your profession. But I am one that would give the devil his due."

"You are talking of—a fabulous personage," I said.

She stopped and looked down upon me, though I was tall and she was dumpy; such was the constitution of the woman that she looked down. "Oh, you think so," she said, and then, with the utmost contempt of which the gesture was capable, stood up on her toes again and stretched upward

at the full length of her arm toward the cobwebs on the roof.

It was at this moment that the official of whom I have previously spoken approached me with what seemed a sort of warrant in his hand. I may mention that I was by profession a critic; I had brought many men to the ground that were better than I; I had helped some reputations, but marred many. I was rather renowned for slashing articles. The man in office approached me with a malicious smile in his eyes.

"You will take this to the kitchen department," he said.

I was allotted to— But why need I disclose it? Would it make my brethren spare a dart or mitigate a spiteful sentence? No: so I refrain from any attempt at a moral. Also I must allow, as happens invariably in that place which is the first step in moral reformation, that, when I had become accustomed to it, I did not dislike my new occupation at all.

THE PETREL.

A WANDERER o'er the sea-graves ever green,
Whereon the foam-flowers blossom day by day,
Thou flittest onward as a shadow gray
That from the wave no Sundering light can wean.
What wouldst thou from the deep unfathomed glean,
Frail voyager? and whither leads thy way?
Or art thou, as the sailor legends say,
An exile from the spirit-world unseen?

Lo! desolate, above a colder tide,
Palé Memory, a sea-bird like to thee,
Flits onward where the whitening billows hide
What seemed of Life the one reality,—
A mist whereon the morning bloom hath died,
Returning, ghost-like, to the restless sea.

JOHN B. TABB.

THE DISCIPLINE OF PAPER DOLLS.

ELINOR HAWKHURST was a disappointed woman. She had told herself this so many times that she was unable to entertain any reasonable doubt of it. She was more in doubt as to the *rôle* proper to be adopted by a disappointed woman of independent means; but she was very sure that it was not to stay at home, entertain visitors, and go into society. Besides, the very name of society was distasteful to her. Society was inseparably associated with her disappointment. Therefore she packed her trunk, left her comfortably-appointed suburban cottage in the charge of her maiden aunt, and took her way north to a New-Hampshire village where she knew a woman who kept boarders.

The house stood on a hill surrounded with fields whose produce was sowed, reaped, and gathered into barns by the farmer who dwelt there. He was a handsome, weather-beaten old man, who, as he stood leaning on his rake, with his broad felt hat shading his resolute, regular features and commanding eyes, had the air of masquerading for a summer's-day pastime, his real place being in the ranks of the Revolutionary army or among the active members of the Continental Congress. His wife was a wiry, quick-moving, quick-witted New-England mother, whose children had long since grown up and gone out into the world, and who now turned the care and good-natured tolerance necessary in their bringing-up over to her boarders, whose agreeable characteristics she fully appreciated, and whose less pleasing eccentricities she dismissed with the philosophical reflection, "Lan' sakes! we ain't all cut out with the same cookey-cutter."

There were two regular boarders, and two "offs-and-on," as Mrs. Cutter said. The two offs-and-on were the husbands of the regular boarders. Opposite the house, across the dusty road, were two great trees, through whose dense shade

the sunlight rarely penetrated to the hammock slung beneath. Elinor noticed this spot immediately. It was a delicious place for a disappointed woman to dream away a summer afternoon.

The three women met for the first time at the tea-table. Mrs. Randolph was a stout woman, with the certain sort of prettiness that a citron-melon or a lady's-slipper has,—fresh and wholesome, but not particularly interesting. Mrs. Merrill was very slight, not at all pretty, and something of an invalid.

"I'm so glad you've come, Miss Hawkhurst," said Mrs. Randolph. "I think it's so nice to have ladies coming here. It's a real nice pleasant place, and we do have such nice times. The day-time is *very* nice, and I think we'll have very pleasant evenings now you've come. Don't you think ladies can have nice times together?"

"Yes, I hope you'll wake us up, Miss Hawkhurst," said Mrs. Merrill fretfully. "I'm sure we need it. It's very hard for me to get used to such a place. My husband has to be away for his health most of the time, and he's travelling so much that I couldn't go with him. I'm too much of an invalid. I couldn't stay at home either. I'm very nervous, and I don't like to be alone in the city, so many dreadful things happen. I haven't any children, and so I'm more independent about going away. I should rather have gone to the sea-side, but I'm never well at the sea-side. It affects my lungs. The air here is very good, but it is very dull. I hope you will make it gayer, as I said. You look like a person who would bring people around you, Miss Hawkhurst;" and Mrs. Merrill smiled a little.

"But I'm not," said Elinor, with some bitterness, as she thought of her disappointment. "I'm more apt to drive them off; but I hope I shan't have this effect on you."

"I guess you won't drive us off,"

said Mrs. Randolph placidly. "I do think this strawberry short-cake is so nice. Do take another piece, Miss Hawkhurst. You don't eat hardly anything. I do think that there's hardly anything better than strawberry short-cake, when it's made real rich. Renzer says he thinks I make it 'most too rich; but I tell him that's because he don't know what's good. You can't always get cream in the city, that's the trouble; and you can't make it real good without cream. Do you find it hard to get cream, Miss Hawkhurst, where you live? Oh, you keep a cow. Of course then you have all you want. I think that's so nice. I often tell Renzer that I wish he'd keep a cow, but he always says, would I have him keep it on the Common and go and drive it into the airy every night? Of course I wouldn't; but that's only his way. We live in Boston, you know, and though, of course, it's so nice to live in Boston, because there are so many splendid people live there, still, I sometimes tell Renzer I 'most wish we had things more convenient. It's so nice to keep a cow."

The next morning Elinor brought some Kensington-work down to the common sitting-room.

Mrs. Randolph was sitting there, knitting. She had small, white, fat hands, and the peaceful expression that always ought to accompany knitting-needles. She was full of the pleasure derived from the view of a water-fall a little way from the house.

"You'd like to go and see it," she said to Elinor. "I think it's so pretty. You just go up that lane and through a yard, and then you climb the fence, and then you hear it: it's right there. It's such a pretty water-fall. I'd go and see it, if I were you."

"Thank you," said Elinor. "I think I will." She felt the need of action, and was glad of an excuse. So she went up-stairs and put on her boots, and walked up the lane and through the yard, and climbed the fence, and, when she heard it, followed the sound to a rather insignificant little stream which fell over a stone or two in an irritable

manner. Elinor eyed it with disapproval.

"Four stones," said she, "and half a pint of water! What did I want to get my boots wet coming to see it for? Nasty little thing!"

But she checked herself abruptly. "Elinor Hawkhurst!" said she. "I'm thirty-one, and a disappointed woman, and it ill becomes me to lay the faults of my embittered views of things upon nature. I dare say it does very well,—for a Boston water-fall. And this," she continued, as she turned her steps homeward, "is to be my life. By and by I shall begin to enjoy it,—sitting about with commonplace women and going to see weak water-falls. It would have amused John to see me visiting that water-fall—" and here she checked herself abruptly again. She found Mrs. Randolph with the same placid expression, a little intensified by the anticipation of her enthusiasm.

"Wasn't it pretty?" said she. "Did you find it?"

"Yes, I found it. To tell the truth, Mrs. Randolph, I don't think much of it," replied Elinor, sitting down and taking off her hat. "But I'm glad I went all the same."

"You didn't! Why, I thought it was so pretty. Well, Renzer says I always talk enough about a nail to make it a hammer; and perhaps I do. He has a great many jokes about what I say about things. But I thought it was so nice where the water came over those big stones. I'm so glad you went, because now I shan't say anything to Renzer about it: I guess he wouldn't like it much either. What a pretty bracelet that is you wear, Miss Hawkhurst! you'll excuse my speaking about it, but I always notice bracelets. Oh, you needn't take it off!—thank you. It is so pretty. Don't you think it's nice to wear bracelets?"

"I don't care much for them. I haven't such pretty wrists to wear them on," said Elinor, smiling.

"Why, I'm sure you have a very pretty wrist, Miss Hawkhurst: that can't be the reason. I do like them so

much. Sometimes when I'm at home of a rainy afternoon I put on all I have,—six or seven on each arm,—and I do enjoy it so much. Renzer comes in and says, 'Well, what *are* you up to?' and I tell him, and he laughs. I do like to see them so much that I have to put them on."

"Begums always wear plenty of beads," thought Elinor, quoting from "Nancy." "She's just my idea of a Begum,—a real amiable Begum; but she'll drive me mad all the same if I let her talk to me much longer."

So, after a few more Kensington stitches, she took up a novel, and said, "I think I'll go and lie in the hammock and read awhile, Mrs. Randolph. It's shady out there now."

"Oh, I would!" said Mrs. Randolph. "It's so nice out there. I often tell Renzer he must get me a hammock. I do think they're so nice to lie in; but he always says he guesses he'll wait till they get to making them out of woven wire: that's one of his jokes, because he thinks I'm so heavy. But you're light enough, I'm sure."

So Elinor went over across the road, Mrs. Randolph nodding to her from the window. She settled herself comfortably with her arms over her head, and gave herself up to the luxury of thinking. Why wasn't she made like that woman? Why couldn't she always think things were "so nice"? She'd like to, she was sure, if she only could; and she would have been so happy. It was the first time she had felt like railing at Providence. She had grown up in a New-England town where railing at Providence was considered rather bad form, and she was prone to assign unfortunate incidents to faulty human agency rather than divine. But this time it did seem the fault of Providence. "And I needn't have stinted myself in bracelets either," she thought; "and it would have been 'so nice.' I wonder what John would have thought to come home—oh, dear!" She must do something,—she must become interested in something. As long as she wasn't like Mrs. Randolph, she must make up her

mind to accommodate herself to the difference. "I wish I had to earn my own living!" she thought: "then I should have no time to think. I might write a book, and put my life into it,—I believe disappointed women often do that. But I shouldn't want the scene of it to be about here: it might be recognized. I might lay it in Scotland. I've never been to Scotland; but then it always seems easy to write a Scottish story." There were the highlands and the glens, and she had read so many Scotch novels she ought to be able to manage the dialect,—bairns, and dinna ken, and unco guid, and puir auld body. Then there were the but and the ben,—she'd be a little afraid of those, for she never could remember which was which; but the gowan,—she was sure she could manage the gowan. Then there was parritch for their breakfast; but parritch had rather an Irish sound. What was it the Scotch made out of oatmeal?—oh, bannocks. Now she thought of it, she had always had a vague idea that a bannock was a flag, or ensign, or something,—from Bannockburn, she supposed. How John would laugh! Now, this must be stopped,—this carrying everything back to John. Still, she didn't know why she shouldn't think of him in such a way as that. There was no need of allowing herself to be prejudiced. John had a very keen sense of humor, and, although he was now no more to her than any other man, she didn't see why she shouldn't think how things would strike him. "Perhaps it would be better if I should say John Hazelton: that sounds as if there were more than one John in the world. Well, then, how John Hazelton would laugh!"

"So you're out here, Miss Hawkhurst?" said Mrs. Merrill's thin voice as its owner came across the road and climbed the bank to Elinor's side. Elinor had asked for Mrs. Merrill that morning, feeling as if her nervous dissatisfaction would be more sympathetic than Mrs. Randolph's peaceful content, but had learned that she had not come down to breakfast.

"Yes, I'm here. What do you mean, Mrs. Merrill, by setting us country-people such a bad example of late hours?" said Elinor, laughing. "How do you expect to receive any benefit from country-air after eleven o'clock in the morning, I should like to know?"

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you so bright this morning, Miss Hawkhurst!" and Mrs. Merrill sank into a rustic seat formed by the roots of one of the old trees. "I am very bad, I know; but you must have slept better than I did. I think they wake up their roosters here an hour earlier than usual, and make them crow. And those heavy wagons keep going by. Now, Mrs. Randolph hears nothing; but I know you'll hear them as soon as you've recovered from the fatigue of your journey. I can see that you're nervous. I'm very nervous. The least thing upsets me. What did you get up for?—no, I wouldn't take the hammock for anything. It makes me ill. Lie still; I like to see you in it. I always like to see a handsome woman in a graceful position. I'm very fond of anything picturesque. I don't think anybody can care more for the picturesque than I do. I don't paint. When I was a girl I was so nervous I couldn't apply myself to anything. My husband is very different. He has such a strong will he can learn anything. I have a very strong will too, and I'm just as firm as he is about some things; but I never could apply myself. I used to be very fond of society. I went out a great deal when I was a girl; but I hardly ever go now. I'm not well enough."

"I'm sorry to hear you are such an invalid,—very sorry."

"You're very good. I know you can understand how I feel. Now, Mrs. Randolph doesn't know what it is to be nervous. Of course it's a great change for me up here from what I was used to at home,—before I was married, I mean. We always had a great deal of company at our house, and that made it very lively. People never would have believed that I would settle down so. They used to say I would never stop going. But my

husband doesn't care anything for society, and he doesn't realize what a change it is for me. Men don't. I don't know but I should go now if I were well enough."

After an hour of Mrs. Merrill's society, Elinor began to feel that with Mrs. Randolph was her only chance of happiness. She felt that Mrs. Randolph was specially fitted by nature, physically and mentally, for the position of an anchor. She realized that she had been wrong in allowing her placidity to irritate her; she should rather have revelled in its completeness.

Things went on so for a week. Each morning Elinor contemplated the prospect of instituting a life-work. It was not as if she had had a decided talent for any one thing. She had always had a dread of specialists. She wanted to be a well-rounded character, and, with this end in view, had studied a little of a good many things; but she found that the market-value of a well-rounded character was comparatively small. If she was going to earn her own living she would be obliged to become one-sided. Meanwhile, she found herself growing much attached to Mrs. Randolph. She was becoming more and more convinced that purity of diction played a very trifling part in the economy of nature; and as for Lorenzo, so accustomed had she become to "his way," and the peculiar bent of his humor, that she could predict with startling accuracy what would be his reflections under any given circumstances. When she was nervous and depressed, it was such a rest to listen to Mrs. Randolph that she wondered more and more why everybody wasn't made the same way. It was like putting an ottoman under her feet when she sat on a high chair.

"There comes Mrs. Allen's little girl," said Mrs. Randolph one morning, with mild interest. "She often comes over here to spend the day. Mrs. Merrill don't like to have her come, but I do. I think it's so nice to see children once in a while. She dresses so pretty, too. Do you like children, Miss Hawkhurst?"

"All children embarrass me," said

Elinor. "But anything is better than a baby: I cannot be at ease in the presence of a baby. The brunt of the conversation falls so exclusively on your shoulders, and they don't seem to care about intelligent remarks. Nevertheless, there is a fixity in their regard which makes observations supposed to be suited to their comprehension seem peculiarly rapid. They never come to your assistance, you know. This child is older, and I may find something to say to her; but please don't leave me alone with her."

"I guess you won't have any trouble in talking to Mrs. Allen's little girl," said Mrs. Randolph, with a comfortable smile. "I think it's real nice to have children talk: they're apt to be so shy; but Mrs. Merrill thinks she's tiresome. She always has plenty to say.—How do you do, my dear?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Yandolph?" said Mrs. Allen's little girl, shaking hands. "I'm pretty well, I fank you. I don't know who vat lady is," she hastened to add.

"That is Miss Elinor Hawkhurst," said Mrs. Randolph. "Go and speak to her, my dear."

"I'm goin' to speak to her," said Mrs. Allen's little girl with dignity. "How do you do, Miss Ellen Hawk-First? I'm pretty well, I fank you."

She then seated herself in a large rocking-chair, having performed all imperative social duties, and rocked violently.

"I've come to spend the day wiv you," she continued, with much ease of manner. "There wasn't anybody home to our house, so I yan away. What made you come, Miss Ellen Hawk-First? Did you yun away too?"

"Yes," said Elinor, "I did;" and, now that she thought of it, it seemed, for the first time, rather ignominious.

"Have you seen the gray kitty yet?" inquired Mrs. Randolph pleasantly.

"Yes, Mrs. Yandolph, I've seen the gay kitty a gate many times. I'm awful tired of seein' the gay kitty. You've shown it to me evy time I've come over, Mrs. Yandolph; and it ain't a pretty kitty," she added candidly.

"No, it isn't, very," said Mrs. Randolph; "but it's such a nice kitty."

Mrs. Allen's little girl had no wish to discuss the question.

"What can you do to amuse me, Miss Ellen Hawk-First?" she pursued.

"Nothing, I'm afraid," said Elinor, more than ever convinced that a well-rounded character was a failure.

"Oh, maybe you can," said Mrs. Allen's little girl encouragingly. "There's been ovver people who didn't fink they could, but sometimes they did. Can you make paper dolls?"

"Yes," said Elinor, with sudden energy, "I can."

"That will amuse me pretty well, if you can make 'em nice. I will get you the scissors, and you can make me a gate many."

So Elinor meekly took the scissors, hunted up some card-board, and borrowed a paint-brush of Mrs. Randolph. She had not made paper dolls for years, but she remembered the delight of the children for whom she had made them last. Certainly she had wonderful talent for the work. The most fascinating paper dolls took form and color under her quick fingers. Mrs. Randolph was in ecstasies, and even Mrs. Allen's little girl was betrayed into the expression of genuine emotion. She made a young lady and a little girl, a nurse with a white cap, and a baby that fitted into the nurse's arms, and several toilets for each. She became absorbed in the work, as she did in everything that interested her, and she had probably been more entertained than Mrs. Allen's little girl, when that young person stated that she was "yeady to go home now; would come again soon, if it didn't yain."

"Miss Hawkhurst," said Mrs. Randolph, "I don't suppose you would,—because, of course, you don't need to,—but I think it would be so nice if you would; I think paper dolls are so pretty, and yours are so nice; but of course I wouldn't ask you if I thought you'd mind."

"I'm sure I shouldn't mind," said Elinor wonderingly.

"Well, I wish you'd make me some

paper dolls and let me buy them of you. Lulie Case, that lives next to us, is so fond of paper dolls, and she would think yours—well, so pretty. I think it would be so nice if you would."

Elinor laid down her scissors, and looked so long and in such an abstracted manner at Mrs. Randolph that she began to be a little agitated.

"I'm sure, Miss Hawkhurst"—she began.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Randolph," interrupted Elinor, taking up her scissors. "You've solved a very important problem for me. You must let me make you a few as an acknowledgment of your service; but you may try and get me other orders, if you like."

And that was the end of the plans for a life-work. Instead of the Scottish novel she would make paper dolls. Order after order came for her to fill. There was a rage for her paper dolls, and she was as busy as she cared to be.

One morning she was lying in the hammock. "I have always thought," she said, "that if I wrote a novel I would send John a copy, with the compliments of the author. I wonder how he'd take it if I should send him a paper doll? I might put something into her expression that would rouse a tender longing and a fleeting emotion. Or I might make her a dress out of pink tissue-paper, like the one I had on that last evening. That would be very suggestive. And she could carry a fan like the one he broke when— I think the paper doll, as a means of conveying emotion, has never been properly developed."

A week later she was sitting in the hammock again. It was after tea, and she had come out to read the letters that had just come by the evening mail. One was from a Boston dealer in trifling prettinesses, asking her for more paper dolls, and offering her a higher price for them than she had yet received. It was really an absurdly high one; but there were constant inquiries for them, and she might ask almost what she pleased. She was much flattered by her

success, and took a childish pleasure in estimating her probable gains as she counted the hours necessary to fulfil her part of the engagement. She had already bought a hat out of the proceeds of her work,—a very pretty hat it was, too, not a cheap one at all,—and a button-hook of ornate design. It was so nice to feel that one was earning one's own living. She was so absorbed that she didn't hear or see a man approaching, until he climbed the bank and stood beside her.

"John!" she exclaimed, as she laid her letter down.

"Elinor," said he, looking down at her steadfastly, "I've been a fool,—the greatest fool, perhaps, that the Lord ever made. But you've helped me out of all the other scrapes my foolishness has led me into, and you're not going to give me the go-by this time, are you?"

The first thing that Elinor was conscious of was an odd feeling of disappointment as her eyes fell before his to the letter in her lap. "I was just thinking of sending you a paper doll, John," said she somewhat irrelevantly.

"For heaven's sake, Elinor!" he exclaimed, "don't trifle—" and then, breaking off suddenly, and lowering his voice, he added, "But your mind,—that isn't affected, is it, Elinor?"

She looked up at him indignantly, and as their glances met they both laughed,—he with a sudden revulsion of feeling that threatened to be overpowering.

"I suppose it did sound funny," she said thoughtfully. "I always knew you would think it was funny, anyway."

Then they both waited, he thoroughly sobered by his bitter anxiety.

"What made you do it, John?" she asked softly.

"Because I—"

"Never mind," she broke in quickly. "It's no matter."

Another day he found her in a reverie. She looked up and said rather absently, "The rage couldn't have lasted long, anyway,—so perhaps it's just as well; for I never could have learned to do anything else, John."

ANNIE ELIOT.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Telegraph Question.

DURING the past few weeks public opinion has been setting steadily in favor of the establishment of a government telegraph system as an appendage to the postal system and coextensive with it. The arguments in support of the project are so many and so strong, and the objections for the most part so futile, that it was only necessary that general attention should be drawn to the matter to start the current in this direction with a constantly-increasing force. The strike of the operators gave the required impulse, and in the discussion that has followed the rapid spread of ideas which had before been limited to a few supposed *doctrinaires* has been very striking. People who at first waived aside the scheme of a government telegraph system as inexpedient or impracticable have come to be among its most ardent advocates. Fortunately, the question is one on which the public advantage and convenience are not brought into opposition with a multiplicity of private interests or with the combinations and resources of the great army of politicians. The very greed and rapacity which have made the chief telegraph companies vast monopolies in the hands of a few have deprived them of all chance of taking the field with a large body of adherents or winning any popular sympathy. We speak of the question as necessarily involving an antagonism between the interests of the public and those of the companies; for nothing can be more preposterous than the claim that the nation, if it undertakes to provide telegraphic communication for itself, is bound to purchase the existing lines, and that at the present enormously-inflated valuation. The companies have no legal monopoly, and the fact that they have been able to throttle competition, and thus maintain or enhance the

charges for transmitting messages in face of the continual increase of the business and of the facilities for performing it, is the last ground on which any implied possession of vested rights should be allowed to stand. It is not at all necessary that the government should itself assume the monopoly of telegraphic communication, though it could not fail in the end to arrive at that position by lowering the rates to a point which would leave only the barest margin of profit. It is in this way, far more effectually and completely than by debarring private persons from engaging in the business of letter-carrying, that it has secured the monopoly of the postal system. It would be time enough to listen to proposals for the purchase of the telegraph lines when the companies found themselves confronted by a competition not seeming, but real, not set up in order that it might be bought off, not intended to play into their hands, but instituted for the sole advantage of the public.

There is but one objection to the plan which calls for consideration. It has been urged—and this was no doubt the first thought of many reflecting minds—that to open a new branch of the public service, adding immensely to the number of the government employés, would be giving fresh support to the system of patronage, with all its attendant evils, and blocking the path of civil service reform. We believe, on the contrary, that the results might be expected to work in the opposite direction. The most unblushing supporter of the spoils system would scarcely venture, in the present state of public opinion and equipoise of party strength, to insist that the appointment of telegraphic operators should be subject to the dictation of members of Congress, or that rotation of offices should be the rule in a department where skill acquired by practice would be an indispensable requisite. Such a department could not now be established

without a proper method of appointments and removals being incorporated in its institution. The necessity would be apparent, and the inevitable conclusion would follow that the same method could not fail to add to the efficiency of every other department. But, whatever may be the uncertainty on these points, we cannot afford to dispense with any of the services which it is in the power of the government to render to the whole country, and which private enterprise cannot be trusted to perform with equal thoroughness and exactness. Great corporations have not the public convenience as their primary object. This is with them not an end, but a means, and even when honestly managed they are compelled to subordinate it to private interests. The notion that the sole office of a government is to preserve the peace and regulate the conditions of private action is incompatible with the requirements of modern life and of a great nation. It has its roots in a suspicion which should never exist in reference to a popular government, which has properly no interests that are not identical with those of the country. We shall not correct abuses by simply curtailing the power or limiting the functions of the government. On the contrary, one means by which we may hope to purify it is by strengthening it, adding to its duties and responsibilities, and making it a more complete instrument for the furtherance of the common good.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

In the Woods.

MAX OTWAY, seated before an easel, sketching.
FANNY LAURENS, seated on the ground beside him. A short silence.

FANNY. You said our chat would be necessarily desultory. Did that mean pauses more than fifteen minutes long?

MAX. I beg pardon; but you should have broken the silence before.

FANNY. It was not my turn to speak.

MAX. It is always a woman's turn to make herself agreeable.

Fanny [after another pause]. The sun is going down. You will not be able to paint much longer.

MAX [pensively]. What a constant contradiction is the sun's downward career to all moral lessons drawn from downward careers in general! Its re-appearance from utter obscurity is always as brightly and gloriously splendid as if it had never been exposed to deteriorating influences.

FANNY. Astronomically considered, your reasoning is fallacious. As an attempt at conversation, it is, however, commendable.

MAX. It will not be my next turn for some time.

FANNY. That is a cowardly way of casting the burden of conversation upon my tongue.

MAX. I have chapter and verse for my warrant. Those that are strong are bidden to bear the infirmities of the weak. What do you think of that light on the white birches?

FANNY. Very pretty. I should think as clever a man as you are would scorn to repeat, in however modified a form, that fallacy concerning woman's monopoly of conversation.

MAX. Will a modest acceptance of the term "clever" necessitate that of the term "fallacy"? If so, I see the bait and avoid it. Your machinations are exposed.

FANNY. You are man of the world enough to know that women seldom care to talk unless a man demands it.

MAX. A little more yellow, I think.—I like to be called "man of the world," too. But I am still prudent.

FANNY. In other words, you do not agree with me.

MAX. If I admit it, do not prove your point by maintaining an obstinate silence until I demand that you converse.

FANNY. No. I shall appeal to sound argument,—the only way, we all know, to reach the masculine mind.

MAX. You have no ground for such withering observations. I have never hesitated to avow that the look of a woman's eyes, the turn of her chin,

and the sound of her voice, availed more than all the logic of Whately and Mill.

Fanny. And woman, as a rule, is wise enough to trust to such influences, and relies little upon her tongue.

Max. You return to your muttons with provoking persistency, and force me to assert that I do not believe it.

Fanny. I will prove it.

Max. In other words, you will monopolize the conversation in order to prove such monopoly an impossibility. This must be one of your sex's boasted intuitions, for it is not logic.

Fanny. I did not say it was an impossibility. Besides, it is only man who thinks that in order to prove one's point one must do all the talking. My method is different. I shall ask you questions, and you shall answer.

Max. Ah! I see. A sort of object-lesson,—“argument made easy.” But wait a moment. It has always been one of my cherished beliefs that women's tongues are relentless and untiring. I pray you do not destroy one of the earliest props of my intellectual being without a thought of the consequences. I had supposed my belief to be well founded. It is a statement that has been made directly and by implication by all writers, from the earliest times to the present. I think—but I speak with diffidence—that it is not unsupported by Holy Writ. In the strength of that confidence, I have kept silence while many women spoke uninterruptedly. If you tell me that they were longing to be interrupted, I shall be overcome by remorse. I can even now see a shade of impatience gathering on your brow. In the new light you have brought to bear upon the subject, I feel that it is only the thought of being compelled to take up the thread of conversation when I pause, that annoys you. Formerly—I blush at my own ignorance—I should have thought you were anxiously awaiting an opportunity to break in upon my remarks.

Fanny. You do not deserve that I should enlighten you at all; but I will not be diverted from my purpose. You

allow—do you not?—that a good listener is more rare than a good talker.

Max [*thoughtfully*]. Yes, I think I do. There can be no harm in that.

Fanny. Now answer me truly. Have not the best listeners you have known been women?

Max [*after a moment*]. Yes. I think they have,—with one exception.

Fanny [*triumphantly*]. Well!

Max [*attentively*]. Well?

Fanny. There is certainly one point in my favor. So far my logic is irrefutable.

Max. Your proposition, then, stands as follows: Good listeners are more rarely met with than good talkers. Good listeners are generally women. Therefore, women more generally acquire difficult accomplishments than men. I gladly accord this point to the sex, Miss Laurens. And let me say, *en passant*, that it is but one of many points of superiority.

Fanny [*impatiently*]. That's not it at all!

Max. Ah! Is it not?

Fanny. No. Accomplishments are acquired only by practice.

Max. Yes.

Fanny. Well?

Max. Please don't say that again. It conveys the idea that I should have seen to the end of the argument long ago if I were not so stupid.

Fanny. You are not as stupid as you pretend to be. If one is a good listener, one must have listened much, and one has probably not wasted time listening to other women. Ergo, men have talked much.

Max [*thoughtfully*]. That *ergo* is exceptionally fine. I see now the full force of your argument. It was my masculine dullness that prevented my doing so before.

Fanny. That is one proof.

Max. Oh, my masculine dullness is proof for or against anything you like.

Fanny. But there are countless others. Were you ever in a room where all the company were *distract*, bored, utterly weary, yet all listening with constrained respect to the eloquence

of one speaker who persisted in detailing rapid anecdotes, airing trite opinions, relating stupid stories of interminable length?

Max. Often, often.

Fanny. I leave it to your sense of honor. Was that speaker a woman?

Max [sadly]. It was generally a man.

Fanny. And the listeners—they were women?

Max [still sadly]. Yes. It was hard for them to sit so long silent; no wonder they were bored.

(Fanny looks at him suspiciously, but he is quietly putting up his paints. She decides to parry the attack, however.)

Fanny. It would not be human nature to be otherwise. But a man would interrupt. I have seen family parties where the men sat round the table and engaged in discussion after discussion with that peculiar rancor which family reunions beget, while their women-folk, peaceful as so many pigeons, were prevented by the loudness of the masculine voices from airing their opinions even among themselves. If a woman ventures to disagree with a man, does he not make it an excuse for a lengthened dissertation upon the subject in question, bringing up relay upon relay of authorities, marshalling host after host of so-called proofs? while if she, having by any chance an opportunity to speak, seeks to abridge the ponderous collection of extraneous information by gliding over reasons to reach facts, she is told that she jumps at conclusions.

Max. That is bad—very. "Glides" would be infinitely better. Another example of a man's want of that sense of fitness which never deserts a woman.

Fanny. Moreover, when a man is thoroughly interested in a subject he will talk of it for hours, and as long as his listener keeps up a decent semblance of interest, he will never pause to consider that the matter probably appeals as much to her active sympathies as the political dissensions of the Zulus.

Max. I have doubtless deserved it, but this is a cruel revenge. Never again will I enlarge upon Whistler and Ruskin, talk of light and shade, argue of

oil- and water-colors. I have learned my lesson.

Fanny [softened]. You know I never thought of you. You always talk of things of general interest. You never prose for hours upon—

Max. Prosody? How would that do? But it is your fault for being a good listener,—that *rara avis*.

Fanny. And here is the other side of the picture. If a woman does not talk when a man has nothing to say,—if she has not on hand a stock of amusing nothings,—if she cannot turn lightly from grave to gay, from lively to severe, laugh, soothe, satirize to order,—she is stupid, blue, or shallow. It is a shame, when all this that you so readily admit is true, that woman should be accused of being the fondest of the music of her own tongue!

Max [meekly]. I think I have seen it hinted of late that the present political, social, and moral creed is, in its primary provisions, unfitted for the needs of woman.

Fanny [sharply]. I dare say you have.

(A pause. MAX, whose painting-tools have been long put up, sits in an attitude of respectful attention. FANNY pokes her parasol into the ground. Finally she lifts her eyes, and says,—)

You agree with me, don't you?

(MAX bows his head gravely. Another pause.)

Fanny [with a little laugh]. Why don't you speak now? You need not be afraid. I can't think of anything more to say [plaintively]. Aren't you glad I explained it all?

Max. Assuredly.

Fanny. Now you are in one of your moods where one cannot tell whether you are laughing or not. How dark it has grown! I wonder the stage has not come to pick us up. They said they would look out for us.

Max [modestly]. It passed half an hour ago, when you were—talking—that is—explaining, you know.

Fanny [hastily]. Yes, I know.

Max [still more modestly]. I did not call out, for fear of interrupting you, and—

Fanny [rising, but not meeting his eyes]. And we must walk home.

Max. No, we can wait. Another wagon is sure to pass.

Fanny [resolutely sticking in a hat-pin]. We will walk. I should like to. I know you are laughing at me now; but I don't mind.

(He picks up his things; she is about to follow him, when she pauses, and says abruptly,—)

You said the best listeners you knew were women,—except one. Who is that one?

Max [passing out]. Myself.

Fanny. Ah! [Exit, thoughtfully, dragging her parasol.]

A. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cabin John Bridge.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 18, 1883.

To the Editor of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR,—Upon the basis of these words* of a French engineer who visited this country in 1870, or rather upon the alleged interpretation thereof of an officer of the United States Engineers, who your correspondent says was engaged in a controversy with me, is based in your August number the charge that I had vaingloriously and falsely claimed and obtained credit and honor for the construction of certain bridges of the Washington Aqueduct. With your correspondent's theory that the draughtsman who, under the eye and

* Ce pont a été étudié dans tous ses détails et construit (de 1859 à 1861) par M. Alfred L. Rives, ancien élève externe de l'École des Ponts et Chaussées, qui exécuta comme ingénieur ordinaire, sous la direction du Général Meigs, une partie des travaux de l'aqueduc du Potomac.

Translation.—This bridge has been studied in all its details, and constructed (from 1859 to 1861), by Mr. Alfred L. Rives, old outside pupil of the School of Bridges and Roads, who executed as resident (or assistant?) engineer, under the direction of General Meigs, a part of the works of the Potomac (Washington) Aqueduct.

And, I may add, has, since I built it, been studied in all its details by many young students of engineering, who have chosen it for the subject of graduating theses, and have written to me for information upon it; but they did not claim to have originated or designed it.

direction of his chief, puts upon paper and studies the details of a design, is the real author of that design,—that the assistant or resident engineer who, under the same vigilant and constant observation and direction, superintends the contractors and workmen who put these designs into stone, mortar, and iron, is the true constructor and author of the work, and entitled to all honor and credit for its design and construction,—I have nothing to do.

But I am compelled to say to you that I designed, and recorded on paper in a careful drawing, Cabin John Bridge just as it now stands; that I did this before any of my assistants or draughtsmen, of whom I employed many, saw or knew of my intention to substitute a single-arch bridge for the many-arched bridge which in first hasty survey I had projected for this chasm. In this original drawing, which I made after rough but sufficient calculations of stability, and after examinations of many precedents, I fixed the span, the height, the thickness of the arch, and the materials to be used in different parts thereof. This done, I then committed to an assistant engineer who had not long before joined me from school, and then on his first engineering employment or experience, the application to this design of a then recently published French geometrical method of constructing the lines of pressure and discussing the stability and equilibrium of stone arches.

This discussion made no important change in the original design, and, as the detail or working drawings were made under my own eye, and I saw the work during progress of construction seldom less than two or three times a week, I do not see how any one can pretend to claim that the credit belongs to any but him who first conceived and put upon paper the design, and who took the responsibility of ordering its construction, and the risks, if any risks there were, of all failures, deficiencies, or accidents.

And now a foreign engineer, who ran rapidly through our country long after the bridge was completed, is quoted, and

his hasty paragraph of information picked up on the wing from whomsoever he met is misconstrued, to build thereupon a charge of false dealing against one whose offence is that he was once a member of the Corps of Engineers, the object of your correspondent's malicious animadversion.

The civil engineers of this country who control the vast sums annually devoted to railroads, factory- and mill-construction and management, much greater than those appropriated by Congress to be expended by the United States Corps of Engineers, do not, I believe, sympathize in the views of your correspondent.

Many young civil engineers seek the opportunity to practise their profession under the lead of officers of the United States Corps of Engineers. In fact, there are probably three civil engineers to every engineer of the army employed on government works of internal improvement. My office was full of young civil engineers. There are no army engineers employed or allowed to be employed in the service of corporations or capitalists; and but one is allowed to any city except the capital of the nation, and for his employment, desired by the city, that city had to procure a special law from Congress.

I trust that, in justice to me, upon whom your correspondent has led you into publishing a libel, you will give this statement as wide a circulation as you have given to the libel itself.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. C. MEIGS,

Late Chief of Engineers of the Washington Aqueduct, Brigadier-General United States Army, retired.

To the Editor of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE :

I HAVE never pretended to know or say who built that magnificent structure known as Cabin John Bridge. All the information that I have upon that subject is derived from the reports of the United States Engineer Corps, from which I made bold to use a passage in my article on "The Government En-

gineers" in the August number of LIPPINCOTT'S. The sentence quoted was from the pen of one of the senior officers of the Engineer Corps, and if it contains a "malicious animadversion" upon the corps, or a "libel" on any brother officer, the distinguished victim should blame the original offender, and not the present reporter, whose principal interest in this domestic infelicity is that of an amused spectator.

I should be very glad, however, to know who did build Cabin John Bridge. Since there are two sides to every question, would not the purposes of honest history be served by a word of information from Mr. Alfred L. Rives, should that engineer be still living and not afraid to incur the displeasure of so influential a body as the United States Engineer Corps?

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

HIGHLAND, New York, August 6, 1883.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Clergyman of the Old and the New School.

DR. CHIPPENDALE had some little eccentricities, but they began and ended in himself, disturbed no one else, and were respected by his parishioners, few of whom could remember him otherwise than as an old man. In fact, he had begun life with a maturity which experience could do no more than deepen. By middle age he seemed well advanced in years, but he lingered on and fulfilled his duties until he was seventy-eight, when he took all Brookford by surprise by dying suddenly and apparently needlessly. Decrepit though he was, he had to the last kept up intimate relations with his people, setting out on the first Monday in every month in his old chaise drawn by his old white horse, as soon as he had finished dinner, and accomplishing on an average four visits before tea-time. The effect of his visits could scarcely be said to have been enlivening; for the incidents of his long life were confounded in his mind, and what had happened fifty years before was more

vividly stamped into the fibre of his thought than what was going on before his eyes. He called people by the names of their fathers and mothers, alluded in a grimly facetious manner to men and women who had died, bringing up the past out of its grave and inspiring the most dismal melancholy in his listeners. Meeting one of his parishioners one day who had recently been made a widower, Dr. Chippendale shook hands with him, inquiring after his health, adding, with cordial interest, "And how is your wife?"

"She is deceased," the man replied, with much solemnity. The rector apologized humbly for forgetting that he himself had read the burial-service over the matron; but six weeks afterward, encountering the same person, and going through the same formula, he wound up with, "And how, my dear sir, is your good wife?"

"*Still deceased*," said the widower.

The old rector was a stiff churchman, declaring that Low-Church people thought lowly of their church and highly of themselves, while High-Church people thought highly of their church and lowly of themselves. But he was abhorrent of ritualistic subtleties, and both disliked and dreaded sacramental types and symbols. On one occasion he was requested by his bishop to call with a fellow-clergyman upon a young man recently ordained and expostulate with him concerning certain extreme tendencies and practices which had given him the name of Puseyite. The two older clergymen were shown into the young priest's study and asked to wait, and, glancing round the room with some apprehensions as to what he might find there, Dr. Chippendale chanced to espy in a sort of niche a pair of dumb-bells lying crossed and wearing to his eyes the air of some mystical popish device. Tip-toeing across the room to his companion, he pointed to the suspicious object, whispering, "Do you suppose that is what he does it with?"

His sexton, John Barker, lived at the rectory, and had been "the parson's man" since he was a mere lad. He had not always been the sober and discreet

man he grew in later years, and Dr. Chippendale had been compelled to overlook some failings on John's part. At one time he got into a sad scrape among evil companions, and the clergyman was filled with righteous indignation.

"You,—a communicant! The rector's own servant!" he said, with lofty displeasure. "What do you mean by such conduct?"

"I was only obeying Scripeter," said the delinquent sulkily.

"Obeying Scripture?"

"Don't the book say, 'When sinners entice thee, consent'?" said John.

"'When sinners entice thee, consent NOT!'" thundered the rector.

"I can't be expected to know every word of the book by heart," said John.

Not long after this dereliction came John's great wickedness, which almost caused his dismissal. Dr. Chippendale went to the cellar to draw a bottle of his communion-wine, but on bringing it to the light found it to be nothing but water. In astonishment and consternation, going back to see what was the matter, he found this legend chalked upon the cask:

Christ the divine
Changed water into wine;
But I, John Barker,
Changed wine into water.

The enormity of this offence was so startling that, when John came to see it, it ended in effecting his reformation. Hitherto he had stubbornly refused to marry, declaring that the women "had never seemed to hold out no enticements," so he "never offered no inducements;" but Dr. Chippendale found a good little wife for him, and the pair settled down.

A little laxity had crept into the management of parish affairs, and very little fresh religious zeal had permeated the village for years past. One day a long-faced, sour-visaged individual entered Hudson Brothers' Pharmacy, and inquired of Edward, the elder brother, in a tone of preternatural solemnity, "Sir, can you direct me to any pious Christian gentleman in this vicinity?"

Edward was a wag, and so was his brother Thomas.

"I don't know of any pious Christian gentleman," he replied, with an ingenuous air of sorrow. "Do you know of any Christian gentleman, Brother Thomas?"

"Not one," said Thomas sadly. "Not one."

There was felt to be some melancholy truth in this statement; and when after Dr. Chippendale's death it was necessary to choose his successor, it seemed important to find somebody who should rechristianize the community. The Rev. Arthur Barnes set out upon this work with dauntless composure and blissful self-confidence. He was, to begin with, displeased with the faults and imperfections which had crept into the services. Dr. Chippendale had attended to his part of the Rubric, but had allowed much latitude for individual caprice among his parishioners. At Mr. Barnes's first baptism he was actually shocked at the way the ritual was marred. Instead of the required responses there were mere nods and gruff assents. The young clergyman resolved to institute improvements. Accordingly, when another infant was to be brought to the font, Mr. Barnes told the father, Stephen McCall, that he wished him to study the service for infant baptism, and familiarize himself with it, that he might give the responses decently and in order.

"You can read, my man, I suppose," Mr. Barnes added, with his manner of an "affable archangel."

"Oh, Stephen can read like a book when he gets started," said his father-in-law, who had accompanied him. Stephen assured the rector next day that he had studied his part, and at vesper service he and his little wife brought their baby forward. Mr. Barnes began the service, and after the Gospel and the Exhortation he turned to the father, and said, as usual, "I demand, therefore, dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?"

Stephen McCall held the prayer-book, to which he was giving his serious attention. Mr. Barnes looked at him, expecting the response that he renounced them all, etc., but no word came. He read again the last line of his demand, but the man remained absolutely silent, his eyes glued to the page. The silence grew appalling, and the clergyman put the second question, although he had had no answer to the first.

"Dost thou believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?"

"I—renounce—them—all," declared Stephen, starting off at last at the top of his voice. Mr. Barnes tried to stop him, but he pushed on: "And by God's help will endeavor not to follow nor be led by them." E. L.

Amusing Verbal Blunders.

It was Richard Grant White, I believe, who said that "he had only met three Englishmen that could speak English correctly." It would be rash to say that only a few *could* speak their mother-tongue correctly; but as a matter of fact I have never met one person who did. Carelessness of expression is the rule, and most talkers are satisfied if their utterances convey the ideas they intend to express, regardless of the form. Sometimes, indeed, the sense itself is sacrificed to mere sound. An anecdote of Choate illustrates this. In the climax of a long speech to a jury, he turned to the defendant, and in highly oratorical tones denounced him strongly, ending by declaring him to be "a nau-fragous ruffian." When questioned afterward in regard to this strange use of an obsolete word, he admitted that at the time of speaking he had no conception of its meaning, but seized upon it as filling out the phrase in a sonorous manner.

On a recent trip to Wayne County, New York, I ran across a naturalized Irishman named Frank McGuire, whose oddities of expression were extremely mirthful. His mental powers had been nurtured exclusively on "home-grown

edication," and he evidently believed that a well-rounded sentence contained just so many syllables, regardless of what they were. He took great pride in a house which he had recently built, and in dilating upon its construction explained that there was a "piano all around it, condescending to the road and in opposition to the well." In speaking about his wife, who had imprudently overtaxed her strength while recovering from a sickness, and had suffered from a relapse, he said "she had in some way got the collapses, and he didn't know how she caught 'em, for he hadn't heard of their being around this spring." His acquaintances tell how he "hurried up" a neighbor by advising him to be "as prodigious as possible;" but per-

haps his greatest effort was a description of the famed Cardiff Giant, which ended in a profane declaration that "any d——d fool would have known that it was a piece of *putrefied statuary*."

One of the most curious blunders which have come under my observation was made by a young Swede, a workman in a "ready-made" clothing manufactory. In one of the neighboring churches, the text "My Redeemer Liveth" was painted in large lettering upon the wall; and the young man confounded "Redeemer" with "Ready-made," and actually believed that the motto was an immense clothing advertisement. It was difficult to dispossess his mind of this idea.

S. B. A.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"George Sand." By Bertha Thomas. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

UNLIKE the subjects of the two former volumes of this series, inexhaustible materials exist for a biography of George Sand; and, since it has not yet been undertaken, it is a difficult task for the author of a mere sketch like this not to feel overpowered by such an *embarras de richesses*. For, besides endless personal reminiscences, diaries, and letters, each of her books has been accepted by the world as more or less of a personal confession. Then, too, fame, slander, gossip, and criticism have built up a second George Sand, and exaggerated and extravagant tales, garbled facts, and false conjectures have to be analyzed, sifted, compared, and shown for what they are worth, in order to get at the actual woman as others saw her and reported her. Miss Thomas has simplified her task by taking, in the first place, that charming and imaginative autobiography "*Histoire de ma Vie*" for her guide, and afterward giving the outside story of the marriage and the literary career of George Sand, with here and there a letter and an illustration from her works. It is difficult for any writer of the present

day, and particularly a woman, to sympathize with the age of ardent enthusiasm to which the great writer belonged and whose Propaganda she proclaimed. She began to write at an epoch in which an immense consciousness of intellectual force quickened all France. Every one was eager for ideas, and she was the most insatiable of all, seizing each new philosophy as it came in her way, no matter what might be its audacity or its extravagance, and passing it through the alembic of her glowing mind, almost instantaneously bringing it forth as the *motif* of one of her romantic and eloquent novels.

But it must be confessed that, great as was the curiosity excited by Madame Sand herself and the piquant and scandalous stories relating to her habits and views of life, it belonged entirely to the generations who read her books and were moved by them. Except for a few of her minor tales of provincial life, which remain models of style and are permeated by a delicate and airy charm, her novels are now comparatively obsolete, and are almost invariably disappointing when taken up by a reader new to them. The

ideas they embody, which when fresh seemed revolutionary, dangerous, over-intoxicating to youthful minds, have during the last fifty years been well sifted by time: many of them are now part of the common stock of thought into which we are born; others have become irrational, often absurd; and all show hasty generalization and a love of the picturesque rather than just observation. Thus, to pass them in review is not a lively task to Miss Thomas, who is no Pygmalion to breathe fire into the cold marble. She cannot recreate the social conditions which made George Sand's demand for a truer, richer life at home and in society—with more freedom of thought, more spontaneity of impulse and action—sound a reveille that roused Frenchmen and Frenchwomen from a dreamy sleep. Nor does she aim to show George Sand as the most ardent and brilliant individuality among modern women. She is shown as possessing most of the virtues in a high degree,—devoted domesticity, admirable maternal tenderness, a love for nature, steady perseverance in any object which engaged her powers, and marvellous capacity for work. She was swayed by her impressions and impulses, and constantly endeavored to realize her ideals. As for the *liaisons* which blend her history with that of those two *enfants gâtés* Musset and Chopin, they are sufficiently indicated, but without any new light on doubtful or inexplicable points. Some picturesque letters from Majorca are quoted, which enable us to imagine the dreary old abbey with casements rattling, storms howling outside, Chopin shivering, complaining, almost dying, but writing his immortal "Preludes" within, while George Sand herself, brisk, good-humored, maternal, consoling, makes with her children the only sunshine of the picture.

In spite of the incompleteness of the book, it is written with insight, moderation, and good sense, and, as was intimated at the outset, few biographers could find a chance to do justice to such a subject within the limitations to which the writer was restricted.

Recent Novels.

"The Scarborough Family." By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Aut Caesar, aut Nihil." By the Countess M. von Bothmer. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Princess Amelie." (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Romantic Adventures of a Milk-Maid." By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Now that the facile pen has dropped forever, we are likely to estimate, perhaps, more fairly than while he was alive, Anthony Trollope's strength, skill, and vigor as a novelist. His mantle falls on no living writer. He has never been over-rated,—rarely, we consider, fully appreciated. He was perfect master of the novelist's art: his grouping, his bold, massive effects, and at the same time the precise, careful work of the circumstantial parts, are all alike admirable. His effects are so life-like that they seem to the eye of the uninitiated to be simple. He has usually been denied the gift of imagination, but without a powerful imagination he could never have called up the men and women who people Barchester for us and must be part of our acquaintance always. His realism is usually granted, but, not being of that painful strenuous sort which impresses by its hideousness and grimness, it leaves no impression of painstaking processes upon the reader. It is harder than most people know to draw actual life without exaggeration or undue emphasis of the parts which must be subordinate yet are essential to make up a correct picture. Trollope possessed the finest perception concerning the true proportions of things. He was content with every-day men and women for his characters, and the problems with which he confronted them were not those insoluble ones which belong to heroes and heroines whose heads are above the clouds, who make complaints against the universe and quarrel with the stars in their courses, but the matter-of-fact trials and ambitions and failures which ordinary mortals have to contend against. No one of his characters dwarfs the others by its greatness. He shows an infinite diversity of humor and whim, yet never goes out of his way to seek the grotesque. In real life what is not comfortable and useful is shelved, if possible, at least avoided, and it was real life he drew, with the most absolute fidelity of any of his craft except Thackeray. What he lacked was insight into the more exquisite meanings of life: he had no pathos except from the logic of his situations. His sentiment was healthy, but it was commonplace. One experiences a fine intellectual zest in reading his novels, but the feelings are not often touched. In his earlier works he drew very graceful, sweet English girls, but not one of them ever stimulated the fancy

or bewitched the heart as Ethel Newcome was wont to do.

A taste for Trollope's books is a test of culture and knowledge of real life, for the basis of his superstructure must be a part of the reader's mind. He explains a great deal, but a good part of his world goes without saying. In his admirable drama his men and women fill the stage, and the careful backgrounds and elaborately-prepared scenic effects of certain of his contemporaries strike one in comparison as an attempt to set off emptiness and fill a void. His last book, "The Scarborough Family," is a good instance of the large, strong grasp with which he held his subject, and shows that the story lay in his mind as a whole before he wrote the first word. Thackeray was in the habit of saying that when he began a novel he never knew whether his characters would commit crimes or attain to virtue before the end of it, but Trollope knew at the start every turn and twist in the minds of the rather peculiar Scarborough family. Mr. Scarborough himself is a singular character, lovable in spite of his faults,—his almost crimes,—and not inconceivable, although he is a law unto himself, and a master of whim and caprice. The fault of drawing in his case is the absence of motive for his various marriage manoeuvres, which, though they fulfil their purpose, seem to have had little reason at the time when they were originally effected. The book, on the whole, lacks charm perhaps, but some of the minor pictures are full of grace, notably that of Mr. Gray and Dorothy. Mr. Prosper's wooing is delightful, but the more legitimate love-passages are rather insipid.

"Aut Cæsar, aut Nihil" is the clever title of a very ambitious novel, with the ill-starred Emperor Alexander II. for one of the characters, Nihilist conspiracies for plots and counter-plots, and the blowing up of the Winter Palace, and finally the assassination of the Czar, for minor incidents. All this wealth of material, which takes a clean sweep of Europe for its actors and background, suggests matter of high interest, and it is lamentable to state how dull a story it all goes to make. The Countess von Bothmer's former book, "German Home Life," pre-

pared us for an easy handling of her ample resources in the way of continental experience, but in her novel she has not used them with skill or judgment. The action is impeded by endless conversations, and tedious homilies sometimes take up whole chapters. The general knowingness of the novel, the wide stage and rapid flights across the continent, suggest some of Charles Lever's books, but the writer nowhere attains his free movement, his *verve*, above all his cosmopolitan types. According to her view of Nihilism, it had its mainspring in the jealousy, spite, and longing for revenge upon the Czar of the highest Russian nobles, and there is almost no suggestion of its containing any leaven of that inspired impulse for humanity in general which creates revolutions.

"Princess Amelie," on the other hand, while dealing with historical episodes and lords and ladies of high degree, is an almost perfect little book. There is much originality, besides delicate skill, in the way the author has taken one of the royal marriages of the last century, where a grand-duke of eleven marries a great heiress half a dozen years older, and woven it into a love-story of real charm. The book shows careful reading, but is never pedantically encumbered with what is non-essential, and contemporary personages and historical events drop into their places naturally and without destroying the *vraisemblance*.

Mr. Hardy's extravaganza concerning "The Romantic Adventures of a Milk-Maid" will be widely read, by many people half with amusement and half with vexation at being so tricked and befooled by a clever writer who ought to do better for his admirers. Far as he has gone before in pushing to extremes his daring for novelty, we doubt if he has ever yet so cruelly strained probabilities. From first to last, being out of the region of common sense, the milk-maid's strange doings surprise us only for the instant, and, since she carries out so many of her wild dreams, it might have been better, perhaps, that the Baron should have married her and borne her off into fairy-land, instead of leaving her at last to insipid realities and a commonplace husband.